GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of GOD, King of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.* To all to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come, Greeting. Whereas Our Truſty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOTT of Our City of *London*, Bookſeller, has humbly repreſented unto Us that he is now printing a Tranſlation of the ILIAD of HOMER from the *Greek* by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the ſaid BERNARD LINTOTT has inform'd Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the ſaid Work: and that the ſole Right and Title of the Copy of the ſaid Work is veſted in the ſaid BERNAED LINTOTT. He has therefore humbly beſought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the ſole printing and publiſhing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciouſly pleaſed to encourage ſo uſeful a Work, are pleaſed to condeſcend to his Requeſt, and do therefore give and grant unto the ſaid BERNARD LINTOTT Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the ſole printing and publiſhing the ſaid ILIAD of HOMER tranſlated by the ſaid ALEXANDER POPE, for and during the Term of fourteen Yeears, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof; ſtrictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the ſame either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatſoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or diſtribute any Copies of the ſame or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas within the ſaid Term of fourteen Years, without the Conſent and Approbation of the ſaid BERNARD LINTOTT, his Heirs, Executors and Aſſigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals firſt had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will anſwer the contrary at their Perils, and ſuch other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Maſter, Wardens and Company of Stationers of our City of *London*, Commiſſioners and other Officers of Our Cuſtoms, and all other our Officers and Miniſters whom it may concern, are to take Notice that due Obedience be given to Our Pleaſure herein ſignified. Given at Our Court at St. *James*'s the ſixth Day of *May*, 1715. in the firſt Year of Our Reign.

By His Majeſty's Command,

JAMES STANHOPE.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER,

Tranſlated by Mr. *POPE.*

VOL. IV.

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut crucier, quod
Vellicat abſentem Demetrius? Aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius, & Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliuſque,
Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius optimus.——

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed by W. BOWYER, for BERNARD LINTOT between the *Temple-Gates.* 1718.

BRITISH MUSEUM

HOWARD

OF

EFFINGHAM

LIBEL

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battel continued, in which *Neptune* assists the *Greeks*: The Acts of *Idomeneus*.

NEptune, *concern'd for the Loss of the* Grecians, *upon seeing the Fortification forc'd by* Hector, *(who had enter'd the Gate near the Station of the* Ajaxes*) assumes the Shape of* Calchas, *and inspires those Heroes to oppose him: Then in the Form of one of the Generals, encourages the other* Greeks *who had retir'd to their Vessels. The* Ajaxes *form their Troops in a close Phalanx, and put a stop to* Hector *and the* Trojans. *Several Deeds of Valour are perform'd;* Meriones *losing his Spear in the Encounter, repairs to seek another at the Tent of* Idomeneus. *This occasions a Conversation between those two Warriors, who return together to the Battel.* Idomeneus *signalizes his Courage above the rest; he kills* Othryoneus, Asius, *and* Alcathous. Deiphobus *and* Æneas *march against him, and at length* Idomeneus *retires.* Menelaus *wounds* Helenus, *and kills* Pisander. *The* Trojans *are repuls'd in the Left Wing;* Hector *still keeps his Ground against the* Ajaxes, *till being gaul'd by the* Locrian *Slingers and Archers,* Polydamas *advises to call a Council of War:* Hector *approves his Advice, but goes first to rally the* Trojans; *upbraids* Paris, *rejoins* Polydamas, *meets* Ajax *again, and renews the Attack.*

The eight and twentieth Day still continues. The Scene is between the Grecian *Wall and the Sea-shore.*



THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

WHEN now the Thund'rer, on the Sea-beat Coaſt,
Had fix'd great *Hector* and his conqu'ring Hoſt;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody Fray,
To toil and ſtruggle thro' the well-fought Day.
Then turn'd to *Thracia* from the Field of Fight
Thoſe Eyes, that ſhed inſufferable Light,

To where the *Myſians* prove their martial Force,
And hardy *Thracians* tame the ſavage Horſe;
And where the far-fam'd *Hippemolgian* ſtrays,
Renown'd for Juſtice and for length of Days,
Thrice happy Race! that, innocent of Blood,
From Milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple Food:
Jove ſees delighted, and avoids the Scene
Of guilty *Troy*, of Arms, and dying Men:
No Aid, he deems, to either Hoſt is giv'n,
While his high Law ſuſpends the Pow'rs of Heav'n.

* *Neptune.*

Meantime the * Monarch of the watry Main
Obſerv'd the Thund'rer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In *Samothracia*, on a Mountain's Brow,
Whoſe waving Woods o'erhung the Deeps below,
He ſate; and round him caſt his azure Eyes,
Where *Ida*'s miſty Tops confus'dly riſe;
Below, fair *Ilion*'s glitt'ring Spires were ſeen,
The crowded Ships, and ſable Seas between.
There, from the cryſtal Chambers of the Main
Emerg'd, he ſate; and mourn'd his *Argives* ſlain.

At

At *Jove* incens'd, with Grief and Fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky Steep, he ruſh'd along;
Fierce as he paſt, the lofty Mountains nod,
The Foreſts ſhake! Earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the Footſteps of th' immortal God.
From Realm to Realm three ample Strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant *Ægæ* ſhook.
Far in the Bay his ſhining Palace ſtands,
Eternal Frame! not rais'd by mortal Hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd Steeds he reins,
Fleet as the Winds, and deck'd with golden Manes.
Refulgent Arms his mighty Limbs infold,
Immortal Arms, of Adamant and Gold.
He mounts the Car, the golden Scourge applies;
He ſits ſuperior, and the Chariot flies.
His whirling Wheels the glaſſy Surface ſweep;
Th' enormous Monſters, rolling o'er the Deep,
Gambol around him, on the watry way;
And heavy Whales in aukward Meaſures play:

The Sea ſubſiding ſpreads a level Plain,
Exults, and owns the Monarch of the Main;
The parting Waves before his Courſers fly;
The wond'ring Waters leave his Axle dry.
Deep in the liquid Regions lies a Cave,
Between where *Tenedos* the Surges lave,
And rocky *Imbrus* breaks the rolling Wave:
There the great Ruler of the azure Round
Stop'd his ſwift Chariot, and his Steeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial Herbage from his Hand,
And link'd their Fetlocks with a golden Band,
Infrangible, immortal: There they ſtay:
The Father of the Floods purſues his way;
Where, like a Tempeſt, dark'ning Heav'n around,
Or fiery Deluge that devours the Ground,
Th' impatient *Trojans*, in a gloomy Throng,
Embattel'd roll'd, as *Hector* ruſh'd along.
To the loud Tumult, and the barb'rous Cry,
The Heav'ns re-echo, and the Shores reply;

They

They vow Deſtruction to the *Grecian* Name,
And, in their Hopes, the Fleets already flame.
But *Neptune*, riſing from the Seas profound,
The God whoſe Earthquakes rock the ſolid Ground,
Now wears a mortal Form; like *Calchas* ſeen,
Such his loud Voice, and ſuch his manly Mien;
His Shouts inceſſant ev'ry *Greek* inſpire,
But moſt th'*Ajaces*, adding Fire to Fire.
'Tis yours, O Warriors, all our Hopes to raiſe;
Oh recollect your ancient Worth and Praiſe!
'Tis yours to ſave us, if you ceaſe to fear;
Flight, more than ſhameful, is deſtructive here.
On other Works tho' *Troy* with Fury fall,
And pour her Armies o'er our batter'd Wall;
There, *Greece* has ſtrength: but this, this Part o'erthrown,
Her Strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here *Hector* rages like the Force of Fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high *Jove* his Sire.
If yet ſome heav'nly Pow'r your Breaſt excite,
Breathe in your Hearts, and ſtring your Arms to Fight,

Greece

Greece yet may live, her threatned Fleet maintain,
And *Hector*'s Force, and *Jove*'s own Aid, be vain.
Then with his Sceptre that the Deep controuls,
He touch'd the Chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly Souls;
Strength, not their own, the Touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then, as a Falcon from the rocky Height,
Her Quarry ſeen, impetuous at the Sight,
Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts her ſelf from high,
Shoots on the Wing, and skims along the Sky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the Pow'r of Ocean flew;
The wide Horizon ſhut him from their View.
Th' inſpiring God, *Oileus*' active Son
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to *Telamon*.
Some God, my Friend, ſome God in human form
Fav'ring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the Storm.
Not *Calchas* this, the venerable Seer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the Pow'r appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the Steps he trod,
His own bright evidence reveals a God.

Ev'n

Ev'n now ſome Energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on Wings, and tread in Air.
With equal Ardour (*Telamon* returns)
My Soul is kindled, and my Boſom burns;
New riſing Spirits all the Man alarm,
Lift each impatient Limb, and brace my Arm;
This ready Arm, unthinking, ſhakes the Dart;
The Blood pours back, and fortifies my Heart:
Singly methinks, yon' tow'ring Chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful *Hector* at my Feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning Breaſt
The Heroes thus their mutual Warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune meanwhile the routed *Greeks* inſpir'd;
Who breathleſs, pale, with length of Labours tir'd,
Pant in the Ships; while *Troy* to Conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding Walls:
Trembling before th' impending Storm they lie,
While Tears of Rage ſtand burning in their Eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal Hour;
But breathe new Courage as they feel the Pow'r:

Teucer and *Leitus* firſt his Words excite;
Then ſtern *Peneleus* riſes to the Fight;
Thoas, *Deïpyrus*, in Arms renown'd,
And *Merion* next, th' impulſive Fury found;
Laſt *Neſtor*'s Son the ſame bold Ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial Fire awakes.

Oh laſting Infamy, oh dire Diſgrace
To Chiefs of vig'rous Youth, and manly Race!
I truſted in the Gods and you, to ſee
Brave *Greece* victorious, and her Navy free:
Ah no----the glorious Combate you diſclaim,
And one black Day clouds all her former Fame.
Heav'ns! what a prodigy theſe Eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing Day!
Fly we at length from *Troy*'s oft-conquer'd Bands,
And falls our Fleet by ſuch inglorious Hands?
A Rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling Train,
Not born to Glories of the duſty Plain;
Like frighted Fawns from Hill to Hill purſu'd,
A Prey to every Savage of the Wood;

Shall

Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your Name,
Invade your Camps, involve your Ships in Flame?
A Change ſo ſhameful, ſay what Cauſe has wrought?
The Soldiers Baſeneſs, or the Gen'ral's Fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your Leader's Vice?
The Purchaſe Infamy, and Life the Price!
'Tis not your Cauſe, *Achilles'* injur'd Fame:
Another's is the Crime, but yours the Shame.
Grant that our Chief offend thro' Rage or Luſt,
Muſt you be Cowards, if your King's unjuſt?
Prevent this Evil, and your Country ſave:
Small Thought retrieves the Spirits of the Brave.
Think, and ſubdue! on Daſtards dead to Fame
I waſte no Anger, for they feel no Shame:
But you, the Pride, the Flow'r of all our Hoſt,
My Heart weeps blood to ſee your Glory loſt!
Nor deem this Day, this Battel, all you loſe;
A Day more black, a Fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes Fame or Breath,
On endleſs Infamy, on inſtant Death.

For lo! the fated Time, th' appointed Shore;
Hark! the Gates burſt, the brazen Barriers roar!
Impetuous *Hector* thunders at the Wall;
The Hour, the Spot, to conquer, or to fall.
Theſe Words the *Grecians* fainting Hearts inſpire,
And liſt'ning Armies catch the godlike Fire.
Fix'd at his Poſt was each bold *Ajax* found,
With well-rang'd Squadrons ſtrongly circled round:
So cloſe their Order, ſo diſpos'd their Fight,
As *Pallas'* ſelf might view with fixt Delight;
Or had the God of War inclin'd his Eyes,
The God of War had own'd a juſt Surprize.
A choſen Phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as Fate,
Deſcending *Hector* and his Battel wait;
An Iron Scene gleams dreadful o'er the Fields,
Armour in Armour lock'd, and Shields in Shields,
Spears lean on Spears, on Targets Targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to Helms, and Man drove Man along.
The floating Plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an Earthquake ſtirs the nodding Grove;

And

And levell'd at the Skies with pointing Rays,
Their brandiſh'd Lances at each Motion blaze.
Thus breathing Death, in terrible Array,
The cloſe-compacted Legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charg'd the firſt, and *Hector* firſt of *Troy*.
As from ſome Mountain's craggy Forehead torn,
A Rock's round Fragment flies, with Fury born,
(Which from the ſtubborn Stone a Torrent rends)
Precipitate the pond'rous Maſs deſcends:
From Steep to Steep the rolling Ruin bounds;
At ev'ry Shock the crackling Wood reſounds;
Still gath'ring Force, it ſmoaks; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the Plain:
There ſtops----So *Hector*: Their whole Force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtop'd, unmov'd.
On him the War is bent, the Darts are ſhed,
And all their Faulchions wave around his Head.
Repuls'd he ſtands; nor from his Stand retires;
But with repeated Shouts his Army fires.

Trojans,

Trojans, be firm; this Arm ſhall make your way
Thro' yon' ſquare Body, and that black Array:
Stand, and my Spear ſhall rout their ſcatt'ring Pow'r,
Strong as they ſeem, embattel'd like a Tow'r.
For He that *Juno*'s heav'nly Boſom warms,
The firſt of Gods, this Day inſpires our Arms.

He ſaid, and rouz'd the Soul in ev'ry Breaſt;
Urg'd with Deſire of Fame, beyond the reſt,
Forth march'd *Deïphobus*; but marching held
Before his wary Steps, his ample Shield.
Bold *Merion* aim'd a Stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glitt'ring Javelin pierc'd the tough Bull-hide:
But pierc'd not thro: Unfaithful to his Hand,
The Point broke ſhort, and ſparkled in the Sand.
The *Trojan* Warrior, touch'd with timely Fear,
On the rais'd Orb to diſtance bore the Spear:
The *Greek* retreating mourn'd his fruſtrate Blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous Lance that ſpar'd a Foe;
Then to the Ships with ſurly Speed he went,
To ſeek a ſurer Javelin in his Tent.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile with riſing Rage the Battel glows,
The Tumult thickens, and the Clamour grows.
By *Teucer*'s Arm the warlike *Imbrius* bleeds,
The Son of *Mentor*, rich in gen'rous Steeds.
E're yet to *Troy* the Sons of *Greece* were led,
In fair *Pedæus*' verdant Paſtures bred,
The Youth had dwelt; remote from War's alarms,
And bleſs'd in bright *Medeſicaſte*'s Arms:
(This Nymph, the Fruit of *Priam*'s raviſh'd Joy,
Ally'd the Warrior to the Houſe of *Troy*.)
To *Troy*, when Glory call'd his Arms, he came,
And match'd the braveſt of her Chiefs in Fame:
With *Priam*'s Sons, a Guardian of the Throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him *Teucer* pierc'd between the Throat and Ear;
He groans beneath the *Telamonian* Spear.
As from ſome far-ſeen Mountain's airy Crown,
Subdu'd by Steel, a tall Aſh tumbles down,
And ſoils its verdant Treſſes on the Ground:
So falls the Youth; his Arms the Fall reſound.

Then

Then *Teucer* ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From *Hector*'s Hand a ſhining Javelin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhun'd the Death; the forceful Dart
Sung on, and pierc'd *Amphimachus* his Heart,
Cteatus' Son, of *Neptune*'s boaſted Line;
Vain was his Courage, and his Race divine!
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging Arms reſound,
And his broad Buckler thunders on the Ground.
To ſeize his beamy Helm the Victor flies,
And juſt had faſtned on the dazling Prize,
When *Ajax*' manly Arm a Javelin flung;
Full on the Shield's round Boſs the Weapon rung;
He felt the Shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in Mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining Steel.
Repuls'd he yields; the Victor *Greeks* obtain
The Spoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the Leaders of th' *Athenian* Line,
(*Stichius* the brave, *Meneſtheus* the divine,)
Deplor'd *Amphimachus*, ſad Object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce *Ajaces*' Prize.

As

As two grim Lyons bear acroſs the Lawn
Snatch'd from devouring Hounds, a ſlaughter'd Fawn,
In their fell Jaws high-lifted thro' the Wood,
And ſprinkling all the Shrubs with dropping Blood;
So theſe the Chief: Great *Ajax* from the dead
Strips his bright Arms, *Oileus* lops his Head:
Toſs'd like a Ball, and whirl'd in Air away,
At *Hector*'s Feet the goary Viſage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with ſtern Diſdain,
And pierc'd with Sorrow for his * Grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the *Grecian* Hearts, confirms their Hands.
And breathes Deſtruction to the *Trojan* Bands,
Swift as a Whirlwind ruſhing to the Fleet,
He finds the Lance-fam'd *Idomen* of *Crete*;
His penſive Brow the gen'rous Care expreſt
With which a wounded Soldier touch'd his Breaſt,
Whom in the Chance of War a Javelin tore,
And his ſad Comrades from the Battel bore;
Him to the Surgeons of the Camp he ſent;
That Office paid, he iſſu'd from his Tent,

* *Amphimachus.*

Fierce for the Fight: To him the God begun,
In *Thoas*' Voice, *Andræmon*'s valiant Son,
Who rul'd where *Calydon*'s white Rocks ariſe,
And *Pleuron*'s chalky Cliffs emblaze the Skies.
Where's now th' imperious Vaunt, the daring Boaſt
Of *Greece* victorious, and proud *Ilion* loſt?
To whom the King. On *Greece* no blame be thrown,
Arms are her Trade, and War is all her own.
Her hardy Heroes from the well-fought Plains
Nor Fear with-holds, nor ſhameful Sloth detains.
'Tis Heav'n, alas! and *Jove*'s all-pow'rful Doom,
That far, far diſtant from our native Home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my Friend!
Once foremoſt in the Fight, ſtill prone to lend
Or Arms, or Counſels; now perform thy beſt,
And what thou canſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
Thus he; and thus the God, whoſe Force can make
The ſolid Globe's eternal Baſis ſhake.
Ah! never may he ſee his native Land,
But feed the Vulturs on this hateful Strand,

Who ſeeks ignobly in his Ships to ſtay,
Nor dares to combate on this ſignal Day!
For this, behold! in horrid Arms I ſhine,
And urge thy Soul to rival Acts with mine:
Together let us battel on the Plain;
Two, not the worſt; nor ev'n this Succour vain.
Not vain the weakeſt, if their Force unite;
But ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in Fight.

This ſaid, he ruſhes where the Combate burns;
Swift to his Tent the *Cretan* King returns.
From thence, two Javelins glitt'ring in his Hand,
And clad in Arms that lighten'd all the Strand,
Fierce on the Foe th' impetuous Hero drove;
Like Light'ning burſting from the Arm of *Jove*,
Which to pale Man the Wrath of Heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending World with Wars:
In ſtreamy Sparkles, kindling all the Skies,
From Pole to Pole the Trail of Glory flies.
Thus his bright Armour o'er the dazled Throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the Monarch flaſh'd along.

Him, near his Tent, *Meriones* attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of Friends!
O ſay, in ev'ry Art of Battel skill'd,
What holds thy Courage from ſo brave a Field?
On ſome important Meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my Friend by ſome unhappy Wound?
Inglorious here, my Soul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with Proſpects of th' approaching Day.
O Prince! (*Meriones* replies) whoſe Care
Leads forth th' embattel'd Sons of *Crete* to War;
This ſpeaks my Grief; this headleſs Lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a *Trojan* Shield.
To whom the *Cretan*: Enter, and receive
The wanted Weapons; thoſe my Tent can give.
Spears I have ſtore, (and *Trojan* Lances all)
That ſhed a Luſtre round th' illumin'd Wall.
Tho' I, diſdainful of the diſtant War,
Nor truſt the Dart, or aim th' uncertain Spear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe Trophies and theſe Arms I gain.

Enter,

Enter, and ſee on heaps the Helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with Gold.
Nor vain (ſaid *Merion*) are our martial Toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble Spoils.
But thoſe my Ship contains, whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the Van of War.
What need I more? If any *Greek* there be
Who knows not *Merion*, I appeal to thee.
To this, *Idomeneus*. The Fields of Fight
Have prov'd thy Valour and unconquer'd Might;
And were ſome Ambuſh for the Foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there, thy Courage would not lag behind.
In that ſharp Service, ſingled from the reſt,
The Fear of each, or Valour, ſtands confeſt.
No Force, no Firmneſs, the pale Coward ſhows;
He ſhifts his Place, his Colour comes and goes;
A dropping Sweat creeps cold on ev'ry Part;
Againſt his Boſom beats his quiv'ring Heart;

Terror

Terror and Death in his wild Eye-balls ſtare;
With chatt'ring Teeth he ſtands, and ſtiff'ning Hair,
And looks a bloodleſs Image of Deſpair!
Not ſo the Brave---ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
Unchang'd his Colour, and unmov'd his Frame;
Compos'd his Thought, determin'd is his Eye,
And fix'd his Soul, to conquer or to die:
If ought diſturb the Tenour of his Breaſt,
'Tis but the Wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.
In ſuch Aſſays, thy blameleſs Worth is known,
And ev'ry Art of dang'rous War thy own.
By chance of Fight whatever Wounds you bore,
Thoſe Wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave Delight
T'oppoſe thy Boſom where the foremoſt fight.
But why, like Infants, cold to Honour's Charms,
Stand we to talk, when Glory calls to Arms?
Go---from my conquer'd Spears, the choiceſt take,
And to their Owners ſend them nobly back.

Swift as the Word bold *Merion* ſnatch'd a Spear,
And breathing Slaughter, follow'd to the War.
So *Mars* Armipotent invades the Plain,
(The wide Deſtroyer of the Race of Man)
Terror, his beſt lov'd Son, attends his Courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern Boldneſs, and enormous Force;
The Pride of haughty Warriors to confound,
And lay the Strength of Tyrants on the Ground:
From *Thrace* they fly, call'd to the dire Alarms
Of warring *Phlegyans*, and *Ephyrian* Arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs they diſpoſe
To theſe, glad Conqueſt, murd'rous Rout to thoſe.
So march'd the Leaders of the *Cretan* Train,
And their bright Arms ſhot Horror o'er the Plain.
Then firſt ſpake *Merion*: Shall we join the Right,
Or combate in the Centre of the Fight?
Or to the Left our wanted Succour lend?
Hazard and Fame all Parts alike attend.
Not in the Centre, (*Idomen* reply'd)
Our ableſt Chieftains the main Battel guide;

Each

Each godlike *Ajax* makes that Poſt his Care,
And gallant *Teucer* deals Deſtruction there:
Skill'd, or with Shafts to gall the diſtant Field,
Or bear cloſe Battel on the ſounding Shield.
Theſe can the Rage of haughty *Hector* tame;
Safe in their Arms, the Navy fears no Flame;
Till *Jove* himſelf deſcends, his Bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the blazing Ruin at our Head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human Birth,
Nor feed like Mortals on the Fruits of Earth,
Him neither Rocks can cruſh, nor Steel can wound,
Whom *Ajax* fells not on th'enſanguin'd Ground.
In ſtanding Fight he mates *Achilles'* Force,
Excell'd alone in Swiftneſs in the Courſe.
Then to the Left our ready Arms apply,
And live with Glory, or with Glory die.
He ſaid; and *Merion* to th' appointed Place,
Fierce as the God of Battels, urg'd his Pace.
Soon as the Foe the ſhining Chiefs beheld
Ruſh like a fiery Torrent o'er the Field,

Their

Their Force embody'd, in a Tyde they pour;
The riſing Combate ſounds along the Shore.
As warring Winds, in *Sirius'* ſultry Reign,
From diff'rent Quarters ſweep the ſandy Plain;
On ev'ry ſide the duſty Whirlwinds riſe,
And the dry Fields are lifted to the Skies:
Thus by Deſpair, Hope, Rage, together driv'n,
Met the black Hoſts, and meeting, darken'd Heav'n.
All dreadful glar'd the Iron Face of War,
Briſtled with upright Spears, that flaſh'd afar;
Dire was the Gleam, of Breaſtplates, Helms and Shields,
And poliſh'd Arms emblaz'd the flaming Fields:
Tremendous Scene, that gen'ral Horror gave,
But touch'd with Joy the Boſoms of the Brave.

Saturn's great Sons in fierce Contention vy'd,
And Crowds of Heroes in their Anger dy'd.
The Sire of Earth and Heav'n, by *Thetis* won
To crown with Glory *Peleus'* godlike Son,
Will'd not Deſtruction to the *Grecian* Pow'rs,
But ſpar'd a while the deſtin'd *Trojan* Tow'rs:

While *Neptune* riſing from his azure Main,
Warr'd on the King of Heav'n with ſtern Diſdain,
And breath'd Revenge, and fir'd the *Grecian* Train.
Gods of one Source, of one ethereal Race,
Alike divine, and Heav'n their native Place;
But *Jove* the greater, Firſt-born of the Skies,
And more than Men, or Gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of *Jove*'s ſuperior Might afraid,
Neptune in human Form conceal'd his Aid.
Theſe Pow'rs incloſe the *Greek* and *Trojan* Train
In War and Diſcord's adamantine Chain;
Indiſſolubly ſtrong, the fatal Tye
Is ſtretch'd on both, and Heaps on Heaps they dye.
Dreadful in Arms, and grown in Combats grey,
The bold *Idomeneus* controuls the Day.
Firſt by his Hand *Othryoneus* was ſlain,
Swell'd with falſe Hopes, with mad Ambition vain!
Call'd by the Voice of War to martial Fame,
From high *Cabeſus*' diſtant Walls he came;

Caſſandra's

Caſſandra's Love he ſought with Boaſts of Pow'r,
And promis'd Conqueſt was the proffer'd Dow'r.
The King conſented, by his Vaunts abus'd;
The King conſented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himſelf, and of th' imagin'd Bride,
The Field he meaſur'd with a larger Stride.
Him, as he ſtalk'd, the *Cretan* Javelin found;
Vain was his Breaſtplate to repel the Wound:
His Dream of Glory loſt, he plung'd to Hell;
The Plains reſounded as the Boaſter fell.

The great *Idomeneus* beſtrides the dead:
And thus (he cries) behold thy Promiſe ſped!
Such is the Help thy Arms to *Ilion* bring,
And ſuch the Contract of the *Phrygian* King!
Our Offers now, illuſtrious Prince! receive;
For ſuch an Aid what will not *Argos* give?
To conquer *Troy*, with ours thy Forces join,
And count *Atrides'* faireſt Daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther Methods to adviſe,
Come, follow to the Fleet thy new Allies;

There hear what *Greece* has on her Part to ſay.
He ſpoke, and dragg'd the goary Corſe away.
This *Aſius* view'd, unable to contain,
Before his Chariot warring on the Plain;
(His valu'd Courſers, to his Squire conſign'd,
Impatient panted on his Neck behind)
To Vengeance riſing with a ſudden Spring,
He hop'd the Conqueſt of the *Cretan* King.
The wary *Cretan*, as his Foe drew near,
Full on his Throat diſcharg'd the forceful Spear:
Beneath the Chin the Point was ſeen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
As when the Mountain Oak, or Poplar tall,
Or Pine, fit Maſt for ſome great Admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd Axe, with many a Wound,
Then ſpreads a length of Ruin o'er the Ground.
So ſunk proud *Aſius* in that deathful Day,
And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd Courſers lay.
He grinds the Duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming Gore,
And, fierce in Death, lies foaming on the Shore.

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of Motion, ſtiff with ſtupid Fear,
Stands all aghaſt his trembling Charoteer,
Nor ſhuns the Foe, nor turns the Steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unreſiſting Prey:
Pierc'd by *Antilochus*, he pants beneath
The ſtately Car, and labours out his Breath.
Thus *Aſius'* Steeds (their mighty Maſter gone)
Remain the Prize of *Neſtor*'s youthful Son.

Stabb'd at the Sight, *Deiphobus* drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful Weapon fly:
The *Cretan* ſaw; and ſtooping, caus'd to glance
From his ſlope Shield, the diſappointed Lance.
Beneath the ſpacious Targe (a blazing Round,
Thick with Bull-hides, with brazen Orbits bound,
On his rais'd Arm by two ſtrong Braces ſtay'd)
He lay collected, in defenſive Shade.
O'er his ſafe Head the Javelin idly ſung,
And on the tincling Verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the Spear the vig'rous Arm confeſt,
And pierc'd, obliquely, King *Hypſenor*'s Breaſt:

Warm'd

Warm'd in his Liver, to the Ground it bore
The Chief, his People's Guardian now no more!
Not unattended (the proud *Trojan* cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented *Aſius* lies:
For thee, tho' Hell's black Portals ſtand diſplay'd,
This Mate ſhall joy thy melancholy Shade.
Heart-piercing Anguiſh, at this haughty Boaſt,
Touch'd ev'ry *Greek*, but *Neſtor*'s Son the moſt.
Griev'd as he was, his pious Arms attend
And his broad Buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd Friend;
Till ſad *Meciſtheus* and *Alaſtor* bore
His honour'd Body to the Tented Shore.
Nor yet from Fight *Idomeneus* withdraws;
Reſolv'd to periſh in his Country's Cauſe,
Or find ſome Foe whom Heav'n and he ſhall doom
To wail his Fate in Death's eternal Gloom.
He ſees *Alcathous* in the Front aſpire:
Great *Æſyetes* was the Hero's Sire;
His Spouſe *Hippodamè*, divinely fair,
Anchiſes' eldeſt Hope, and darling Care;

Who

Who charm'd her Parent's and her Husband's Heart,
With Beauty, Senſe, and ev'ry Work of Art:
He once, of *Ilion*'s Youth, the lovelieſt Boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the Fair of *Troy*.
By *Neptune* now the hapleſs Hero dies,
Who covers with a Cloud thoſe beauteous Eyes,
And fetters ev'ry Limb: yet bent to meet
His Fate, he ſtands; nor ſhuns the Lance of *Crete*.
Fixt as ſome Column, or deep-rooted Oak,
(While the Winds ſleep) his Breaſt receiv'd the Stroke.
Before the pond'rous Stroke his Corſelet yields,
Long us'd to ward the Death in fighting Fields:
The riven Armour ſends a jarring Sound:
His lab'ring Heart, heaves, with ſo ſtrong a bound,
The long Lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the Wound:
Faſt-flowing from its Source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple Tyde, impetuous, guſh'd away.
Then *Idomen*, inſulting o'er the ſlain;
Behold, *Deiphobus*! nor vaunt in vain.

See! on one *Greek* three *Trojan* Ghosts attend,
This, my third Victim, to the Shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted Might approve,
And try the Prowess of the Seed of *Jove.*
From *Jove*, enamour'd on a mortal Dame,
Great *Minos*, Guardian of his Country, came:
Deucalion, blameless Prince! was *Minos'* Heir;
His First-born I, the third from *Jupiter*:
O'er spacious *Crete*, and her bold Sons I reign,
And thence my Ships transport me thro' the Main;
Lord of a Host, o'er all my Host I shine,
A Scourge to thee, thy Father, and thy Line.
The *Trojan* heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous Arms, the King of *Crete*;
Or seek auxiliar Force; at length decreed
To call some Hero to partake the Deed.
Forthwith *Æneas* rises to his Thought;
For him, in *Troy*'s remotest Lines, he fought,
Where he, incens'd at partial *Priam*, stands,
And sees superior Posts in meaner Hands.

To

To him, ambitious of ſo great an Aid,
The bold *Deïphobus* approach'd, and ſaid.
Now, *Trojan* Prince, employ thy pious Arms,
If e'er thy Boſom felt fair Honour's Charms.
Alcathous dies, thy Brother and thy Friend!
Come, and the Warrior's lov'd Remains defend.
Beneath his Cares thy early Youth was train'd,
One Table fed you, and one Roof contain'd.
This Deed to fierce *Idomeneus* we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting Foe.
Æneas heard, and for a Space reſign'd
To tender Pity all his manly Mind;
Then riſing in his Rage, he burns to fight:
The *Greek* awaits him, with collected Might.
As the fell Boar on ſome rough Mountain's Head,
Arm'd with wild Terrors, and to Slaughter bred,
When the loud Ruſticks riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the Tumult, and expects the War;
O'er his bent Back the briſtly Horrors riſe,
Fires ſtream in Light'ning from his ſanguin Eyes,

His foaming Tusks both Dogs and Men engage,
But moſt his Hunters rouze his mighty Rage.
So ſtood *Idomeneus*, his Javelin ſhook,
And met the *Trojan* with a low'ring Look.
Antilochus, *Deipyrus* were near,
The youthful Offspring of the God of War,
Merion, and *Aphareus*, in Field renown'd:
To theſe the Warrior ſent his Voice around.
Fellows in Arms! your timely Aid unite;
Lo, great *Æneas* ruſhes to the Fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than Mortal bold;
He freſh in Youth, and I in Arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this Hand, this Hour, decide the Strife,
The great Diſpute, of Glory, or of Life.
He ſpoke, and all as with one Soul obey'd;
Their lifted Bucklers caſt a dreadful Shade
Around the Chief. *Æneas* too demands
Th' aſſiſting Forces of his native Bands:
Paris, *Deïphobus*, *Agenor* join;
(Co-aids and Captains of the *Trojan* Line.)

In

In order follow all th' embody'd Train;
Like *Ida*'s Flocks proceeding o'er the Plain;
Before his fleecy Care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud Ram, the Father of the Fold:
With Joy the Swain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool Fountains, thro' the well-known Meads.
So joys *Æneas*, as his native Band
Moves on in Rank, and ſtretches o'er the Land.
Round dead *Alcathous* now the Battel roſe;
On ev'ry ſide the ſteely Circle grows;
Now batter'd Breaſtplates and hack'd Helmets ring,
And o'er their Heads unheeded Javelins ſing.
Above the reſt, two tow'ring Chiefs appear,
There great *Idomeneus*, *Æneas* here.
Like Gods of War, diſpenſing Fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the Ground with mutual Blood.
The *Trojan* Weapon whizz'd along in Air;
The *Cretan* ſaw, and ſhun'd the brazen Spear:
Sent from an Arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive Wood
Stuck deep in Earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.

But *Oenomas* receiv'd the *Cretan*'s ſtroke,
The forceful Spear his hollow Corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his Belly with a ghaſtly Wound,
And roll'd the ſmoaking Entrails to the Ground.
Stretch'd on the Plain, he ſobs away his Breath,
And furious, grafps the bloody Duſt in Death.
The Victor from his Breaſt the Weapon tears;
His Spoils he could not, for the Show'r of Spears.
Tho' now unfit an active War to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous Arms, ſtiff with cold Age,
His liſtleſs Limbs unable for the Courſe;
In ſtanding Fight he yet maintains his Force:
Till faint with Labour, and by Foes repell'd,
His tir'd, ſlow Steps, he drags from off the Field.
Deiphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with Hate, a parting Javelin caſt:
The Javelin err'd, but held its Courſe along,
And pierc'd *Aſcalaphus*, the brave and young:
The Son of *Mars* fell gaſping on the Ground,
And gnaſh'd the Duſt all bloody with his Wound.

Nor

Nor knew the furious Father of his Fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great *Olympian* Hall,
On golden Clouds th' immortal Synod ſate;
Detain'd from bloody War by *Jove* and *Fate*.
Now, where in Duſt the breathleſs Hero lay,
For ſlain *Aſcalaphus* commenc'd the Fray.
Deiphobus to ſeize his Helmet flies,
And from his Temples rends the glitt'ring Prize;
Valiant as *Mars*, *Meriones* drew near,
And on his loaded Arm diſcharg'd his Spear:
He drops the Weight, diſabled with the Pain,
The hollow Helmet rings againſt the Plain.
Swift as a Vultur leaping on his Prey,
From his torn Arm the *Grecian* rent away
The reeking Javelin, and rejoin'd his Friends.
His wounded Brother good *Polites* tends;
Around his Waſte his pious Arms he threw,
And from the Rage of Combate gently drew:
Him his ſwift Courſers, on his ſplendid Car
Rapt from the leſſ'ning Thunder of the War;

To

To *Troy* they drove him, groaning from the Shore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſt, the Sands with Gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguin ground,
Heaps fall on Heaps, and Heav'n and Earth reſound.
Bold *Aphareus* by great *Æneas* bled;
As tow'rd the Chief he turn'd his daring Head,
He pierc'd his Throat; the bending Head depreſt
Beneath his Helmet, nods upon his Breaſt;
His Shield revers'd o'er the fall'n Warror lies;
And everlaſting Slumber ſeals his Eyes.
Antilochus, as *Thoon* turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his Back with a diſhoneſt Wound:
The hollow Vein that to the Neck extends
Along the Chine, his eager Javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial Train
Spreads his imploring Arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting Victor leaping where he lay,
From his broad Shoulders tore the Spoils away;
His Time obſerv'd; for clos'd by Foes around,
On all ſides thick, the Peals of Arms reſound.

His

His Shield emboſs'd the ringing Storm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great *Neptune*'s Care preſerv'd from hoſtile Rage
This Youth, the Joy of *Neſtor*'s glorious Age)
In Arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd ev'ry Foe, and ev'ry Danger fought;
His winged Lance, reſiſtleſs as the Wind,
Obeys each Motion of the Maſter's Mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant Enemy.
The Son of *Aſius*, *Adamas*, drew near,
And ſtruck his Target with the brazen Spear,
Fierce in his Front: but *Neptune* wards the Blow,
And blunts the Javelin of th' eluded Foe.
In the broad Buckler half the Weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on Earth flew half the broken Wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the *Trojan* Crew;
But *Merion*'s Spear o'ertook him as he flew,

Deep

Deep in the Belly's Rim an Entrance found,
Where ſharp the Pang, and mortal is the Wound.
Bending he fell, and doubled to the Ground
Lay panting. Thus an Oxe, in Fetters ty'd,
While Death's ſtrong Pangs diſtend his lab'ring Side,
His Bulk enormous on the Field diſplays;
His heaving Heart beats thick, as ebbing Life decays.
The Spear, the Conqu'ror from his Body drew,
And Death's dim Shadows ſwam before his View.
Next brave *Deipyrus* in Duſt was lay'd;
King *Helenus* wav'd high the *Thracian* Blade,
And ſmote his Temples, with an Arm ſo ſtrong
The Helm fell off, and roll'd amid the Throng:
There, for ſome luckier *Greek* it reſts a Prize,
For dark in Death the godlike Owner lies!
With raging Grief great *Menelaus* burns,
And fraught with Vengeance, to the Victor turns;
That ſhook the pond'rous Lance, in Act to throw,
And this ſtood adverſe with the bended Bow:

Full on his Breaſt the *Trojan* Arrow fell,
But harmleſs bounded from the plated Steel.
As on ſome ample Barn's well-harden'd Floor,
(The Winds collected at each open Door)
While the broad Fan with Force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, reſulting from the ground:
So from the Steel that guards *Atrides'* Heart,
Repell'd to diſtance flies the bounding Dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary Foe,
Pierc'd with his Lance the Hand that graſp'd the Bow,
And nail'd it to the Eugh: The wounded Hand
Trail'd the long Lance that mark'd with Blood the Sand.
But good *Agenor* gently from the Wound
The Spear ſollicites, and the Bandage bound;
A Slings ſoft Wool, ſnatch'd from a Soldier's ſide,
At once the Tent and Ligature ſupply'd.

Behold! *Piſander*, urg'd by Fate's Decree,
Springs thro' the Ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great *Menelaus!* to enhance thy Fame,
High-tow'ring in the Front, the Warrior came.

Firſt the ſharp Lance was by *Atrides* thrown;
The Lance far diſtant by the Winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd *Piſander* thro' *Atrides'* Shield;
Piſander's Spear fell ſhiver'd on the Field.
Not ſo diſcourag'd, to the Future blind,
Vain Dreams of Conqueſt ſwell his haughty Mind;
Dauntleſs he ruſhes where the *Spartan* Lord
Like Light'ning brandiſh'd his far-beaming Sword.
His left Arm high oppos'd the ſhining Shield;
His right, beneath, the cover'd Pole-Axe held;
(An Olive's cloudy Grain the Handle made,
Diſtinct with Studs; and brazen was the Blade)
This on the Helm diſcharg'd a noble Blow;
The Plume dropp'd nodding to the Plain below,
Shorn from the Creſt. *Atrides* wav'd his Steel:
Deep thro' his Front the weighty Faulchion fell.
The craſhing Bones before its Force gave way;
In Duſt and Blood the groaning Hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghaſtly Orbs, and ſpouting Gore,
The clotted Eye-balls tumble on the Shore.

The

The fierce *Atrides* ſpurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his Arms, and loud-exulting ſaid.
Thus, *Trojans*, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O Race perfidious, who delight in War!
Already noble Deeds ye have perform'd,
A Princeſs rap'd tranſcends a Navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold Feats your impious Might approve,
Without th'Aſſiſtance, or the Fear of *Jove*.
The violated Rites, the raviſh'd Dame,
Our Heroes ſlaughter'd, and our Ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on Crimes, ſhall bend your Glory down,
And whelm in Ruins yon' flagitious Town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of Earth and Skies,
Above the Thought of Man, ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy Hand the Fates of Mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious Foe?
A godleſs Crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing Rapine, Violence, and Luſt!
The beſt of Things beyond their Meaſure, cloy;
Sleeps balmy Bleſſing, Love's endearing Joy;

The Feaſt, the Dance; whate'er Mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet Charms of ſacred Numbers tire.
But *Troy* for ever reaps a dire Delight
In Thirſt of Slaughter, and in Luſt of Fight.
This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the Carcaſs heav'd)
The bloody Armour, which his Train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring Crew,
And the bold Son of *Pylæmenes* ſlew.
Harpalion had thro' *Aſia* travell'd far,
Following his martial Father to the War;
Thro' filial Love he left his native Shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful Spear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the Target of the *Spartan* King;
Thus of his Lance diſarm'd, from Death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive Eyes.
Him, thro' the Hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The Shaft of *Merion* mingled with the dead.
Beneath the Bone the glancing Point deſcends,
And driving down, the ſwelling Bladder rends:

Sunk

Sunk in his ſad Companion's Arms he lay,
And in ſhort Pantings ſobb'd his Soul away;
(Like ſome vile Worm extended on the Ground)
While Life's red Torrent guſh'd from out the Wound.
Him on his Car the *Paphlagonian* Train
In ſlow Proceſſion bore from off the Plain.
The penſive Father, Father now no more!
Attends the mournful Pomp along the Shore,
And unavailing Tears profuſely ſhed,
And unreveng'd, deplor'd his Offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving Sight beheld,
With Pity ſoften'd, and with Fury ſwell'd:
His honour'd Hoſt, a Youth of matchleſs Grace,
And lov'd of all the *Paphlagonian* Race!
With his full Strength he bent his angry Bow,
And wing'd the feather'd Vengeance at the Foe.
A Chief there was, the brave *Euchenor* nam'd,
For Riches much, and more for Virtue fam'd,
Who held his Seat in *Corinth*'s ſtately Town;
Polydus' Son, a Seer of old Renown.

Oft'

Oft' had the Father told his early Doom,
By Arms abroad, or ſlow Diſeaſe at home:
He climb'd his Veſſel, prodigal of Breath,
And choſe the certain, glorious Path to Death.
Beneath his Ear the pointed Arrow went;
The Soul came iſſuing at the narrow Vent:
His Limbs, unnerv'd, drop uſeleſs on the Ground,
And everlaſting Darkneſs ſhades him round.
Nor knew great *Hector* how his Legions yield,
(Wrapt in the Cloud and Tumult of the Field)
Wide on the Left the Force of *Greece* commands,
And Conqueſt hovers o'er th' *Achaian* Bands:
With ſuch a Tyde ſuperior Virtue ſway'd,
And * he that ſhakes the ſolid Earth, gave Aid.
But in the Centre *Hector* fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the Gates were forc'd, and Bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the Margin of the hoary Deep,
(Their Naval Station where th' *Ajaces* keep,
And where low Walls confine the beating Tydes
Whoſe humble Barrier ſcarce the Foes divides,

* *Neptune.*

Where late in Fight, both Foot and Horſe engag'd,
And all the Thunder of the Battel rag'd)
There join'd, the whole *Bœotian* Strength remains,
The proud *Ionians* with their ſweeping Trains,
Locrians and *Pthians*, and th'*Epæan* Force;
But join'd, repel not *Hector*'s fiery Courſe.
The Flow'r of *Athens*, *Stichius*, *Phidas* led,
Bias, and great *Meneſtheus* at their Head.
Meges the ſtrong th'*Epeian* Bands controul'd,
And *Dracius* prudent, and *Amphion* bold;
The *Pthians Medon*, fam'd for martial Might,
And brave *Podarces*, active in the Fight.
This drew from *Phylacus* his noble Line;
Iphyclus' Son: and that *(Oïleus)* thine:
(Young *Ajax* Brother, by a ſtol'n Embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native Place,
By his fierce Stepdame from his Father's Reign
Expell'd and exil'd, for her Brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the *Pthians*, and their Arms employ
Mixt with *Bœotians*, on the Shores of *Troy*.

Now

Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd Care,
Each *Ajax* labour'd thro' the Field of War.
So when two lordly Bulls, with equal Toil,
Force the bright Plowſhare thro' the fallow Soil,
Join'd to one Yoke, the ſtubborn Earth they tear,
And trace large Furrows with the ſhining Share;
O'er their huge Limbs the Foam deſcends in Snow,
And Streams of Sweat down their ſow'r Foreheads flow.
A Train of Heroes follow'd thro' the Field,
Who bore by turns great *Ajax'* ſev'nfold Shield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his Might,
Tir'd with th' inceſſant Slaughters of the Fight.
His brave Aſſociate had no following Band,
His Troops unpractis'd in the Fights of Stand:
For not the Spear the *Locrian* Squadrons wield,
Nor bear the Helm, nor lift the moony Shield;
But skill'd from far the flying Shaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding Pebble from the Sling,
Dext'rous with theſe they aim a certain Wound,
Or fell the diſtant Warrior to the Ground.

Thus in the Van, the *Telamonian* Train
Throng'd in bright Arms, a preſſing Fight maintain;
Far in the Rear the *Locrian* Archers lie,
Thick Stones and Arrows intercept the Sky,
The mingled Tempeſt on the Foes they pour;
Troy's ſcatt'ring Orders open to the Show'r.

Now had the *Greeks* eternal Fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd *Ilians* to their Walls retir'd;
But ſage *Polydamas*, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great *Hector*, and this Counſel gave.

Tho' great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to lend
Impartial Audience to a faithful Friend:
To Gods and Men thy matchleſs Worth is known,
And ev'ry Art of glorious War thy own;
But in cool Thought and Counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t'engroſs the Gifts of Heav'n.
To ſome the Pow'rs of bloody War belong,
To ſome, ſweet Muſic, and the Charm of Song;

To few, and wond'rous few, has *Jove* aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſid'ring Mind;
Their Guardians theſe, the Nations round confeſs,
And Towns and Empires for their Safety bleſs.
If Heav'n have lodg'd this Virtue in my Breaſt,
Attend, O *Hector*, what I judge the beſt.
See, as thou mov'ſt, on Dangers Dangers ſpread,
And Wars whole Fury burns around thy Head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon' hoſtile Wall,
How many *Trojans* yield, diſperſe, or fall?
What Troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the War maintain?
And what brave Heroes at the Ships lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy Fury; and the Chiefs and Kings
Convok'd to Council, weigh the Sum of things.
Whether (the Gods ſucceeding our Deſires)
To yon' tall Ships to bear the *Trojan* Fires;
Or quit the Fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the Conqueſt of the Day.
I fear, I fear, leſt *Greece* (not yet undone)
Pay the large Debt of laſt revolving Sun;

Achilles,

Achilles, great *Achilles*, yet remains
On yonder Decks, and yet o'erlooks the Plains!
The Counſel pleas'd; and *Hector*, with a Bound,
Leap'd from his Chariot on the trembling Ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging Arms reſound.
To guard this Poſt (he cry'd) thy Art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd Youth of *Troy*:
Where yonder Heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful Day.
This ſaid; the tow'ring Chief, prepar'd to go,
Shakes his white Plumes that to the Breezes flow,
And ſeems a moving Mountain topt with Snow.
Thro' all his Hoſt, inſpiring Force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial Thunder riſe.
To *Panthus'* Son, at *Hector's* high Command,
Haſte the bold Leaders of the *Trojan* Band:
But round the Battlements, and round the Plain,
For many a Chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor *Helenus* the Seer,
Nor *Aſius'* Son, nor *Aſius'* ſelf appear.

For theſe were pierc'd with many a ghaſtly Wound,
Some cold in Death, ſome groaning on the Ground,
Some low in Duſt (a mournful Object) lay,
High on the Wall ſome breath'd their Souls away.
Far on the Left amid the Throng he found
(Cheering the Troops, and dealing Deaths around)
The graceful *Paris*; whom, with Fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient Chief reprov'd.
Ill-fated *Paris!* Slave to Womankind,
As ſmooth of Face as fraudulent of Mind!
Where is *Deiphobus*, where *Aſius* gone?
The godlike Father, and th' intrepid Son?
The Force of *Helenus*, diſpenſing Fate,
And great *Othryoneus*, ſo fear'd of late?
Black Fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial *Troy* from her Foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy Country's Ruins ſhalt thou fall,
And one devouring Vengeance ſwallow all.
When *Paris* thus: My Brother and my Friend,
Thy warm Impatience makes thy Tongue offend.

In

In other Battels I deſerv'd thy Blame,
Tho' then not deedleſs, nor unknown to Fame:
But ſince yon' Rampart by thy Arms lay low,
I ſcatter'd Slaughter from my fatal Bow.
The Chiefs you ſeek on yonder Shore lie ſlain;
Of all thoſe Heroes, two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and *Helenus* the Seer:
Each now diſabled by a hoſtile Spear.
Go then, ſucceſsful, where thy Soul inſpires;
This Heart and Hand ſhall ſecond all thy Fires:
What with this Arm I can, prepare to know,
Till Death for Death be paid, and Blow for Blow.
But 'tis not ours, with Forces not our own
To combate; Strength is of the Gods alone.

Theſe Words the Hero's angry Mind aſſwage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickeſt rage.
Around *Polydamas*, diſtain'd with Blood,
Cebrion, *Phalces*, ſtern *Orthæus* ſtood,
Palmus, with *Polypætes* the divine,
And two bold Brothers of *Hippotion*'s Line:

(Who reach'd fair *Ilion*, from *Aſcania* far,
The former Day; the next, engag'd in War.)
As when from gloomy Clouds a Whirlwind ſprings,
That bears *Jove*'s Thunder on its dreadful Wings,
Wide o'er the blaſted Fields the Tempeſt ſweeps,
Then, gather'd, ſettles on the hoary Deeps;
Th' afflicted Deeps, tumultuous, mix and roar;
The Waves behind impel the Waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the ſhore.
Thus Rank on Rank the thick Battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on Chief, and Man drove Man along:
Far o'er the Plains, in dreadful Order bright,
The brazen Arms reflect a beamy Light.
Full in the blazing Van great *Hector* ſhin'd,
Like *Mars* commiſſion'd to confound Mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous Shield
Like the broad Sun, illumin'd all the Field:
His nodding Helm emits a ſtreamy Ray;
His piercing Eyes thro' all the Battel ſtray,

And

And while beneath his Targe he flaſh'd along,
Shot Terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the Strong.
Thus ſtalk'd he, dreadful; Death was in his Look;
Whole Nations fear'd: but not an *Argive* ſhook.
The tow'ring *Ajax*, with an ample Stride,
Advanc'd the firſt; and thus the Chief defy'd.
Hector! come on, thy empty Threats forbear:
'Tis not thy Arm, 'tis thund'ring *Jove* we fear:
The Skill of War to us not idly giv'n,
Lo! *Greece* is humbled not by *Troy*, but Heav'n.
Vain are the Hopes that haughty Mind imparts,
To force our Fleet: The *Greeks* have hands, and hearts.
Long e'er in Flames our lofty Navy fall,
Your boaſted City and your god-built Wall
Shall ſink beneath us, ſmoaking on the Ground;
And ſpread a long, unmeaſur'd Ruin round.
The time ſhall come, when chas'd along the Plain,
Ev'n thou ſhalt call on *Jove*, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou ſhalt wiſh, to aid thy deſp'rate Courſe,
The Wings of Falcons for thy flying Horſe;

Shalt

Shalt run, forgetful of a Warrior's Fame,
While Clouds of friendly Duſt conceal thy Shame.
As thus he ſpoke, behold, in open View,
On ſounding Wings a dexter Eagle flew.
To *Jove*'s glad Omen all the *Grecians* riſe,
And hail, with Shouts, his Progreſs thro' the Skies:
Far-echoing Clamours bound from ſide to ſide;
They ceas'd; and thus the Chief of *Troy* reply'd.
From whence this Menace, this inſulting Strain,
Enormous Boaſter! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the Gods on *Hector* Life beſtow,
(Not that ſhort Life which Mortals lead below,
But ſuch as thoſe of *Jove*'s high Lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or he that gilds the Morn.)
As this deciſive Day ſhall end the Fame
Of *Greece*, and *Argos* be no more a Name.
And thou, Imperious! if thy Madneſs wait
The Lance of *Hector*, thou ſhalt meet thy Fate:
That Giant-Corſe, extended on the Shore,
Shall largely feaſt the Fowls with Fat and Gore.

He

He ſaid, and like a Lion ſtalk'd along:
With Shouts inceſſant Earth and Ocean rung,
Sent from his follo'wing Hoſt: The *Grecian* Train
With anſw'ring Thunders fill'd the echoing Plain;
A Shout, that tore Heav'ns Concave, and above
Shook the fix'd Splendors of the Throne of *Jove*.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Thirteenth Book.



OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 5.

ONE might fancy at the firſt reading of this Paſſage, that *Homer* here turn'd aſide from the main View of his Poem in a vain Oſtentation of Learning, to amuſe himſelf with a foreign and unneceſſary Deſcription of the Manners and Cuſtoms of theſe Nations. But we ſhall find, upon better Conſideration, that *Jupiter*'s turning aſide his Eyes was neceſſary to the Conduct of the Work, as it gives Opportunity to *Neptune* to aſſiſt the *Greeks*, and thereby cauſes all the Adventures of this Book. Madam *Dacier* is too refining on this occaſion; when ſhe would have it, that *Jupiter*'s *averting his Eyes* ſignifies his abandoning the *Trojans*; in the ſame manner, as the Scripture repreſents the Almighty *turning his Face* from thoſe whom he deſerts. But at this rate *Jupiter* turning his Eyes from the Battel, muſt deſert both the *Trojans* and the *Greeks*; and it is evident from the Context, that *Jupiter* intended nothing leſs than to let the *Trojans* ſuffer.

II.

II.

VERSE 9. *And where the far-fam'd* Hippemolgian *ſtrays.*] There is much diſpute among the Criticks, which are the proper Names, and which the Epithets, in theſe Verſes: Some making ἀγαυοὶ the Epithet to ἱππημολγοὶ, others ἱππημολγοὶ the Epithet to ἀγαυοὶ; and ἀβίοι, which by the common Interpreters is thought only an Epithet, is by *Strabo* and *Ammianus Marcellinus* made the proper Name of a People. In this Diverſity of Opinions, I have choſen that which I thought would make the beſt Figure in Poetry. It is a beautiful and moral Imagination, to ſuppoſe that the long Life of the *Hippemolgians* was an Effect of their ſimple Diet, and a Reward of their Juſtice: And that the ſupreme Being, diſpleas'd at the continued Scenes of human Violence and Diſſenſion, as it were recreated his Eyes in contemplating the Simplicity of theſe People.

It is obſervable that the ſame Cuſtom of living on Milk is preſerv'd to this Day by the *Tartars*, who inhabit the ſame Country.

III.

VERSE 28. *At* Jove *incens'd, with Grief and Fury ſtung,*
Prone down the rocky Steep he ruſh'd.——]

Monſ. *de la Motte* has play'd the Critick upon this Paſſage a little unadviſedly. "*Neptune*, ſays he, is impatient to aſſiſt "the *Greeks*. *Homer* tells us that this God goes firſt to "ſeek his Chariot in a certain Place; next he arrives at "another Place nearer the Camp; there he takes off his "Horſes, and then he locks them faſt to ſecure them at his "Return. The Detail of ſo many little Particularities no "way ſuits the Majeſty of a God, or the Impatience in "which he is deſcribed." Another *French* Writer makes anſwer,

ſwer, that however impatient *Neptune* is repreſented to be, none of the Gods ever go to the War without their Arms; and the Arms, Chariot and Horſes of *Neptune* were at *Ægæ*. He makes but four Steps to get thither; ſo that what M. *de la Motte* calls being ſlow, is Swiftneſs itſelf. The God puts on his Arms, mounts his Chariot, and departs; nothing is more rapid than his Courſe; he flies over the Waters: the Verſes of *Homer* in that Place run ſwifter than the God himſelf. It is ſufficient to have Ears, to perceive the Rapidity of *Neptune*'s Chariot in the very Sound of thoſe three Lines, each of which is entirely compos'd of Dactyles, excepting that one Spondee which muſt neceſſarily terminate the Verſe.

Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ', ἄταλλε δὲ κήτε' ὑπ' αὐτῷ
Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα διΐσατο, ταὶ δ' ἐπέτοντο
Ῥίμφα μάλ', οὐδ' ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χαλκέος ἄξων.

IV.

VERSE 29. ——*The lofty Mountains nod,*
The Foreſts ſhake! Earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the Footſteps of th' immortal God.]

Longinus confeſſes himſelf wonderfully ſtruck with the Sublimity of this Paſſage. That Critick, after having blam'd the Defects with which *Homer* draws the Manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better ſucceeded in deſcribing their Figure and Perſons. He owns that he often paints a God ſuch as he is, in all his Majeſty and Grandeur, and without any Mixture of mean and terreſtrial Images; of which he produces this Paſſage as a remarkable Inſtance, and one that had challeng'd the Admiration of all Antiquity.

The Book of *Pſalms* affords us a Deſcription of the like ſublime manner of Imagery, which is parallel to this. *O God, when thou wenteſt forth before thy People, when thou didſt march through the Wilderneſs, the Earth ſhook, the Hea-*

vens

vens dropped at the Preſence of God, even Sinai *itſelf was moved at the Preſence of God, the God of* Iſrael. Pſ. 68.

V.

VERSE 32. —*Three ample Strides he took.*] This is a very grand Imagination, and equals, if not tranſcends, the Sublimity of what he has feign'd before of the Paſſage of this God. We are told, that at four Steps he reach'd *Ægæ*, which (ſuppoſing it meant of the Town of that Name in *Eubœa*, which lay the nigheſt to *Thrace*) is hardly leſs than a Degree at each Step. One may, from a View of the Map, imagine him ſtriding from Promontory to Promontory, his firſt Step on Mount *Athos*, his ſecond on *Pallene*, his third upon *Pelion*, and his fourth in *Eubœa*. *Dacier* is not to be forgiven for omitting this miraculous Circumſtance, which ſo perfectly agrees with the marvellous Air of the whole Paſſage, and without which the ſublime Image of *Homer* is not compleat.

VI.

VERSE 33. —*The diſtant* Ægæ *ſhook.*] There were three Places of this Name which were all ſacred to *Neptune*; an Iſland in the *Ægean* Sea mention'd by *Nicoſtratus*, a Town in *Peloponneſus*, and another in *Eubœa*. *Homer* is ſuppoſed in this Paſſage to ſpeak of the laſt; but the Queſtion is put, why *Neptune* who ſtood upon a Hill in *Samothrace*, inſtead of going on the left to *Troy*, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the Army? This Difficulty is ingeniouſly ſolv'd by the old Scholiaſt; who ſays, that *Jupiter* being now on Mount *Ida*, with his Eyes turn'd towards *Thrace*, *Neptune* could not take the direct way from *Samothrace* to *Troy* without being diſcover'd by him; and therefore fetches this Compaſs to conceal himſelf. *Euſtathius*

is

is contented to ſay, that the Poet made *Neptune* go ſo far about, for the Opportunity of thoſe fine Deſcriptions of the Palace, the Chariot, and the Paſſage of this God.

VII.

VERSE 43. *Th' enormous Monſters rolling o'er the Deep.*] This Deſcription of *Neptune* riſes upon us; his Paſſage by Water is yet more pompous than that by Land. The God driving thro' the Seas, the Whales acknowledging him, and the Waves rejoicing and making way for their Monarch, are full of that *Marvellous* ſo natural to the Imagination of our Author. And I cannot but think the Verſes of *Virgil* in the fifth *Æneid* are ſhort of his Original.

Cœruleo per ſumma levis volat æquora curru:
Subſidunt undæ, tumidumq; ſub axe tonanti
Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vaſto æthere nimbi.
Tum variæ comitum facies, immania cete, &c.

I fancy *Scaliger* himſelf was ſenſible of this, by his paſſing in Silence a Paſſage which lay ſo obvious to Compariſon.

VIII.

VERSE 79. *——This Part o'erthrown,*
Our Strength were vain: I dread for you alone.]
What Addreſs, and at the ſame time, what Strength is there in theſe Words? *Neptune* tells the two *Ajaces*, that he is only afraid for their Poſt, and that the *Greeks* will periſh by that Gate, ſince it is *Hector* who aſſaults it; at every other Quarter, the *Trojans* will be repuls'd: It may therefore be properly ſaid, that the *Ajaces* only are vanquiſh'd, and that their Defeat draws Deſtruction upon all the *Greeks*. I don't think that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous Men, and make them attempt even Impoſſibilities. *Dacier.*

IX.

VERSE 83. *If yet ſome heav'nly Pow'r*, &c.] Here *Neptune* conſidering how the *Greeks* were diſcourag'd by the Knowledge that *Jupiter* aſſiſted *Hector*, inſinuates, that notwithſtanding *Hector*'s Confidence in that Aſſiſtance, yet the Power of ſome other God might countervail it on their part; wherein he alludes to his own aiding them, and ſeems not to doubt his Ability of conteſting the Point with *Jove* himſelf. 'Tis with the ſame Confidence he afterwards ſpeaks to *Iris*, of himſelf and his Power, when he refuſes to ſubmit to the Order of *Jupiter* in the fifteenth Book. *Euſtathius* remarks, what an Incentive it muſt be to the *Ajaces*, to hear thoſe who could ſtand againſt *Hector* equall'd, in this oblique manner, to the Gods themſelves.

X.

VERSE 97. *Th' inſpiring God* Oïleus' *active Son——Perceiv'd the firſt.*] The Reaſon has been ask'd, why the leſſer *Ajax* is the firſt to perceive the Aſſiſtance of the God? And the ancient Solution of this Queſtion was very ingenious, as we have it from *Euſtathius*. They ſaid that the greater *Ajax*, being ſlow of Apprehenſion, and naturally valiant, could not be ſenſible ſo ſoon of this Acceſſion of Strength, as the other, who immediately perceiv'd it as not owing ſo much to his natural Courage.

XI.

VERSE 102. *Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the Pow'r.*] This Opinion, that the Majeſty of the Gods was ſuch that they could not be ſeen Face to Face by Men, ſeems to have been generally receiv'd in moſt Nations. *Spondanus* obſerves, that it

it might be derived from ſacred Truth, and founded upon what God ſays to *Moſes* in *Exodus*, Ch. 33. V. 20, 23. *Man ſhall not ſee me and live: Thou ſhalt ſee my back Parts, but my Face thou ſhalt not behold.* For the farther Particulars of this Notion among the Heathens, ſee the 30*th* Note on the firſt, and the 69*th* on the fifth Book.

XII.

VERSE 131. *The Speech of* Neptune *to the* Greeks.] After *Neptune* in his former Diſcourſe to the *Ajaces*, who yet maintain'd a retreating Fight, had encouraged them to withſtand the Attack of the *Trojans*; he now addreſſes himſelf to thoſe, who having fled out of the Battel, and retired to the Ships, had given up all for loſt. Theſe he endeavours to bring again to the Engagement, by one of the moſt noble and ſpirited Speeches in the whole Iliad. He repreſents that their preſent miſerable Condition was not to be imputed to their want of Power, but to their want of Reſolution to withſtand the Enemy, whom by Experience they had often found unable to reſiſt them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is that he does not attribute their preſent Dejection of Mind to a cowardly Spirit, but to a Reſentment and Indignation of their General's Uſage of their favourite Hero *Achilles*. With the ſame ſoftning Art, he tells them, he ſcorns to ſpeak thus to Cowards, but is only concern'd for their Misbehaviour as they are the braveſt of the Army. He then exhorts them for their own ſake to avoid Deſtruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a Moment longer they delay'd to oppoſe ſo imminent a Danger.

XIII.

VERSE 141. *A Rout undiſciplin'd*, &c.] I tranſlate this Line,

Αὐτως ἠλάσκεσαι, ἀνάλκιδες, ἀδ' ἐπὶ χάρμῃ,

with Alluſion to the want of military Diſcipline among the *Barbarians*, ſo often hinted at in *Homer*. He is always oppoſing to this the exact and regular Diſpoſition of his *Greeks*, and accordingly a few Lines after, we are told that the *Grecian* Phalanxes were ſuch, that *Mars* or *Minerva* could not have found a Defect in them.

XIV.

VERSE 155. *Prevent this Evil*, &c.] The Verſe in the Original,

Ἀλλ' ἀκεώμεθα θᾶσσον, ἀκεσταί τοι φρένες ἐσθλῶν.

may be capable of receiving another Senſe to this Effect. If it be your Reſentment of *Agamemnon*'s Uſage of *Achilles*, that withholds you from the Battel, *that Evil* (*viz.* the Diſſenſion of thoſe two Chiefs) *may ſoon be remedy'd, for the Minds of good Men are eaſily calm'd and compos'd.* I had once tranſlated it,

Their future Strife with Speed we ſhall redreſs,
For noble Minds are ſoon compos'd to Peace.

But upon conſidering the whole Context more attentively, the other Explanation (which is that of *Didymus*) appeared to me the more natural and unforc'd, and I have accordingly follow'd it.

XV.

XV.

VERSE 171. *Fix'd at his Poſt was each bold* Ajax *found*, &c.] We muſt here take notice of an old Story, which however groundleſs and idle it ſeems, is related by *Plutarch*, *Philoſtratus* and others. *Ganictor* the Son of *Amphidamas* King of *Eubœa*, celebrating with all Solemnity the Funeral of his Father, proclaimed according to Cuſtom ſeveral publick Games, among which was the Prize for Poetry: *Homer* and *Heſiod* came to diſpute for it. After they had produc'd ſeveral Pieces on either ſide, in all which the Audience declar'd for *Homer*, *Panides* the Brother of the deceaſed, who ſate as one of the Judges, order'd each of the contending Poets to recite that Part of his Works which he eſteem'd the beſt. *Heſiod* repeated thoſe Lines which make the beginning of his ſecond Book,

Πληϊάδων ἀτλαγενέων ἐπιτελλομενάων,
Ἄρχεσθ' ἀμήτε ἀρότοιο τὲ δυσσομενάων, &c.

Homer anſwer'd with the Verſes which follow here: But the Prince preferring the peaceful Subject of *Heſiod* to the martial one of *Homer*, contrary to the Expectation of all, adjudg'd the Prize to *Heſiod*. The Commentators upon this occaſion are very rhetorical, and univerſally exclaim againſt ſo crying a Piece of Injuſtice. All the hardeſt Names which Learning can furniſh, are very liberally beſtow'd upon poor *Panides*. *Spondanus* is mighty ſmart, calls him *Midas*, takes him by the Ear, and asks the dead Prince as many inſulting Queſtions, as any of his Author's Heroes could have done. *Dacier* with all Gravity tells us, that Poſterity prov'd a more equitable Judge than *Panides*. And if I had not told this Tale in my turn, I muſt have incurred the Cenſure of all the Schoolmaſters in the Nation.

XVI.

XVI,

VERSE 173. *So cloſe their Order*, &c.] When *Homer* retouches the ſame Subject, he has always the Art to riſe in his Ideas above what he ſaid before. We ſhall find an Inſtance of it in this Place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact Diſcipline of an Army, with what he had made uſe of on the ſame occaſion at the end of the fourth Iliad. There it is ſaid, that the moſt experienc'd Warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by *Pallas* thro' the Battel; but here he carries it farther, in affirming that *Pallas* and the God of War themſelves muſt have admir'd this Diſpoſition of the *Grecian* Forces. *Euſtathius.*

XVII.

VERSE 177. *A choſen Phalanx, firm*, &c.] *Homer* in theſe Lines has given us a Deſcription of the ancient Phalanx, which conſiſted of ſeveral Ranks of Men cloſely ranged in this order. The firſt Line ſtood with their Spears levell'd directly forward; the ſecond Rank being armed with Spears two Cubits longer, levell'd them likewiſe forward thro' the Interſtices of the firſt; and the third in the ſame manner held forth their Spears yet longer, thro' the two former Ranks; ſo that the Points of the Spears of the three Ranks terminated in one Line. All the other Ranks ſtood with their Spears erected, in Readineſs to advance, and fill the vacant Places of ſuch as fell. This is the Account *Euſtathius* gives of the Phalanx, which he obſerves was only fit for a Body of Men acting on the Defenſive, but improper for the Attack: And accordingly *Homer* here only deſcribes the *Greeks* ordering their Battel in this manner, when they had no other View but to ſtand their Ground againſt the furious Aſſault of the *Trojans*. The ſame Commentator obſerves from

from *Hermolytus*, an ancient Writer of *Tacticks*, that this manner of ordering the Phalanx was afterwards introduc'd among the *Spartans* by *Lycurgus*, among the *Argives* by *Lyſander*, among the *Thebans* by *Epaminondas*, and among the *Macedonians* by *Charidemus*.

XVIII.

VERSE 191. *As from ſome Mountain's craggy Forehead torn*, &c.] This is one of the nobleſt Simile's in all *Homer*, and the moſt juſtly correſponding in its Circumſtances to the thing deſcribed. The furious Deſcent of *Hector* from the Wall repreſented by a Stone that flies from the top of a Rock, the Hero puſh'd on by the ſuperior Force of *Jupiter*, as the Stone driven by a Torrent, the Ruins of the Wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the Clamour and Tumult around him, all imag'd in the violent bounding and leaping of the Stone, the crackling of the Woods, the Shock, the Noiſe, the Rapidity, the Irreſiſtibility, and the Augmentation of Force in its Progreſs. All theſe Points of Likeneſs make but the firſt Part of this admirable Simile. Then the ſudden Stop of the Stone when it comes to the Plain, as of *Hector* at the Phalanx of the *Ajaces* (alluding alſo to the natural Situation of the Ground, *Hector* ruſhing down the Declivity of the Shore, and being ſtopp'd on the Level of the Sea.) And laſtly, the Immobility of both when ſo ſtopp'd, the Enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: This laſt Branch of the Compariſon is the happieſt in the World, and tho' not hitherto obſerv'd, is what methinks makes the principal Beauty and Force of it. The Simile is copied by *Virgil*, *Æn.* 12.

Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps,
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas:

Fertur

Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
Exultatque ſolo; ſylvas, armenta, viroſque
Involvens ſecum. Disjecta per agmina Turnus
Sic urbis ruit ad muros——

And *Taſſo* has again copied it from *Virgil* in his 18*th* Book.

Qual gran ſaſſo tal hor, che o la vecchiezza
Solve da un monte, o ſvelle ira de 'venti
Ruinoſo dirupa, e porta, e ſpezza
Le ſelve, e con le caſe anco gli armenti
Tal giù trahea de la ſublime altezza
L'horribil trave e merli, e arme, e gente,
Diè la torre a quel moto uno, o duo crolli;
Tremar le mura, e rimbombaro i colli.

It is but Juſtice to *Homer* to take notice how infinitely inferior both theſe Similes are to their Original. They have taken the Image without the Likeneſs, and loſt thoſe correſponding Circumſtances which raiſe the Juſtneſs and Sublimity of *Homer*'s. In *Virgil* it is only the Violence of *Turnus* in which the whole Application conſiſts: And in *Taſſo* it has no farther Alluſion than to the Fall of a Tower in general.

There is yet another Beauty in the Numbers of this Part. As the Verſes themſelves make us ſee, the Sound of them makes us hear what they repreſent, in the noble Roughneſs, Rapidity, and ſonorous Cadence that diſtinguiſhes them.

Ῥῆξας, ἀσπέτῳ ὄμβρῳ ἀναιδέος ἔχματα πέτρης, &c.

The Tranſlation, however ſhort it falls of theſe Beauties, may yet ſerve to ſhew the Reader, that there was at leaſt an Endeavour to imitate them.

XIX.

VERSE 279. Idomen *of* Crete.] *Idomeneus* appears at large in this Book, whoſe Character (if I take it right) is ſuch as we ſee pretty often in common Life: A Perſon of the firſt Rank, ſufficient enough of his high Birth, growing into Years, conſcious of his Decline in Strength and active Qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himſelf in Dignity, and to preſerve the Veneration of others. The true Picture of a ſtiff old Soldier, not willing to loſe any of the Reputation he has acquir'd; yet not inconſiderate in Danger; but by the Senſe of his Age, and by his Experience in Battel, become too cautious to engage with any great odds againſt him: Very careful and tender of his Soldiers, whom he had commanded ſo long that they were become old Acquaintance; (ſo that it was with great Judgment *Homer* choſe to introduce him here, in performing a kind Office to one of 'em who was wounded.) Talkative upon Subjects of War, as afraid that others might loſe the Memory of what he had done in better Days, of which the long Converſation with *Meriones*, and *Ajax*'s Reproach to him in Iliad 23. V. 478. are ſufficient Proofs. One may obſerve ſome Strokes of Lordlineſs and State in his Character: That Reſpect *Agamemnon* ſeems careful to treat him with, and the particular Diſtinctions ſhewn him at Table, are mention'd in a manner that inſinuates they were Points upon which this Prince not a little inſiſted. *Il.* 4. V. 257, *&c.* The vaunting of his Family in this Book, together with his Sarcaſms and contemptuous Railleries on his dead Enemies, ſavour of the ſame Turn of Mind. And it ſeems there was among the Ancients a Tradition of *Idomeneus* which ſtrengthens this Conjecture of his Pride: For we find in the *Heroicks* of *Philoſtratus*, that before he would come to the *Trojan* War, he demanded a Share in the ſovereign Command with *Agamemnon* himſelf.

I muſt, upon this occaſion, make an Obſervation once for all, which will be applicable to many Paſſages in *Homer*, and afford a Solution of many Difficulties. It is that our Author drew ſeveral of his Characters with an Eye to the Hiſtories then known of famous Perſons, or the Traditions that paſt in thoſe Times. One cannot believe otherwiſe of a Poet, who appears ſo nicely exact in obſerving all the Cuſtoms of the Age he deſcribed; nor can we imagine the infinite Number of minute Circumſtances relating to particular Perſons, which we meet with every where in his Poem, could poſſibly have been invented purely as Ornaments to it. This Reflection will account for a hundred ſeeming Oddneſſes not only in the *Characters*, but in the *Speeches* of the Iliad: For as no Author is more true than *Homer* to the Character of the Perſon he introduces ſpeaking, ſo no one more often ſuits his Oratory to the Character of the Perſon ſpoken to. Many of theſe Beauties muſt needs be loſt to us, yet this Suppoſition will give a new Light to ſeveral Particulars. For inſtance, the Speech I have been mentioning of *Agamemnon* to *Idomeneus* in the *4th* Book, wherein he puts this Hero in mind of the magnificent Entertainments he had given him, becomes in this View much leſs odd and ſurprizing. Or who can tell but it had ſome Alluſion to the Manners of the *Cretans* whom he commanded, whoſe Character was ſo well known, as to become a Proverb: *The* Cretans, *evil Beaſts, and ſlow Bellies.*

XX.

Verse 283. *The Surgeons of the Camp.*] *Podalirius* and *Machaon* were not the only Phyſicians in the Army; it appears from ſome Paſſages in this Poem, that each Body of Troops had one peculiar to themſelves. It may not be improper to adverti ſe, that the ancient Phyſicians were all Surgeons. *Euſtathius.*

XXI.

XXI.

VERSE 325. —Meriones *attends, Whom thus he queſtions*—] This Converſation between *Idomeneus* and *Meriones* is generally cenſured as highly improper and out of Place, and as ſuch is given up even by M. *Dacier*, the moſt zealons of our Poet's Defenders. However, if we look cloſely into the Occaſion and Drift of this Diſcourſe, the Accuſation will I believe, appear not ſo well grounded. Two Perſons of Diſtinction, juſt when the Enemy is put to a ſtop by the *Ajaces*, meet behind the Army: Having each on important occaſions retired out of the Fight, the one to help a wounded Soldier, the other to ſeek a new Weapon. *Idomeneus*, who is ſuperior in Years as well as Authority, returning to the Battel, is ſurprized to meet *Meriones* out of it, who was one of his own Officers, (θεράπων, as *Homer* here calls him) and being jealous of his Soldier's Honour, demands the Cauſe of his quitting the Fight? *Meriones* having told him it was the want of a Spear, he yet ſeems unſatisfy'd with the Excuſe; adding, that he himſelf did not approve of that diſtant manner of fighting with a Spear: *Meriones* being touch'd to the quick with this Reproach, replies, that He of all the *Greeks* had the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect his Courage: Whereupon *Idomeneus* perceiving him highly piqued, aſſures him he entertains no ſuch hard Thoughts of him, ſince he had often known his Courage prov'd on ſuch Occaſions, where the Danger being greater, and the Number ſmaller, it was impoſſible for a Coward to conceal his natural Infirmity: But now recollecting that a malicious Mind might give a ſiniſter Interpretation to their Inactivity during this Diſcourſe, he immediately breaks it off upon that Reflection. As therefore this Converſation has its Riſe from a Jealouſy in the moſt tender Point of Honour, I think the Poet cannot juſtly be blamed for ſuffering a Diſcourſe ſo full of warm Sentiments

to run on for about forty Verſes; which after all cannot be ſuppos'd to take up more than two or three Minutes from Action.

XXII.

VERSE 335. *This headleſs Lance*, &c.] We have often ſeen ſeveral of *Homer*'s Combatants loſe and break their Spears, yet they do not therefore retire from the Battel to ſeek other Weapons, why therefore does *Homer* here ſend *Meriones* on this Errand? It may be ſaid, that in the kind of Fight which the *Greeks* now maintain'd drawn up into the Phalanx, *Meriones* was uſeleſs without this Weapon.

XXIII.

VERSE 339. *Spears I have ſtore*, &c.] *Idomeneus* deſcribes his Tent as a Magazine, ſtored with Variety of Arms won from the Enemy, which were not only laid up as uſeleſs Trophies of his Victories, but kept there in order to ſupply his own, and his Friends Occaſions. And this Conſideration ſhews us one reaſon why theſe Warriors contended with ſuch Eagerneſs to carry off the Arms of a vanquiſh'd Enemy.

This gives me an occaſion to animadvert upon a falſe Remark of *Euſtathius*, which is inſerted in the 30*th* Note on the 11*th* Book, "that *Homer*, to ſhew us nothing is ſo unſeaſonable "in a Battel as to ſtay to deſpoil the ſlain, feigns that moſt "of the Warriors who do it, are kill'd, wounded, or unſucceſsful." I am aſtoniſh'd how ſo great a Miſtake ſhould fall from any Man who had read *Homer*, much more from one who had read him ſo thoroughly, and even ſuperſtitiouſly, as the old Archbiſhop of *Theſſalonica*. There is ſcarce a Book in *Homer* that does not abound with Inſtances to the contrary, where the Conquerors ſtrip their Enemies, and bear off their Spoils in Triumph. It was (as I have

have already ſaid in the Eſſay on *Homer*'s Battels) as honourable an Exploit in thoſe Days to carry off the Arms, as it is now to gain a Standard. But it is a ſtrange Conſequence, that becauſe our Author ſometimes repreſents a Man unſucceſsful in a glorious Attempt, he therefore diſcommends the Attempt itſelf; and is as good an Argument againſt encountring an Enemy living, as againſt ſpoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with Plundering, between which *Homer* has ſo well mark'd the Diſtinction; when he conſtantly ſpeaks of the Spoils as glorious, but makes *Neſtor* in the *6th* Book, and *Hector* in the *15th* directly forbid the Pillage, as a Practice that has often prov'd fatal in the midſt of a Victory, and ſometimes even after it.

XXIV.

VERSE 353. *To him* Idomeneus.] There is a great deal more Dialogue in *Homer* than in *Virgil*. The *Roman* Poet's are generally ſet Speeches, thoſe of the *Greek* more in Converſation. What *Virgil* does by two Words of a Narration, *Homer* brings about by a Speech; he hardly raiſes one of his Heroes out of Bed without ſome Talk concerning it. There are not only Replies, but Rejoinders in *Homer*, a thing ſcarce ever to be found in *Virgil*; the Conſequence whereof is, that there muſt be in the Iliad many continued Converſations (ſuch as this of our two Heroes) a little reſembling common Chit-chat. This renders the Poem more natural and animated, but leſs grave and majeſtick. However, that ſuch was the way of writing generally practis'd in thoſe ancient Times, appears from the like manner uſed in moſt of the Books of the Old Teſtament; and it particularly agreed with our Author's warm Imagination, which delighted in perpetual Imagery, and in painting every Circumſtance of what he deſcribed.

XXV.

XXV.

VERSE 355. *In that ſharp Service*, &c.] In a general Battel Cowardiſe may be the more eaſily conceal'd, by reaſon of the Number of the Combatants; but in an Ambuſcade, where the Soldiers are few, each muſt be diſcover'd to be what he is; this is the reaſon why the Ancients entertain'd ſo great an Idea of this ſort of War; the braveſt Men were always choſen to ſerve upon ſuch Occaſions. *Euſtathius.*

XXVI.

VERSE 384. *So* Mars *Armipotent*, &c.] *Homer* varies his Similitudes with all imaginable Art, ſometimes deriving them from the Properties of Animals, ſometimes from natural Paſſions, ſometimes from the Occurrences of Life, and ſometimes (as in the Simile before us) from Hiſtory. The Invention of *Mars*'s Paſſage from *Thrace* (which was feign'd to be the Country of that God) to the *Phlegyans* and *Ephyrians*, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial Genius of that People, who liv'd in perpetual Wars.

Methinks there is ſomething of a fine Enthuſiaſm, in *Homer*'s manner of fetching a Compaſs, as it were, to draw in new Images beſides thoſe in which the direct Point of Likeneſs conſiſts. *Milton* perfectly well underſtood the Beauty of theſe digreſſive Images, as we may ſee from the following Simile, which is in a manner made up of them.

Thick as Autumnal Leaves that ſtrow the Brooks
In Vallombroſa *(where th'* Etrurian *Shades*
High-overarch'd embow'r.) Or ſcatter'd Sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion *arm'd*

Hath

Hath vex'd the Red Sea-*Coaſt, (whoſe Wave o'erthrew*
Buſiris *and his* Memphian *Chivalry,*
While with perfidious Hatred they purſu'd
The Sojourners of Goſhen, *who beheld*
From the ſafe Shore their floating Carcaſſes,
And broken Chariot-Wheels)——*So thick beſtrown*
Abject and loſt lay theſe.——

As for the general Purport of this Compariſon of *Homer*, it gives us a noble and majeſtick Idea, at once of *Idomeneus* and *Meriones*, repreſented by *Mars* and his Son *Terror*; in which each of theſe Heroes is greatly elevated, yet the juſt Diſtinction between them preſerved. The beautiful Simile of *Virgil* in his 12*th Æneid* is drawn with an Eye to this of our Author.

Qualis apud gelidi cùm flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes
Bella movens immittit equos; illi æquore aperto
Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant: gemit ultima pulſu
Thraca pedum: circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
Iræque, Inſidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.

XXVII.

VERSE 396. ——*Shall we join the Right,*
Or combate in the Centre of the Fight,
Or to the Left our wanted Succour lend?]

The common Interpreters have to this Queſtion of *Meriones* given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright Nonſenſe; explaining it thus. *Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle, or on the left, for no where elſe doe the* Greeks *ſo much want Aſſiſtance*; which amounts to this; Shall we engage where our Aſſiſtance is moſt wanted, or where it is not wanted? The Context, as well as the Words of the Original,

Original, oblige us to underſtand it in this obvious meaning; *Shall we bring our Aſſiſtance to the right, to the left, or to the Centre? Since the* Greeks *being equally preſs'd and engag'd on all ſides, equally need our Aid in all Parts.*

XXVIII.

VERSE 400. *Not in the Centre*, &c.] There is in this Anſwer of *Idomeneus* a ſmall Circumſtance which is overlook'd by the Commentators, but in which the whole Spirit and Reaſon of what is ſaid by him conſiſts. He ſays he is in no fear for the Centre, ſince it is defended by *Teucer* and *Ajax: Teucer* being not only moſt famous for the Uſe of the Bow, but likewiſe excellent ἐν ϛαδίῃ ὑσμίνῃ, in a *cloſe ſtanding Fight:* And as for *Ajax*, tho' not ſo ſwift of Foot as *Achilles*, yet he was equal to him ἐν αὐτοϛαδίῃ, in the ſame ſtedfaſt manner of fighting; hereby plainly intimating that he was ſecure for the Centre, becauſe that Poſt was defended by two Perſons both accompliſh'd in that Part of War, which was moſt neceſſary for the Service they were then engaged in; the two Expreſſions before mention'd peculiarly ſignifying a firm and ſteady way of fighting, moſt uſeful in maintaining a Poſt.

XXIX.

VERSE 451. *In War and Diſcord's Adamantine Chain.*] This ſhort but comprehenſive Allegory is very proper to give us an Idea of the preſent Condition of the two contending Armies, who being both powerfully ſuſtain'd by the Aſſiſtance of ſuperior Deities, join and mix together in a cloſe and bloody Engagement, without any remarkable Advantage on either ſide. To image to us this State of Things, the Poet repreſents *Jupiter* and *Neptune* holding the two Armies cloſe bound by a mighty Chain, which he calls the Knot of Contention and War, and of which the two Gods draw the Extremities,

tremities, whereby the enclos'd Armies are compell'd together, without any Poſſibility on either ſide to ſeparate or to conquer; there is not perhaps in *Homer* any Image at once ſo exact and ſo bold. Madam *Dacier* acknowledges, that deſpairing to make this Paſſage ſhine in her Language, ſhe purpoſely omitted it in her Tranſlation: But from what ſhe ſays in her Annotations, it ſeems that ſhe did not rightly apprehend the Propriety and Beauty of it. *Hobbes* too was not very ſenſible of it, when he tranſlated it ſo oddly.

And thus the Saw from Brother unto Brother
Of cruel War was drawn alternately,
And many ſlain on one ſide and the other.

XXX.

VERSE 451.] It will be neceſſary, for the better underſtanding the Conduct of *Homer* in every Battel he deſcribes, to reflect on the particular kind of Fight, and the Circumſtances that diſtinguiſh each. In this View therefore we ought to remember thro' this whole Book, that the Battel deſcrib'd in it, is a fix'd cloſe Fight, wherein the Armies engage in a groſs compact Body, without any of thoſe Skirmiſhes or Feats of Activity ſo often mention'd in the foregoing Engagements. We ſee at the beginning of it the *Grecians* form a Phalanx, V. 126. which continues unbroken at the very end, V. 806. The chief Weapon made uſe of is a Spear, being moſt proper for this manner of Combat; nor do we ſee any other uſe of a Chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the Inſtance of *Harpalion* and *Deiphobus.*)

From hence we may obſerve, with what Judgment and Propriety *Homer* introduces *Idomeneus* as the chief in Action on this occaſion: For this Hero being declined from his Prime, and ſomewhat ſtiff with Years, was only fit for this

kind of Engagement, as *Homer* expreſſly ſays in the 512*th* Verſe of the preſent Book.

Οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἔμπεδα γυῖα ποδῶν ἦν ὀρμηθέντι,
Οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐπαΐξαι μεθ' ἑὸν βέλος, οὔτ' ἀλέασθαι
Τῷ ῥα γὴ ἐν σαδίῃ μὲν ἀμύνετο νηλεὲς ἦμαρ.

XXXI.

VERSE 471. *The great* Idomeneus *beſtrides the dead:*
And thus (he cries)——]

It ſeems (ſays *Euſtathius* on this Place) that the Iliad being an heroick Poem, is of too ſerious a Nature to admit of Raillery: Yet *Homer* has found the ſecret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this Piece of Raillery is ſo far from raiſing Laughter, that it becomes a Hero, and is capable to enflame the Courage of all who hear it. It alſo elevates the Character of *Idomeneus*, who notwithſtanding he is in the midſt of imminent Dangers, preſerves his uſual Gaiety of Temper, which is the greateſt Evidence of an uncommon Courage. *Id. p.* 935.

I confeſs I am of an Opinion very different from this of *Euſtathius*, which is alſo adopted by M. *Dacier*. So ſevere and bloody an Irony to a dying Perſon is a fault in Morals, if not in Poetry itſelf. It ſhould not have place at all, or if it ſhould, is ill placed here. *Idomeneus* is repreſented a brave Man, nay a Man of a compaſſionate Nature, in the Circumſtance he was introduc'd in, of aſſiſting a wounded Soldier. What Provocation could ſuch an one have, to inſult ſo barbarouſly an unfortunate Prince, being neither his Rival nor particular Enemy? True Courage is inſeparable from Humanity, and all generous Warriors regret the very Victories they gain, when they reflect what a Price of Blood they coſt. I know it may be anſwer'd, that theſe were not the Manners of *Homer*'s Time, a Spirit of Violence and Devaſtation then reigned,

reigned, even among the choſen People of God, as may be ſeen from the Actions of *Joſhua*, &c. However, if one would forgive the *Cruelty*, one cannot forgive the *Gaiety* on ſuch an occaſion. Theſe inhuman Jeſts the Poet was ſo far from being oblig'd to make, that he was on the contrary forced to break through the general ſerious Air of his Poem to introduce them. Would it not raiſe a Suſpicion, that (whatever we ſee of his ſuperior Genius in other reſpects) his own Views of Morality were not elevated above the Barbarity of his Age? I think indeed the thing by far the moſt ſhocking in this Author, is that Spirit of Cruelty which appears too manifeſtly in the Iliad.

Virgil was too judicious to imitate *Homer* in theſe Licences, and is much more reſerv'd in his Sarcaſms and Inſults. There are not above four or five in the whole *Æneid*. That of *Pyrrhus* to *Priam* in the ſecond Book, tho' barbarous in itſelf, may be accounted for as intended to raiſe a Character of Horror, and render the Action of *Pyrrhus* odious; whereas *Homer* ſtains his moſt Favourite Characters with theſe Barbarities. That of *Aſcanius* over *Numanus* in the ninth, was a fair Opportunity where *Virgil* might have indulg'd the Humour of a cruel Raillery, and have been excus'd by the Youth and Gaiety of the Speaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate Anſwer to the Inſolences with which he had juſt been provok'd by his Enemy, only retorting two of his own Words upon him.

——I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis!
Bis capti Phryges hæc Rutulis reſponſa remittunt.

He never ſuffers his *Æneas* to fall into this Practice, but while he is on fire with Indignation after the Death of his Friend *Pallas:* That ſhort one to *Mezentius* is the leaſt that could be ſaid to ſuch a Tyrant.

——Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, & illa
Effera vis animi?——

The worſt-natur'd one I remember (which yet is more excuſable than *Homer*'s) is that of *Turnus* to *Eumedes* in the 12*th* Book.

En, agros, & quam bello, Trojane, petiſti,
Heſperiam metire jacens: hæc præmia, qui me
Ferro auſi tentare, ferunt: ſic mœnia condunt.

XXXII.

VERSE 474. *And ſuch the Contract of the* Phrygian *King*, &c.] It was but natural to raiſe a Queſtion, on occaſion of theſe and other Paſſages in *Homer*, how it comes to paſs that the Heroes of different Nations are ſo well acquainted with the Stories and Circumſtances of each other? *Euſtathius*'s Solution is no ill one, that the Warriors on both ſides might learn the Story of their Enemies from the Captives they took, during the Courſe of ſo long a War.

XXXIII.

VERSE 513. *The* Cretan *ſaw, and ſtooping*, &c.] Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole Action, and every Circumſtance of it, than the following Lines. There is the Poſture of *Idomeneus* upon ſeeing the Lance flying toward him; the lifting the Shield obliquely to turn it aſide; the Arm diſcover'd in that Poſition; the Form, Compoſition, Materials, and Ornaments of the Shield diſtinctly ſpecify'd; the Flight of the Dart over it, the Sound of it firſt as it flew, then as it fell; and the Decay of that Sound on the Edge of the Buckler, which being thinner than the other Parts rather

ther tinkled than rung, eſpecially when the firſt Force of the Stroke was ſpent on the Orb of it. All this in the Compaſs of ſo few Lines, in which every word is an Image, is ſomething more beautifully particular, than I remember to have met with in any Poet.

XXXIV.

VERSE 543. *He, once of* Ilion's *Youth the lovelieſt Boy.*] Some Manuſcripts, after theſe Words ὥριος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ, inſert the three following Verſes,

Πρὶν Ἀν]ηνορίδας τραφέμεν ἠ Πανθόον υἷας
Πριαμίδας θ' ὃι τρωσὶ μετάπρεπον ἱπποδάμοισιν
Ἕως ἐθ' ἥβην εἶχεν, ὄφελλε δὲ κάριον ἄνθος;

which I have not tranſlated, as not thinking them genuine. Mr. *Barnes* is of the ſame Opinion.

XXXV.

VERSE 554. *His lab'ring Heart, heaves, with ſo ſtrong a bound,*
The long Lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the Wound.]
We cannot read *Homer* without obſerving a wonderful Variety in the Wounds and Manner of dying. Some of theſe Wounds are painted with very ſingular Circumſtances, and thoſe of uncommon Art and Beauty. This Paſſage is a Maſterpiece in that way; *Alcathous* is pierced into the Heart, which throbs with ſo ſtrong a Pulſe, that the Motion is communicated even to the diſtant End of the Spear, which is vibrated thereby. This Circumſtance might appear too bold, and the Effect beyond Nature, were we not inform'd by the moſt skilful Anatomiſts of the wonderful Force of this Muſcle, which ſome of them have computed to be equal to the Weight of ſeveral thouſand Pounds. *Lower de Corde. Borellus.*

XXXVI.

VERSE 578. *Incens'd at partial* Priam, &c.] *Homer* here gives the reaſon why *Æneas* did not fight in the foremoſt Ranks. It was againſt his Inclination that he ſerv'd *Priam*, and he was rather engag'd by Honour and Reputation to aſſiſt his Country, than by any Diſpoſition to aid that Prince. This Paſſage is purely hiſtorical, and the Ancients have preſerv'd to us a Tradition which ſerves to explain it. They ſay, that *Æneas* became ſuſpected by *Priam*, on account of an Oracle which propheſied he ſhould in Proceſs of Time rule over the *Trojans*. The King therefore ſhew'd him no great Degree of Eſteem or Conſideration, with Deſign to diſcredit, and render him deſpicable to the People. *Euſtathius*. This Envy of *Priam*, and this Report of the Oracle, are mention'd by *Achilles* to *Æneas* in the 20*th* Book, V. 179.

——ἦ σέ γε θυμὸς ἐμοὶ μαχέσασθαι ἀνώγει,
Ἐλπόμενον Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξειν ἱπποδάμοισι,
Τιμῆς τῆς Πριάμῳ; ἀτὰρ εἴκεν ἔμ' ἐξεναρίξης,
Οὔτοι τέ νεκά γε Πρίαμος γέρας ἐν χερὶ θήσει.
Εἰσὶ γὰρ οἱ παῖδες.——

And *Neptune* in the 306*th* Verſe of the ſame Book,

Ἤδη γὰρ Πριάμῳ γενεὴν ἤχθηρε Κρονίων.
Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,
Καὶ παῖδες παίδων, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.

I ſhall conclude this Note with the Character of *Æneas*, as it is drawn by *Philoſtratus*, wherein he makes mention of the ſame Tradition. " *Æneas* (ſays this Author) was inferior to " *Hector* in Battel only, in all elſe equal, and in Prudence " ſuperior. He was likewiſe skilful in whatever related to

" the Gods, and conſcious of what Deſtiny had reſerv'd for
" him after the taking of *Troy*. Incapable of Fear, never
" diſcompos'd, and particularly poſſeſſing himſelf in the Ar-
" ticle of Danger. *Hector* is reported to have been call'd
" the Hand, and *Æneas* the Head of the *Trojans*; and the
" latter more advantag'd their Affairs by his Caution, than
" the former by his Fury. Theſe two Heroes were much of
" the ſame Age, and the ſame Stature: The Air of *Æneas*
" had ſomething in it leſs bold and forward, but at the ſame
" time more fix'd and conſtant. *Philoſtrat. Heroic.*

XXXVII.

VERSE 621. *Like* Ida's *Flocks*, &c.] *Homer*, whether he treats of the Cuſtoms of Men or Beaſts, is always a faithful Interpreter of Nature. When Sheep leave the Paſture and drink freely, it is a certain Sign, that they have found good Paſturage, and that they are all ſound; 'tis therefore upon this Account, that *Homer* ſays the Shepherd rejoices. *Homer*, we find, well underſtood what *Ariſtotle* many Ages after him remark'd, *viz.* that Sheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reaſon, why Shepherds are accuſtom'd to give their Flocks a certain Quantity of Salt every five Days in the Summer, that they may by this means drink the more abundantly. *Euſtathius.*

XXXVIII.

VERSE 655. *And, fir'd with Hate.*] *Homer* does not tell us the occaſion of this Hatred; but ſince his Days, *Simonides* and *Ibycus* write, that *Idomeneus* and *Deiphobus* were Rivals, and both in love with *Helen.* This very well agrees with the ancient Tradition which *Eurypides* and *Virgil* have follow'd: For after the Death of *Paris*, they tell us ſhe was eſpous'd to *Deiphobus.* *Euſtathius.*

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

VERSE 721. *Bending he fell, and doubled to the Ground, Lay panting.*——] The Original is,

——δδ' ἐσπόμενος περὶ δουρὶ,
Ἥσπαιρ'.——

The Verſification repreſents the ſhort broken Pantings of the dying Warrior, in the ſhort ſudden Break at the ſecond Syllable of the ſecond Line. And this beauty is, as it happens, preciſely copied in the *Engliſh*. It is not often that a Tranſlator can do this Juſtice to *Homer*, but he muſt be content to imitate theſe Graces and Proprieties at more diſtance, by endeavouring at ſomething parallel, tho' not the ſame.

XL.

VERSE 728. *King* Helenus.] The Appellation of King was not anciently confin'd to thoſe only who bore the ſovereign Dignity, but apply'd alſo to others. There was in the Iſland of *Cyprus* a whole Order of Officers call'd Kings, whoſe Buſineſs it was to receive the Relations of Informers, concerning all that happen'd in the Iſland, and to regulate Affairs accordingly. *Euſtathius.*

XLI.

VERSE 739. *As on ſome ample Barn's well-harden'd Floor.*] We ought not to be ſhock'd at the Frequency of theſe Similes taken from the Ideas of a rural Life. In early Times, before Politeneſs had rais'd the Eſteem of Arts ſubſervient to Luxury, above thoſe neceſſary to the Subſiſtence of Mankind, Agriculture was the Employment of Perſons of the greateſt

Eſteem

Eſteem and Diſtinction: We ſee in ſacred Hiſtory Princes buſy at Sheep-ſhearing; and in the middle Times of the *Roman* Common-wealth, a Dictator taken from the Plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wonder'd that Alluſions and Compariſons of this kind are frequently uſed by ancient heroick Writers, as well to raiſe, as illuſtrate their Deſcriptions. But ſince theſe Arts are fallen from their ancient Dignity, and become the Drudgery of the loweſt People, the Images of them are likewiſe ſunk into Meanneſs, and without this Conſideration, muſt appear to common Readers unworthy to have place in Epic Poems. It was perhaps thro' too much Deference to ſuch Taſtes, that *Chapman* omitted this Simile in his Tranſlation.

XLII.

VERSE 751. *A Sling's ſoft Wool, ſnatch'd from a Soldier's ſide,*
At once the Tent and Ligature ſupply'd.]

The Words of the Original are theſe,

Αὐτὴν δὲ ξυνέδησεν ἐϋσ῾ρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ
Σφενδόνῃ, ἣν ἄρα οἱ θεράπων ἔχε ποιμένι λαῶν.

This Paſſage, by the Commentators ancient and modern, ſeems rightly underſtood in the Senſe expreſs'd in this Tranſlation: The word σφενδόνη properly ſignifying a *Sling*; which (as *Euſtathius* obſerves from an old Scholiaſt) was anciently made of woollen Strings. *Chapman* alone diſſents from the common Interpretation, boldly pronouncing that Slings are no where mention'd in the Iliad, without giving any reaſon for his Opinion. He therefore tranſlates the word σφενδόνη, a *Skarffe*, by no other Authority but that he ſays, *it was a fitter thing to hang a wounded Arm in, than a Sling*; and very prettily wheedles his Reader into this Opinion by a moſt gallant Imagination, that *his Squire might carry this Skarffe about*

him as a Favour of his own or of his Maſter's Miſtreſs. But for the uſe he has found for this Skarffe, there is not any Pretence from the Original; where it is only ſaid the Wound was bound up, without any mention of hanging the Arm. After all, he is hard put to it in his Tranſlation; for being reſolv'd to have a *Scarf*, and oblig'd to mention *Wool*, we are left entirely at a loſs to know from whence he got the latter.

A like Paſſage recurs near the end of this Book, where the Poet ſays the *Locrians* went to War without Shield or Spear, only armed,

Τόξοισι ἡ ἐϋς ρόφῳ οἰὸς ἀώτῳ.

Which laſt Expreſſion, as all the Commentators agree, ſignifies a *Sling*, tho' the word σφενδόνη is not uſed. *Chapman* here likewiſe, without any Colour of Authority, diſſents from the common Opinion; but very inconſtant in his Errors, varies his Miſtake, and aſſures us, *this Expreſſion is the true Periphraſis of a light kind of Armour, call'd a* Jack, *by which all our Archers uſed to ſerve in of old, and which were ever quilted with Wool.*

XLIII.

VERSE 766. *The cover'd Pole-Axe.*] *Homer* never aſcribes this Weapon to any but the *Barbarians*, for the Battel-Axe was not uſed in War by the politer Nations. It was the favourite Weapon of the *Amazons*. *Euſtathius.*

XLIV.

VERSE 779. *The Speech of* Menelaus.] This Speech of *Menelaus* over his dying Enemy, is very different from thoſe with which *Homer* frequently makes his Heroes inſult the vanquiſh'd,

vanquiſh'd, and anſwers very well the Character of this good-natur'd Prince. Here are no inſulting Taunts, no cruel Sarcaſms, nor any ſporting with the particular Misfortunes of the dead: The Invectives he makes are general, ariſing naturally from a Remembrance of his Wrongs, and being almoſt nothing elſe but a Recapitulation of them. Theſe Reproaches come moſt juſtly from this Prince, as being the only Perſon among the *Greeks* who had receiv'd any perſonal Injury from the *Trojans*. The Apoſtrophe he makes to *Jupiter*, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked People, has given occaſion to cenſure *Homer* as guilty of Impiety, in making his Heroes tax the Gods with Injuſtice: But ſince, in the former Part of this Speech, it is expreſly ſaid, that *Jupiter* will certainly puniſh the *Trojans* by the Deſtruction of their City for violating the Laws of Hoſpitality, the latter Part ought only to be conſider'd as a Complaint to *Jupiter* for delaying that Vengeance: This Reflection being no more than what a pious ſuffering Mind, griev'd at the flouriſhing Condition of proſperous Wickedneſs, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the Complaint of the Prophet *Jeremiah*, Ch. 12. V. 1. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy Judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked proſper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherouſly?*

Nothing can more fully repreſent the Cruelty and Injuſtice of the *Trojans*, than the Obſervation with which *Menelaus* finiſhes their Character, by ſaying, that they have a more ſtrong, conſtant, and inſatiable Appetite after Blood-ſhed and Rapine, than others have to ſatisfy the moſt agreeable Pleaſures and natural Deſires.

XLV.

VERSE 795. *The beſt of things beyond their Meaſure cloy.*] Theſe Words comprehend a very natural Sentiment, which

perfectly ſhews the wonderful Folly of Men: They are ſoon weary'd with the moſt agreeable things, when they are innocent, but never with the moſt toilſome things in the World, when injuſt and criminal. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

XLVI.

VERSE 797. *The Dance.*] In the Original it is call'd ἀμύμων, *the blameleſs Dance*; to diſtinguiſh (ſays *Euſtathius*) what ſort of Dancing it is that *Homer* commends. For there were two kinds of Dancing practis'd among the Ancients, the one reputable, invented by *Minerva*, or by *Caſtor* and *Pollux*; the other diſhoneſt, of which *Pan*, or *Bacchus*, was the Author. They were diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of the Tragic, and the Comic or Satyric Dance. But thoſe which probably our Author commends were certain military Dances us'd by the greateſt Heroes. One of this ſort was known to the *Macedonians* and *Perſians*, practis'd by *Antiochus* the Great, and the famous *Polyperchon*. There was another which was danc'd in compleat Armour, call'd the *Pyrrhick*, from *Pyrrhicus* the *Spartan* its Inventor, which continu'd in faſhion among the *Lacedæmonians*. *Scaliger* the Father remarks, that this Dance was too laborious to remain long in uſe even among the Ancients; however it ſeems that Labour could not diſcourage this bold Critick from reviving that laudable kind of Dance in the Preſence of the Emperor *Maximilian* and his whole Court. It is not to be doubted but the Performance rais'd their Admiration; nor much to be wonder'd at, if they deſir'd to ſee more than once ſo extraordinary a Spectacle, as we have it in his own Words. *Poëtices, lib.* 1. *cap.* 18. *Hanc ſaltationem* [Pyrrhicam] *nos & ſæpe, & diu, coram Divo Maximiliano, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniæ, repræſentavimus.*

XLVII.

XLVII.

VERSE 819. *Like ſome vile Worm extended on the Ground.*] I cannot be of *Euſtathius*'s Opinion, that this Simile was deſign'd to debaſe the Character of *Harpalion*, and to repreſent him in a mean and diſgraceful View, as one who had nothing noble in him. I rather think from the Character he gives of this young Man, whoſe Piety carry'd him to the Wars to attend his Father, and from the Air of this whole Paſſage, which is tender and pathetick, that he intended this humble Compariſon only as a mortifying Picture of human Miſery and Mortality. As to the Verſes which *Euſtathius* alledges for a Proof of the Cowardice of *Harpalion*,

Ἄψ δ' ἑτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων
Πάντοσε παπταίνων.——

The Retreat deſcribed in the firſt Verſe is common to the greateſt Heroes in *Homer*; the ſame Words are apply'd to *Deiphobus* and *Merione* in this Book, and to *Patroclus* in the 16*th*, V. 817. The ſame thing in other Words is ſaid even of the great *Ajax*, *Il.* 15. V. 728. And we have *Ulyſſes* deſcrib'd in the 4*th*, V. 497. with the ſame Circumſpection and Fear of the Darts; tho' none of thoſe Warriors have the ſame reaſon as *Harpalion* for their Retreat or Caution, he alone being unarm'd, which Circumſtance takes away all Imputation of Cowardice.

XLVIII.

VERSE 823. *The penſive Father.*] We have ſeen in the 5*th* Iliad the Death of *Pylæmenes* General of the *Paphlagonians*: How comes he then in this Place to be introduced as following the Funeral of his Son? *Euſtathius* informs us of

a moſt ridiculous Solution of ſome Criticks, who thought it might be the Ghoſt of this unhappy Father, who not being yet interr'd, according to the Opinion of the Ancients, wander'd upon the Earth. *Zenodotus* not ſatisfy'd with this, (as indeed he had little reaſon to be) chang'd the Name of *Pylæmenes* into *Kylæmenes*. *Didymus* thinks there were two of the ſame Name; as there are in *Homer* two *Schedius*'s. two *Eurymedon*'s, and three *Adraſtus*'s. And others correct the Verſe by adding a Negative, μετὰ δ' ὃ σφι πατὴρ κλέ; *his Father did* not *follow his Chariot with his Face bath'd in Tears.* Which laſt, if not of more Weight than the reſt, is yet more ingenious. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

Nor did his valiant Father (now no more)
Purſue the mournful Pomp along the Shore,
No Sire ſurviv'd, to grace th' untimely Bier,
Or ſprinkle the cold Aſhes with a Tear.

XLIX.

VERSE 840. *And choſe the certain, glorious Path to Death.*] Thus we ſee *Euchenor* is like *Achilles*, who ſail'd to *Troy*, tho' he knew he ſhould fall before it: This might ſomewhat have prejudic'd the Character of *Achilles*, every Branch of which ought to be ſingle, and ſuperior to all others, as he ought to be without a Rival in every thing that ſpeaks a Hero: Therefore we find two eſſential Differences between *Euchenor* and *Achilles*, which preſerve the Superiority of the Hero of the Poem. *Achilles*, if he had not ſail'd to *Troy*, had enjoy'd a long Life; but *Euchenor* had been ſoon cut off by ſome cruel Diſeaſe. *Achilles* being independent, and as a King, could have liv'd at eaſe at home, without being obnoxious to any Diſgrace; but *Euchenor* being but a private Man, muſt either have gone to the War, or been expos'd to an ignominious Penalty. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

L.

VERSE 845. *Nor knew great Hector*, &c.] Moſt part of this Book being employ'd to deſcribe the brave Reſiſtance the *Greeks* made on their left under *Idomeneus* and *Meriones*; the Poet now ſhifts the Scene, and returns to *Hector*, whom he left in the Centre of the Army, after he had paſs'd the Wall, endeavouring in vain to break the Phalanx where *Ajax* commanded. And that the Reader might take notice of this Change of Place, and carry diſtinctly in his Mind each Scene of Action, *Homer* is very careful in the following Lines to let us know that *Hector* ſtill continues in the Place where he had firſt paſs'd the Wall, at that part of it which was loweſt, (as appears from *Sarpedon*'s having pull'd down one of its Battlements on foot, *lib.* 12.) and which was neareſt the Station where the Ships of *Ajax* were lay'd, becauſe that Hero was probably thought a ſufficient Guard for that Part. As the Poet is ſo very exact in deſcribing each Scene as in a Chart or Plan, the Reader ought to be careful to trace each Action in it; otherwiſe he will ſee nothing but Confuſion in things which are in themſelves very regular and diſtinct. This Obſervation is the more neceſſary, becauſe even in this Place, where the Poet intended to prevent any ſuch Miſtake, *Dacier* and other Interpreters have apply'd to the preſent Action what is only a Recapitulation of the Time and Place deſcrib'd in the former Book.

LI.

VERSE 858. Pthians.] Theſe *Pthïans* are not the Troops of *Achilles*, for thoſe were call'd *Pthiotes*; but they were the Troops of *Proteſilaus* and *Philoctetes*. *Euſtathius*.

LII.

LII.

VERSE 875. *So when two lordly Bulls*, &c.] The Image here given of the *Ajaces* is very lively and exact; there being no Circumſtance of their preſent Condition that is not to be found in the Compariſon, and no Particular in the Compariſon that does not reſemble the Action of the Heroes. Their Strength and Labour, their Unanimity and Nearneſs to each other, the Difficulties they ſtruggle againſt, and the Sweat occaſion'd by this Struggling, perfectly correſponding with the Simile.

LIII.

VERSE 933. Achilles, *great* Achilles, *yet remains*
On yonder Decks, and yet o'erlooks the Plains.]
There never was a nobler Encomium than this of *Achilles*. It ſeems enough to ſo wiſe a Counſellor as *Polydamas*, to convince ſo intrepid a Warrior as *Hector*, in how great Danger the *Trojans* ſtood, to ſay, Achilles *ſees us*. "Tho' he abſtains from the Fight, he ſtill caſts his Eye on the Battel; it "is true, we are a brave Army, and yet keep our Ground, but "ſtill *Achilles* ſees us, and we are not ſafe." This Reflection makes him a God, a ſingle Regard of whom can turn the Fate of Armies, and determine the Deſtiny of a whole People. And how nobly is this Thought extended in the Progreſs of the Poem, where we ſhall ſee in the 16*th* Book the *Trojans* fly at the firſt Sight of his Armour, worn by *Patroclus*; and in the 18*th* their Defeat compleated by his ſole Appearance, unarm'd, on his Ship.

LIV.

LIV.

VERSE 939. Hector, *with a bound, Leapt from his Chariot.*] *Hector* having in the laſt Book alighted, and cauſed the *Trojans* to leave their Chariots behind them, when they paſs'd the Trench, and no mention of any Chariot but that of *Aſius* ſince occurring in the Battel; we muſt neceſſarily infer, either that *Homer* has neglected to mention the Advance of the Chariots, (a Circumſtance which ſhould not have been omitted) or elſe that he is guilty here of a great Miſtake in making *Hector* leap from his Chariot. I think it evident, that this is really a Slip of the Poet's Memory: For in this very Book, V. 533. we ſee *Polites* leads off his wounded Brother to the Place where his Chariot remain'd behind the Army. And again in the next Book, *Hector* being wounded, is carried out of the Battel in his Soldier's Arms to the Place where his Horſes and Chariot waited at a diſtance from the Battel,

——τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἑταῖροι
Χερσὶν ἀείραντες φέρον ἐκ πόνου, ὄφρ' ἵκεθ' ἵππους
Ωκέας οἳ οἱ ὄπισθε μάχης ἠδὲ πολέμοιο
Ἕστασαν.—— *Lib.* 14. V. 428.

But what puts it beyond Diſpute, that the Chariots continued all this time in the Place where they firſt quitted them, is a Paſſage in the beginning of the fifteenth Book, where the *Trojans* being overpower'd by the *Greeks*, fly back over the Wall and Trench till they came to the Place where their Chariots ſtood,

Οἱ μὲν δὴ παρ' ὄχεσφιν ἐρητύοντο μένοντες. *Lib.* 15. V. 3.

Neither *Euſtathius* nor *Dacier* have taken any notice of this

Incongruity, which would tempt one to believe they were willing to overlook what they could not excuſe. I muſt honeſtly own my Opinion, that there are ſeveral other Negligences of this kind in *Homer*. I cannot think otherwiſe of the Paſſage in the preſent Book concerning *Pylæmenes*; notwithſtanding the Excuſes of the Commentators which are there given. The very uſing the ſame Name in different Places for different Perſons, confounds the Reader in the Story, and is what certainly would be better avoided: So that 'tis to no purpoſe to ſay, there might as well be two *Pylæmenes*'s as two *Schedius*'s, two *Eurymedons*, two *Opheleſtes*'s, &c. ſince it is more blameable to be negligent in many Inſtances than in one. *Virgil* is not free from this, as *Macrobius* has obſerv'd. *Sat. l.* 5. *c.* 15. But the abovemention'd Names are Proofs of that Critick's being greatly miſtaken in affirming that *Homer* is not guilty of the ſame. It is one of thoſe many Errors he was led into, by his Partiality to *Homer* above *Virgil.*

LV.

VERSE 948. *And ſeem'd a moving Mountain topt with Snow.*] This Simile is very ſhort in the Original, and requires to be open'd a little to diſcover its full Beauty. I am not of Mad. *Dacier*'s Opinion, that the Luſtre of *Hector*'s Armour was that which furniſh'd *Homer* with this Image; it ſeems rather to allude to the Plume upon his Helmet, in the Action of ſhaking which, this Hero is ſo frequently painted by our Author, and from thence diſtinguiſh'd by the remarkable Epithet κορυθαίολος. This is a very pleaſing Image, and very much what the Painters call *Pictureſque*. I fancy it gave the Hint for a very fine one in *Spenſer*, where he repreſents the Perſon of *Contemplation* in the Figure of a venerable old Man almoſt conſum'd with Study.

His ſnowy Locks adown his Shoulders ſpread,
As hoary Froſt with Spangles doth attire
The moſſy Branches of an Oak half dead.

LVI.

VERSE 965. *Ill-fated* Paris.] The Reproaches which *Hector* here caſts on *Paris*, give us the Character of this Hero, who in many things reſembles *Achilles*; being (like him) injuſt, violent, and impetuous, and making no Diſtinction between the innocent and criminal. 'Tis he who is obſtinate in attacking the Entrenchments, yet asks an Account of thoſe who were ſlain in the Attack from *Paris*; and tho' he ought to blame himſelf for their Deaths, yet he ſpeaks to *Paris*, as if thro' his Cowardice he had ſuffer'd theſe to be ſlain, whom he might have preſerv'd if he had fought couragiouſly. *Euſtathius.*

LVII.

VERSE 1005. *Wide-rowling, foaming high, and tumbling to the Shore.*] I have endeavour'd in this Verſe to imitate the Confuſion, and broken Sound of the Original, which images the Tumult and roaring of many Waters.

Κύμαΐα παφλάζοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο Θαλάσσης
Κυρτὰ, Φαληριόωντα.——

LVIII.

VERSE 1037. *Clouds of rolling Duſt.*] A Critick might take occaſion from hence, to ſpeak of the exact time of the Year in which the Actions of the Iliad are ſuppos'd to have happen'd. And (according to the grave manner of a learned Diſſertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it muſt be the Summer-Seaſon, from the frequent mention made of Clouds of Duſt: Tho what he diſcovers might be full as well inferr'd from common Senſe, the Summer being the natural Seaſon for a Campaign. However he ſhould quote all thoſe Paſſages at large; and adding to the Article of *Duſt* as much as he can find of the *Sweat* of the Heroes, it might fill three Pages very much to his own Satisfaction. It would look well to obſerve farther, that the Fields are deſcrib'd flowery, *Il.* 2. V. 467. that the Branches of a Tamarisk Tree are flouriſhing, *Il.* 10. V. 767. that the Warriors ſometimes waſh themſelves in the Sea, *Il.* 10. V. 572. and ſometimes refreſh themſelves by cool Breezes from the Sea, *Il.* 11. V. 620. that *Diomed* ſleeps out of his Tent on the Ground, *Il.* 10. V. 150. that the Flies are very buſy about the dead Body of *Patroclus*, *Il.* 19. V. 23. that *Apollo* covers the Body of *Hector* with a Cloud to prevent its being ſcorch'd, *Il.* 23. V. 190. All this would prove the very thing which was ſaid at firſt, that it was Summer. He might next proceed to enquire, what preciſe critical Time of Summer? And here the mention of new-made Honey in *Il.* 11. V. 630. might be of great Service in the Inveſtigation of this important Matter: He would conjecture from hence, that it muſt be near the end of Summer, Honey being ſeldom taken till that time; to which having added the Plague which rages in Book 1. and remark'd, that Infections of that kind generally proceed from the extremeſt Heats, which Heats are not till near the Autumn; the learned Enquirer might hug himſelf

in this Diſcovery, and conclude with Triumph.

If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put in Practice, he may ſee what *Boſſu* has done to determine the preciſe Seaſon of the *Æneid*, *lib.* 3. *ch.* 12. The Memory of that learned Critick fail'd him, when he produc'd as one of the Proofs that it was Autumn, a Paſſage in the *6th* Book, where the Fall of the Leaf is only mention'd in a *Simile*. He has alſo found out a Beauty in *Homer*, which few even of his greateſt Admirers can believe he intended; which is, that to the *Violence* and *Fury* of the *Iliad* he artfully adapted the *Heat* of *Summer*, but to the *Odyſſeis* the *cooler and maturer* Seaſon of *Autumn*, to correſpond with the *Sedateneſs* and *Prudence* of *Ulyſſes*.



THE

THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives *Jupiter* by the Girdle of *Venus.*

NEstor *ſitting at the Table with* Machaon, *is alarm'd with the encreaſing Clamour of the War, and haſtens to* Agamemnon: *On his way he meets that Prince with* Diomed *and* Ulyſſes, *whom he informs of the Extremity of the Danger.* Agamemnon *propoſes to make their Eſcape by Night, which* Ulyſſes *withſtands; to which* Diomed *adds his Advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the Army with their Preſence; which Advice is purſued.* Juno *ſeeing the Partiality of* Jupiter *to the* Trojans, *forms a Deſign to over-reach him; ſhe ſets off her Charms with the utmoſt Care, and (the more ſurely to enchant him) obtains the Magick Girdle of* Venus. *She then applies herſelf to the God of* Sleep, *and with ſome Difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the Eyes of* Jupiter; *this done ſhe goes to Mount* Ida, *where the God, at firſt ſight, is raviſh'd with her Beauty, ſinks in her Embraces, and is laid aſleep.* Neptune *takes Advantage of his Slumber, and ſuocours the* Greeks: Hector *is ſtruck to the Ground with a prodigious Stone by* Ajax, *and carry'd off from the Battel: Several Actions ſucceed; till the* Trojans *much diſtreſs'd, are obliged to give way: The leſſer* Ajax *ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.*

THE



THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

BUT nor the genial Feaſt, nor flowing Bowl,
Could charm the Cares of *Neſtor*'s watchful Soul;
His ſtartled Ears th' encreaſing Cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded Friend.
What new Alarm, divine *Machaon* ſay,
What mixt Events attend this mighty Day?

Hark! how the Shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the Fleet!
Here, with the cordial Draught, diſpel thy Care,
Let *Hecamede* the ſtrength'ning Bath prepare,
Refreſh thy Wound, and cleanſe the clotted Gore;
While I th'Adventures of the Day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeizing *Thraſimedes'* Shield,
(His valiant Offspring) haſten'd to the Field;
(That Day, the Son his Father's Buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a Lance, and iſſu'd from the Door.
Soon as the Proſpect open'd to his View,
His wounded Eyes the Scene of Sorrow knew;
Dire Diſarray! the Tumult of the Fight,
The Wall in Ruins, and the *Greeks* in Flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent Surface ſleeps,
The Waves juſt heaving on the purple Deeps;
While yet th' expected Tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the Cloud, and blackens in the Sky,
The Maſs of Waters will no Wind obey;
Jove ſends one Guſt, and bids them roll away.

While wav'ring Counſels thus his Mind engage,
Fluctuates, in doubtful Thought, the *Pylian* Sage;
To join the Hoſt, or to the Gen'ral haſte,
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt:
Yet, as he moves, the Fight his Boſom warms;
The Field rings dreadful with the Clang of Arms;
The gleaming Faulchions flaſh, the Javelins fly;
Blows echo Blows, and all, or kill, or die.
Him, in his March, the wounded Princes meet,
By tardy Steps aſcending from the Fleet.
The King of Men, *Ulyſſes* the divine,
And who to *Tydeus* owes his noble Line.
(Their Ships at diſtance from the Battel ſtand,
In Lines advanc'd along the ſhelving Strand;
Whoſe Bay, the Fleet unable to contain
At length, beſide the Margin of the Main,
Rank above Rank, the crowded Ships they moor;
Who landed firſt lay higheſt on the Shore.)
Supported on their Spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the Day.

Neſtor's Approach alarm'd each *Grecian* Breaſt,
Whom thus the Gen'ral of the Hoſt addreſt.
O Grace and Glory of th' *Achaian* Name!
What drives thee, *Neſtor*, from the Field of Fame?
Shall then proud *Hector* ſee his Boaſt fulfill'd,
Our Fleets in Aſhes, and our Heroes kill'd?
Such was his Threat, ah now too ſoon made good,
On many a *Grecian* Boſom writ in Blood.
Is ev'ry Heart inflam'd with equal Rage
Againſt your King, nor will one Chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful Eyes
In ev'ry *Greek* a new *Achilles* riſe?
Gerenian Neſtor then. So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming Time has Fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aerial Bow'r,
Not *Jove* himſelf, upon the Paſt has pow'r.
The Wall, our late inviolable Bound,
And beſt Defence, lies ſmoaking on the Ground:
Ev'n to the Ships their conqu'ring Arms extend,
And Groans of ſlaughter'd *Greeks* to Heav'n aſcend.

On

On ſpeedy Meaſures then employ your Thought;
In ſuch Diſtreſs if Counſel profit ought;
Arms cannot much: Tho' *Mars* our Souls incite,
Theſe gaping Wounds withhold us from the Fight.'
To him the Monarch. That our Army bends,
That *Troy* triumphant our high Fleet aſcends,
And that the Rampart, late our ſureſt Truſt,
And beſt Defence, lies ſmoaking in the Duſt;
All this from *Jove*'s afflictive Hand we bear:
Who, far from *Argos*, wills our Ruin here.
Paſt are the Days when happier *Greece* was bleſt,
And all his Favour, all his Aid confeſt;
Now Heav'n averſe, our Hands from Battel ties,
And lifts the *Trojan* Glory to the Skies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our Blood in vain,
And launch what Ships lie neareſt to the Main;
Leave theſe at Anchor till the coming Night:
Then if impetuous *Troy* forbear the Fight,
Bring all to Sea, and hoiſt each Sail for flight.

Better from Evils, well foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the Danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage *Ulyſſes* thus replies,
While Anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful Eyes.
What ſhameful Words, (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling Tongue, and tim'rous Heart?
Oh were thy Sway the Curſe of meaner Pow'rs,
And thou the Shame of any Hoſt but ours!
A Hoſt, by *Jove* endu'd with martial Might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in Fight:
Advent'rous Combats and bold Wars to wage,
Employ'd our Youth, and yet employs our Age.
And wilt thou thus deſert the *Trojan* Plain?
And have whole Streams of Blood been ſpilt in vain?
In ſuch baſe Sentence if thou couch thy Fear,
Speak it in Whiſpers, leſt a *Greek* ſhould hear.
Lives there a Man ſo dead to Fame, who dares
To think ſuch Meanneſs, or the Thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him, whoſe ſov'reign Sway
The banded Legions of all *Greece* obey?

Is

Is this a Gen'ral's Voice, that calls to flight,
While War hangs doubtful, while his Soldiers fight?
What more could *Troy*? What yet their Fate denies
Thou giv'ſt the Foe: all *Greece* becomes their Prize.
No more the Troops, our hoiſted Sails in view,
Themſelves abandon'd, ſhall the Fight purſue,
Thy Ships firſt flying with Deſpair ſhall ſee,
And owe Deſtruction to a Prince like thee.

Thy juſt Reproofs (*Atrides* calm replies)
Like Arrows pierce me, for thy Words are wiſe.
Unwilling as I am to loſe the Hoſt,
I force not *Greece* to quit this hateful Coaſt.
Glad I ſubmit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Ought, more conducive to our Weal, unfold.

Tydides cut him ſhort, and thus began.
Such Counſel if you ſeek, behold the Man
Who boldly gives it, and what he ſhall ſay,
Young tho' he be, diſdain not to obey:
A Youth, who from the mighty *Tydeus* ſprings,
May ſpeak to Councils and aſſembled Kings.

Hear

Hear then in me the great *Oenides'* Son,
Whoſe honour'd Duſt (his Race of Glory run)
Lies whelm'd in Ruins of the *Theban* Wall,
Brave in his Life, and glorious in his Fall.
With three bold Sons was gen'rous *Prothous* bleſt,
Who *Pleuron*'s Walls and *Calydon* poſſeſt;
Melas and *Agrius*, but (who ſurpaſt
The reſt in Courage) *Oeneus* was the laſt.
From him, my Sire: from *Calydon* expell'd,
He fled to *Argos*, and in Exile dwell'd;
The Monarch's Daughter there (ſo *Jove* ordain'd)
He won, and flouriſh'd where *Adraſtus* reign'd:
There rich in Fortune's Gifts, his Acres till'd,
Beheld his Vines their liquid Harveſt yield,
And num'rous Flocks, that whiten'd all the Field.
Such *Tydeus* was, the foremoſt once in Fame!
Nor lives in *Greece* a Stranger to his Name.
Then, what for common Good my Thoughts inſpire,
Attend, and in the Son, reſpect the Sire.

Tho'

Tho' ſore of Battel, tho' with Wounds oppreſt,
Let each go forth, and animate the reſt,
Advance the Glory which he cannot ſhare,
Tho' not Partaker, Witneſs of the War.
But leſt new Wounds on Wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the miſſile Javelin's ſounding Flight,
Safe let us ſtand; and from the Tumult far,
Inſpire the Ranks, and rule the diſtant War.

He added not: The liſt'ning Kings obey,
Slow moving on; *Atrides* leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their Rage)
Appears a Hero furrow'd o'er with Age;
Preſt in his own, the Gen'ral's Hand he took,
And thus the venerable Warrior ſpoke.

Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful Eye
Achilles ſees his Country's Forces fly:
Blind impious Man! whoſe Anger is his Guide,
Who glories in inutterable Pride!
So may he periſh, ſo may *Jove* diſclaim
The Wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with Shame!

But Heav'n forſakes not thee: O'er yonder Sands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd *Trojan* Bands
Fly diverſe; while proud Kings, and Chiefs renown'd
Driv'n Heaps on Heaps, with Clouds involv'd around
Of rolling Duſt, their winged Wheels employ,
To hide their ignominious Heads in *Troy*.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warring Crew;
And ſent his Voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the Shout encountring Armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the lab'ring Field;
Such was the Voice, and ſuch the thund'ring Sound
Of him, whoſe Trident rends the ſolid Ground.
Each *Argive* Boſom beats to meet the Fight,
And grizly War appears a pleaſing Sight.
Meantime *Saturnia* from *Olympus*' Brow,
High-thron'd in Gold, beheld the Fields below;
With Joy the glorious Conflict ſhe ſurvey'd,
Where her great Brother gave the *Grecians* Aid.
But plac'd aloft, on *Ida*'s ſhady Height
She ſees her *Jove*, and trembles at the Sight.

Jove to deceive, what Methods ſhall ſhe try,
What Arts, to blind his all-beholding Eye?
At length ſhe truſts her Pow'r; reſolv'd to prove
'The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, Cheat of Love;
Againſt his Wiſdom to oppoſe her Charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her Arms.
Swift to her bright Apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to Dreſs, and Beauty's pleaſing Cares:
With Skill divine had *Vulcan* form'd the Bow'r,
Safe from Acceſs of each intruding Pow'r.
Touch'd with her ſecret Key, the Doors unfold;
Self-clos'd behind her ſhut the Valves of Gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her Body pours
Soft Oils of Fragrance, and ambroſial Show'rs:
The Winds perfum'd, the balmy Gale convey
Thro' Heav'n, thro' Earth, and all th' aerial Way;
Spirit divine! whoſe Exhalation greets
The Senſe of Gods with more than mortal Sweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of Heav'n, with decent Pride
Her artful Hands the radiant Treſſes ty'd;

Part on her Head in ſhining Ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her Shoulders wav'd like melted Gold.
Around her next a heav'nly Mantle flow'd,
That rich with *Pallas'* labour'd Colours glow'd;
Large Claſps of Gold the Foldings gather'd round,
A golden Zone her ſwelling Boſom bound.
Far-beaming Pendants tremble in her Ear,
Each Gemm illumin'd with a triple Star.
Then o'er her Head ſhe caſts a Veil more white
Than new fal'n Snow, and dazling as the Light.
Laſt her fair Feet celeſtial Sandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant, with majeſtic Pace,
Forth from the Dome th' Imperial Goddeſs moves,
And calls the Mother of the *Smiles* and *Loves*.
How long (to *Venus* thus apart ſhe cry'd)
Shall human Strifes celeſtial Minds divide?
Ah yet, will *Venus* aid *Saturnia*'s Joy,
And ſet aſide the Cauſe of *Greece* and *Troy*?
Let Heav'n's dread Empreſs (*Cytheræa* ſaid)
Speak her Requeſt, and deem her Will obey'd.

Then grant me (ſaid the Queen) thoſe conqu'ring Charms,
That Pow'r, which Mortals and Immortals warms,
That Love, which melts Mankind in fierce Deſires,
And burns the Sons of Heav'n with ſacred Fires!
For lo! I haſte to thoſe remote Abodes,
Where the great Parents (ſacred Source of Gods!)
Ocean and *Tethys* their old Empire keep,
On the laſt Limits of the Land and Deep.
In their kind Arms my tender Years were paſt;
What-time old *Saturn*, from *Olympus* caſt,
Of upper Heav'n to *Jove* reſign'd the Reign,
Whelm'd under the huge Maſs of Earth and Main.
For Strife, I hear, has made the Union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient Pair in Peace.
What Honour, and what Love ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal Feuds again?
Once more their Minds in mutual Ties engage,
And what my Youth has ow'd, repay their Age.
She ſaid. With Awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the Siſter and the Wife of *Jove*:

And

And from her fragrant Breaſt the Zone unbrac'd,
With various Skill and high Embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry Art, and ev'ry Charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond Love, the gentle Vow, the gay Deſire,
The kind Deceit, the ſtill-reviving Fire,
Perſuaſive Speech, and more perſuaſive Sighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and Eloquence of Eyes.
This on her Hand the *Cyprian* Goddeſs lay'd;
Take this, and with it all thy Wiſh, ſhe ſaid:
With Smiles ſhe took the Charm; and ſmiling preſt
The pow'rful *Ceſtus* to her ſnowy Breaſt.
Then *Venus* to the Courts of *Jove* withdrew;
Whilſt from *Olympus* pleas'd *Saturnia* flew.
O'er high *Pieria* thence her Courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair *Emathia*'s ever pleaſing Shore,
O'er *Hæmus*' Hills with Snows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying Foot approach'd the Ground.

Then

Then taking wing from *Athos'* lofty Steep,
She ſpeeds to *Lemnos* o'er the rowling Deep,
And ſeeks the Cave of Death's half-Brother, *Sleep.*
Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (*Saturnia* thus began)
Who ſpread'ſt thy Empire o'er each God and Man;
If e'er obſequious to thy *Juno's* Will,
O Pow'r of Slumbers! hear, and favour ſtill.
Shed thy ſoft Dews on *Jove's* immortal Eyes,
While ſunk in Love's entrancing Joys he lies.
A ſplendid Footſtool, and a Throne, that ſhine
With Gold unfading, *Somnus*, ſhall be thine;
The Work of *Vulcan*; to indulge thy Eaſe,
When Wine and Feaſts thy golden Humours pleaſe.
Imperial Dame (the balmy Pow'r replies)
Great *Saturn's* Heir, and Empreſs of the Skies!
O'er other Gods I ſpread my eaſy Chain;
The Sire of all, old *Ocean*, owns my Reign,
And his huſh'd Waves lie ſilent on the Main.
But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep
Jove's awful Temples in the Dew of Sleep?

Long

Long ſince too vent'rous, at thy bold Command,
On thoſe eternal Lids I laid my Hand;
What-time, deſerting *Ilion*'s waſted Plain,
His conqu'ring Son, *Alcides*, plow'd the Main:
When lo! the Deeps ariſe, the Tempeſts roar,
And drive the Hero to the *Coan* Shore:
Great *Jove* awaking, ſhook the bleſt Abodes,
With riſing Wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the Realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether Sky,
But gentle *Night*, to whom I fled for Aid,
(The Friend of Earth and Heav'n) her Wings diſplay'd;
Impow'r'd the Wrath of Gods and Men to tame,
Ev'n *Jove* rever'd the Venerable Dame.
Vain are thy Fears (the Queen of Heav'n replies,
And ſpeaking rolls her large, majeſtic Eyes)
Think'ſt thou that *Troy* has *Jove*'s high Favour won,
Like great *Alcides*, his all-conqu'ring Son?
Hear, and obey the Miſtreſs of the Skies,
Nor for the Deed expect a vulgar Prize;

For

For know, thy lov'd one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt *Grace*, *Paſithaë* the divine.
Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous Floods
That roar thro' Hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great Parent Earth one Hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred Main.
Call the black Gods that round *Saturnus* dwell,
To hear, and witneſs from the Depths of Hell;
That, ſhe, my lov'd one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt *Grace*, *Paſithaë* the divine.
The Queen aſſents, and from th' infernal Bow'rs
Invokes the ſable Subtartarean Pow'rs,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable Floods,
Whom Mortals name the dread *Titanian* Gods.
Then ſwift as Wind, o'er *Lemnos* ſmoaky Iſle,
They wing their way, and *Imbrus'* Sea-beat Soil,
Thro' Air unſeen involv'd in Darkneſs glide,
And light on *Lectos*, on the Point of *Ide*,
(Mother of Savages, whoſe echoing Hills
Are heard refounding with a hundred Rills)

Fair *Ida* trembles underneath the God;
Hush'd are her Mountains, and her Foreſts nod.
There on a Fir, whoſe ſpiry Branches riſe
To join its Summit to the neighb'ring Skies,
Dark in embow'ring Shade, conceal'd from Sight,
Sate *Sleep*, in Likeneſs of the Bird of Night,
(*Chalcis* his Name with thoſe of heav'nly Birth,
But call'd *Cymindis* by the Race of Earth.)
To *Ida*'s Top ſucceſsful *Juno* flies:
Great *Jove* ſurveys her with deſiring Eyes:
The God, whoſe Light'ning ſets the Heav'ns on fire,
Thro' all his Boſom feels the fierce Deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he feiz'd her Charms,
Mix'd with her Soul, and melted in her Arms.
Fix'd on her Eyes he fed his eager Look,
Then preſs'd her Hand, and thus with Tranſport ſpoke.
Why comes my Goddeſs from th'æthereal Sky,
And not her Steeds and flaming Chariot nigh?
Then ſhe---I haſte to thoſe remote Abodes,
Where the great Parents of the deathleſs Gods,

The

The rev'rend *Ocean* and grey *Tethys* reign,
On the laſt Limits of the Land and Main.
I viſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent Cares
I owe the nurſing of my tender Years.
For Strife, I hear, has made that Union ceaſe
Which held ſo long this ancient Pair in Peace.
The Steeds, prepar'd my Chariot to convey
O'er Earth and Seas, and thro' th' aërial way,
Wait under *Ide*: Of thy ſuperior Pow'r
To ask Conſent, I leave th' *Olympian* Bow'r;
Nor ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred Cells
Deep under Seas, where hoary *Ocean* dwells.
For that (ſaid *Jove*) ſuffice another Day;
But eager Love denies the leaſt Delay.
Let ſofter Cares the preſent Hour employ,
And be theſe Moments ſacred all to Joy.
Ne'er did my Soul ſo ſtrong a Paſſion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly Love:
Not when I preſs'd *Ixion*'s matchleſs Dame,
Whence roſe *Perithous* like the Gods in Fame.

Not when fair *Danaë* felt the Show'r of Gold
Stream into Life, whence *Perſeus* brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either *Theban* Dame,
(*Bacchus* from this, from that *Alcides* came)
Not *Phœnix'* Daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike *Rhadamanth* and *Minos* ſprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair *Latona*'s Face,
Nor comelier *Ceres'* more majeſtic Grace.
Not thus ev'n for thy ſelf I felt Deſire,
As now my Veins receive the pleaſing Fire.
He ſpoke; the Goddeſs with the charming Eyes
Glows with celeſtial Red, and thus replies.
Is this a Scene for Love? On *Ida*'s Height,
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal Sight;
Our Joys prophan'd by each familiar Eye;
The Sport of Heav'n, and Fable of the Sky!
How ſhall I e'er review the bleſt Abodes,
Or mix among the Senate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with diſorder'd Charms,
All Heav'n beholds me recent from thy Arms?

With

With Skill divine has *Vulcan* form'd thy Bow'r,
Sacred to Love and to the genial Hour;
If ſuch thy Will, to that Receſs retire,
And ſecret there indulge thy ſoft Deſire.

She ceas'd, and ſmiling with ſuperior Love,
Thus anſwer'd mild the Cloud-compelling *Jove*.
Nor God, nor Mortal ſhall our Joys behold,
Shaded with Clouds, and circumfus'd in Gold,
Not ev'n the Sun, who darts thro' Heav'n his Rays,
And whoſe broad Eye th' extended Earth ſurveys.

Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager Arms around the Goddeſs threw.
Glad Earth perceives, and from her Boſom pours
Unbidden Herbs, and voluntary Flow'rs;
Thick new-born Vi'lets a ſoft Carpet ſpread,
And cluſt'ring *Lotos* ſwell'd the riſing Bed,
And ſudden Hyacinths the Turf beſtrow,
And flamy *Crocus* made the Mountain glow.
There golden Clouds conceal the heav'nly Pair,
Steep'd in ſoft Joys, and circumfus'd with Air;

Cele-

Celeſtial Dews, deſcending o'er the Ground,
Perfume the Mount, and breathe *Ambroſia* round.
At length with Love and Sleep's ſoft Pow'r oppreſt,
The panting Thund'rer nods, and ſinks to Reſt.
Now to the Navy born on ſilent Wings,
To *Neptune*'s Ear ſoft *Sleep* his Meſſage brings;
Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle Words addreſs'd the God.
Now, *Neptune!* now, th'important Hour employ,
To check a while the haughty Hopes of *Troy:*
While *Jove* yet reſts, while yet my Vapours ſhed
The golden Viſion round his ſacred Head;
For *Juno*'s Love, and *Somnus*' pleaſing Ties,
Have clos'd thoſe awful and eternal Eyes.
Thus having ſaid, the Pow'r of Slumber flew,
On human Lids to drop the balmy Dew.
Neptune, with Zeal encreas'd, renews his Care,
And tow'ring in the foremoſt Ranks of War,
Indignant thus---Oh once of martial Fame!
O *Greeks!* if yet ye can deſerve the Name!

This half-recover'd Day ſhall *Troy* obtain?
Shall *Hector* thunder at your Ships again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the Fleet with Fires,
While ſtern *Achilles* in his Wrath retires.
One Hero's Loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill your ſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if Glory any Boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt Helms, and ſtand to Arms:
His ſtrongeſt Spear each valiant *Grecian* wield,
Each valiant *Grecian* ſeize his broadeſt Shield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter Arms belong,
The pond'rous Targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not *Hector* ſhall our Preſence ſtay;
My ſelf, ye *Greeks!* my ſelf will lead the way.
The Troops aſſent; their martial Arms they change,
The buſy Chiefs their banded Legions range.
The Kings, tho' wounded, and oppreſs'd with Pain,
With helpful Hands themſelves aſſiſt the Train.
The ſtrong and cumb'rous Arms the valiant wield,
The weaker Warrior takes a lighter Shield.

Thus

Thus ſheath'd in ſhining Braſs, in bright Array,
The Legions march, and *Neptune* leads the way:
His brandiſh'd Faulchion flames before their Eyes,
Like Light'ning flaſhing thro' the frighted Skies.
Clad in his Might th'Earth-ſhaking Pow'r appears;
Pale Mortals tremble, and confeſs their Fears.
Troy's great Defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud Hoſt, and dares oppoſe a God:
And lo! the God, and wond'rous Man appear;
The Sea's great Ruler there, and *Hector* here.
The roaring Main, at her great Maſter's Call,
Roſe in huge Ranks, and form'd a watry Wall
Around the Ships: Seas hanging o'er the Shores,
Both Armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing Deeps reſound,
When ſtormy Winds diſcloſe the dark Profound;
Leſs loud the Winds, that from th'*Æolian* Hall
Roar thro' the Woods, and make whole Foreſts fall;
Leſs loud the Woods, when Flames in Torrents pour,
Catch the dry Mountain, and its Shades devour.

With ſuch a Rage the meeting Hoſts are driv'n,
And ſuch a Clamour ſhakes the ſounding Heav'n.
The firſt bold Javelin urg'd by *Hector*'s Force,
Direct at *Ajax*' Boſom wing'd its Courſe;
But there no Paſs the croſſing Belts afford,
(One brac'd his Shield, and one ſuſtain'd his Sword.)
Then back the diſappointed *Trojan* drew,
And curs'd the Lance that unavailing flew:
But 'ſcap'd not *Ajax*; his tempeſtuous Hand
A pond'rous Stone up-heaving from the Sand,
(Where Heaps lay'd looſe beneath the Warrior's Feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the Fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive Marble flings;
On the raz'd Shield the falling Ruin rings:
Full on his Breaſt and Throat with Force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy Fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smoaks in the Duſt, and ploughs into the Ground.
As when the Bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated Plant of *Jove*,

The Mountain-Oak in flaming Ruin lies,
Black from the Blow, and Smoaks of Sulphur riſe;
Stiff with Amaze the pale Beholders ſtand,
And own the Terrors of th'Almighty Hand!
So lies great *Hector* proſtrate on the Shore;
His ſlacken'd Hand deſerts the Lance it bore;
His following Shield the fallen Chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his Helmet drop'd his fainting Head;
His Load of Armour, ſinking to the Ground,
Clanks on the Field; a dead, and hollow Sound.
Loud Shouts of Triumph fill the crowded Plain;
Greece ſees, in hope, *Troy*'s great Defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; Storms of Arrows fly;
And thicker Javelins intercept the Sky.
In vain an Iron Tempeſt hiſſes round;
He lies protected, and without a Wound.
Polydamas, *Agenor* the divine,
The pious Warrior of *Anchiſes*' Line,
And each bold Leader of the *Lycian* Band;
With cov'ring Shields (a friendly Circle) ſtand.

His

His mournful Followers with aſſiſtant Care,
The groaning Hero to his Chariot bear;
His foaming Courſers, ſwifter than the Wind,
Speed to the Town, and leave the War behind.

When now they touch'd the Mead's enamel'd Side,
Where gentle *Xanthus* rolls his eaſy Tyde,
With watry Drops the Chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the Margin of the flow'ry Ground.
Rais'd on his Knees, he now ejects the Gore;
Now faints anew, low-ſinking on the Shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting Skies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming Eyes.

Soon as the *Greeks* the Chief's Retreat beheld,
With double Fury each invades the Field.
Oïlean Ajax firſt his Javelin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe Point, the Son of *Enops* bled;
(*Satnius* the brave, whom beauteous *Neis* bore
Amidſt her Flocks on *Satnio*'s ſilver Shore)
Struck thro' the Belly's Rim, the Warrior lies
Supine, and Shades eternal veil his Eyes.

An arduous Battel roſe around the dead;
By turns the *Greeks*, by turns the *Trojans* bled.
Fir'd with Revenge, *Polydamas* drew near,
And at *Prothœnor* ſhook the trembling Spear;
The driving Javelin thro' his Shoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to Earth, and graſps the bloody Duſt.
Lo thus (the Victor cries) we rule the Field,
And thus their Arms the Race of *Panthus* wield:
From this unerring Hand there flies no Dart
But bathes its Point within a *Grecian* Heart.
Propt on that Spear to which thou ow'ſt thy Fall,
Go, guide thy darkſome Steps, to *Pluto*'s dreary Hall!
He ſaid, and Sorrow touch'd each *Argive* Breaſt:
The Soul of *Ajax* burn'd above the reſt.
As by his ſide the groaning Warrior fell,
At the fierce Foe he launch'd his piercing Steel;
The Foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying Death;
But Fate, *Archelochus*, demands thy Breath:
Thy lofty Birth no Succour could impart,
The Wings of Death o'ertook thee on the Dart,

Swift

Swift to perform Heav'n's fatal Will it fled,
Full on the Juncture of the Neck and Head,
And took the Joint, and cut the Nerves in twain:
The dropping Head firſt tumbled to the Plain.
So juſt the Stroke, that yet the Body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the Sands in Blood.

Here, proud *Polydamas*, here turn thy Eyes!
(The tow'ring *Ajax* loud-inſulting cries)
Say, is this Chief, extended on the Plain,
A worthy Vengeance for *Prothœnor* ſlain?
Mark well his Port! his Figure and his Face
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar Race;
Some Lines, methinks, may make his Lineage known,
Antenor's Brother, or perhaps his Son.

He ſpake, and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding Youth: *Troy* ſadden'd at the View.
But furious *Acamas* aveng'd his Cauſe;
As *Promachus* his ſlaughter'd Brother draws,
He pierc'd his Heart----Such Fate attends you all,
Proud *Argives*! deſtin'd by our Arms to fall.

Not *Troy* alone, but haughty *Greece* ſhall ſhare
The Toils, the Sorrows, and the Wounds of War.
Behold your *Promachus* depriv'd of Breath,
A Victim ow'd to my brave Brother's Death.
Not unappeas'd, He enters *Pluto*'s Gate,
Who leaves a Brother to revenge his Fate.
Heart-piercing Anguiſh ſtruck the *Grecian* Hoſt,
But touch'd the Breaſt of bold *Peneleus* moſt:
At the proud Boaſter he directs his Courſe;
The Boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior Force.
But young *Ilioneus* receiv'd the Spear,
Ilioneus, his Father's only Care:
(*Phorbas* the rich, of all the *Trojan* Train
Whom *Hermes* lov'd, and taught the Arts of Gain)
Full in his Eye the Weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the Fibres ſcoop'd the rooted Ball,
Drove thro' the Neck, and hurl'd him to the Plain;
He lifts his miſerable Arms in vain!
Swift his broad Faulchion fierce *Peneleus* ſpread,
And from the ſpouting Shoulders ſtruck his Head;

To Earth at once the Head and Helmet fly;
The Lance, yet ſticking thro' the bleeding Eye,
The Victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The goary Viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke.
Trojans! your great *Ilioneus* behold!
Haſte, to his Father let the Tale be told:
Let his high Roofs reſound with frantic Woe,
Such, as the Houſe of *Promachus* muſt know;
Let doleful Tidings greet his Mother's Ear,
Such, as to *Promachus'* ſad Spouſe we bear;
When we, victorious, ſhall to *Greece* return,
And the pale Matron in our Triumphs mourn.
Dreadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the Head on high;
The *Trojans* hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghaſt they gaze, around the Fleet and Wall,
And dread the Ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of *Jove!* that on *Olympus* ſhine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
O ſay, when *Neptune* made proud *Ilion* yield,
What Chief, what Hero firſt embru'd the Field?

Of

Of all the *Grecians*, what immortal Name,
And whoſe bleſt Trophies, will ye raiſe to Fame?
Thou firſt, great *Ajax!* on th' enſanguin'd Plain
Laid *Hyrtius*, Leader of the *Myſian* Train.
Phalces and *Mermer*, *Neſtor*'s Son o'erthrew.
Bold *Merion*, *Morys* and *Hippotion* ſlew.
Strong *Periphætes* and *Prothoön* bled,
By *Teucer*'s Arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the Flank by *Menelaus*' Steel,
His People's Paſtor, *Hyperenor* fell;
Eternal Darkneſs wrapt the Warrior round,
And the fierce Soul came ruſhing thro' the Wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before *Oileus*' Son,
Fall mighty Numbers; mighty Numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the *Grecian* Race
Skill'd in Purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the Chace.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Fourteenth Book.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK.

I.

THE Poet, to advance the Character of *Neſtor*, and give us a due Eſteem for his Conduct and Circumſpection, repreſents him as deeply ſollicitous for the common Good: In the very Article of Mirth or Relaxation from the Toils of War, he is all Attention to learn the Fate and Iſſue of the Battel: And through his long Uſe and Skill in martial Events, he judges from the Quality of the Uproar ſtill encreaſing, that the Fortune of the Day is held no longer in ſuſpenſe, but inclines to one ſide. *Euſtathius.*

II.

VERSE 1. *But nor the Genial Feaſt.*] At the end of the 11*th* Book we left *Neſtor* at the Table with *Machaon.* The Attack of the Entrenchments, deſcrib'd thro' the 12*th* and 13*th* Books, happen'd while *Neſtor* and *Machaon* ſate at the

Table; nor is there any Improbability herein, ſince there is nothing perform'd in thoſe two Books, but what might naturally happen in the Space of two Hours. *Homer* conſtantly follows the Thread of his Narration, and never ſuffers his Reader to forget the Train of Action, or the time it employs. *Dacier.*

III.

VERSE 10. *Let* Hecamede *the Bath prepare.*] The Cuſtom of Women officiating to Men in the Bath was uſual in ancient Times. Examples are frequent in the *Odyſſeis*. And it is not at all more odd, or to be ſneer'd at, than the Cuſtom now us'd in *France*, of *Valets de Chambres* dreſſing and undreſſing Ladies.

IV.

VERSE 21. *As when old Ocean's ſilent Surface ſleeps.*] There are no where more finiſh'd Pictures of Nature, than thoſe which *Homer* draws in ſeveral of his Compariſons. The Beauty however of ſome of theſe will be loſt to many, who cannot perceive the Reſemblance, having never had Opportunity to obſerve the things themſelves. The Life of this Deſcription will be moſt ſenſible to thoſe who have been at Sea in a Calm: In this Condition the Water is not entirely motionleſs, but ſwells gently in ſmooth Waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of balancing Motion: This State continues till a riſing Wind gives a Determination to the Waves, and rolls 'em one certain way. There is ſcarce any thing in the whole Compaſs of Nature that can more exactly repreſent the State of an irreſolute Mind, wavering between two different Deſigns, ſometimes inclining to the one, ſometimes to the other, and then moving to the Point to which its Reſolution is at laſt determin'd. Every Circum-

Circumſtance of this Compariſon is both beautiful and juſt; and it is the more to be admir'd, becauſe it is very difficult to find ſenſible Images proper to repreſent the Motions of the Mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with ſuch Compariſons even in the beſt Poets. There is one of great Beauty in *Virgil*, upon a Subject very like this, where he compares his Hero's Mind, agitated with a great Variety and quick Succeſſion of Thoughts, to a dancing Light reflected from a Veſſel of Water in Motion.

Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æſtu,
Atque animum, nunc huc, celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In parteſq; rapit varias, perque omnia verſat.
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat latè loca; jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti.

Æn. l. 8. V. 19.

V.

Verse 30. *He fixes on the laſt.*] *Neſtor* appears in this Place a great Friend to his Prince; for upon deliberating whether he ſhould go through the Body of the *Grecian* Hoſt, or elſe repair to *Agamemnon*'s Tent; he determines at laſt, and judges it the beſt way to go to the latter. Now becauſe it had been ill concerted to have made a Man of his Age walk a great way round about in queſt of his Commander, *Homer* has order'd it ſo that he ſhould meet *Agamemnon* in his way thither. And nothing could be better imagin'd than the reaſon, why the wounded Princes left their Tents; they were impatient to behold the Battel, anxious for its Succeſs, and deſirous to inſpirit the Soldiers by their Preſence. The Poet was obliged to give a reaſon; for in *Epic* Poetry, as well as in *Dramatic*, no Perſon ought to be introduced

troduced without ſome Neceſſity, or at leaſt ſome Probability, for his Appearance. *Euſtathius.*

VI.

VERSE 39. *Their Ships at diſtance*, &c.] *Homer* being always careful to diſtinguiſh each Scene of Action, gives a very particular Deſcription of the Station of the Ships, ſhewing in what manner they lay drawn up on the Land. This he had only hinted at before; but here taking occaſion on the wounded Heroes coming from their Ships, which were at a diſtance from the Fight (while others were engag'd in the Defence of thoſe Ships where the Wall was broke down) he tells us, that the Shore of the Bay (comprehended between the *Rhætean* and *Sigæan* Promontories) was not ſufficient to contain the Ships in one Line; which they were therefore obliged to draw up in Ranks, ranged in parallel Lines along the Shore. How many of theſe Lines there were, the Poet does not determine. M. *Dacier*, without giving any reaſon for her Opinion, ſays they were but two; one advanced near the Wall, the other on the Verge of the Sea. But it is more than probable, that there were ſeveral intermediate Lines; ſince the Order in which the Veſſels lay is here deſcrib'd by a Metaphor taken from the Steps of a *Scaling-Ladder*; which had been no way proper to give an Image only of two Ranks, but very fit to repreſent a greater, tho' undetermin'd Number. That there were more than two Lines, may likewiſe be inferr'd from what we find in the beginning of the 11*th* Book; where it is ſaid, that the Voice of *Diſcord*, ſtanding on the Ship of *Ulyſſes*, *in the middle of the Fleet*, was heard as far as the Stations of *Achilles* and *Ajax*, *whoſe Ships were drawn up in the two Extremities:* Thoſe of *Ajax* were neareſt the Wall (as is expreſly ſaid in the 68*th* Verſe of the 13*th* Book) and thoſe of *Achilles* neareſt the Sea, as appears from many Paſſages ſcatter'd thro' the Iliad.

It muſt be ſuppos'd, that thoſe Ships were drawn higheſt upon Land, which firſt approached the Shore; the firſt Line therefore conſiſted of thoſe who firſt diſembark'd, which were the Ships of *Ajax* and *Proteſilaus*; the latter of whom ſeems mention'd in the Verſe above cited of the 13*th* Book, only to give occaſion to obſerve this, for he was ſlain as he landed firſt of the *Greeks*. And accordingly we ſhall ſee in the 15*th* Book, it is his Ship that is firſt attack'd by the *Trojans*, as it lay the neareſt to them.

We may likewiſe gueſs how it happens, that the Ships of *Achilles* were plac'd neareſt to the Sea; for in the Anſwer of *Achilles* to *Ulyſſes* in the 9*th* Book, V. 328. he mentions a Naval Expedition he had made while *Agamemnon* lay ſafe in the Camp: So that his Ships at their Return did naturally lie next the Sea; which, without this Conſideration, might appear a Station not ſo becoming this Hero's Courage.

VII.

VERSE 47. Neſtor's *Approach alarm'd.*] That ſo laborious a Perſon as *Neſtor* has been deſcribed, ſo indefatigable, ſo little indulgent of his extreme Age, and one that never receded from the Battel, ſhould approach to meet them; this it was that ſtruck the Princes with Amazement, when they ſaw he had left the Field. *Euſtathius.*

VIII.

VERSE 81. *Ceaſe we at length*, &c.] *Agamemnon* either does not know what Courſe to take in this Diſtreſs, or only ſounds the Sentiments of his Nobles (as he did in the ſecond Book of the whole Army.) He delivers himſelf firſt after *Neſtor*'s Speech, as it became a Counſeller to do. But knowing this Advice to be diſhonourable, and unſuitable

to

to the Character he aſſumes elſewhere, ἱδρώσει μέν τοι Τελαμωνίαδη, &c. and conſidering that he ſhould do no better than abandon his Poſt, when before he had threaten'd the Deſerters with Death; he reduces his Counſel into the Form of a Proverb, diſguiſing it as handſomly as he can under a Sentence. *It is better to avoid an Evil*, &c. It is obſervable too how he has qualify'd the Expreſſion: He does not ſay, to *ſhun the Battel*, for that had been unſoldierly, but he ſoftens the Phraſe, and calls it, to ſhun *Evil:* And this word *Evil* he applies twice together, in adviſing them to leave the Engagement.

It is farther remark'd, that this was the nobleſt Opportunity for a General to try the Temper of his Officers; for he knew that in a Calm of Affairs, it was common with moſt People either out of Flattery or Reſpect to ſubmit to their Leaders: But in imminent Danger, Fear does not bribe them, but every one diſcovers his very Soul, valuing all other Conſiderations, in regard to his Safety, but in the ſecond Place. He knew the Men he ſpoke to were prudent Perſons, and not eaſy to caſt themſelves into a precipitate Flight. He might likewiſe have a mind to recommend himſelf to his Army by the means of his Officers; which he was not very able to do of himſelf, angry as they were at him, for the Affront he had offer'd *Achilles*, and by Conſequence thinking him the Author of all their preſent Calamities. *Euſtathius.*

IX.

VERSE 92. *Oh were thy Sway the Curſe of meaner Pow'rs,*
And thou the Shame of any Hoſt but ours.]

This is a noble Complement to his Country and to the *Grecian* Army, to ſhew that it was an Impoſſibility for them to follow even their General in any thing that was cowardly, or ſhameful; tho' the Lives and Safeties of 'em all were concern'd in it.

X.

VERSE 104. *And comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſov'reign Sway*
The banded Legions of all Greece *obey?*]
As who ſhould ſay, that another Man might indeed have utter'd the ſame Advice, but it could not be a Perſon of Prudence; or if he had Prudence, he could not be a Governour, but a private Man; or if a Governour, yet one who had not a well-diſciplin'd and obedient Army; or laſtly, if he had an Army ſo condition'd, yet it could not be ſo large and numerous an one as that of *Agamemnon*. This is a fine Climax, and of a wonderful Strength. *Euſtathius.*

XI.

VERSE 118. *Whoe'er, or young, or old,* &c.] This nearly reſembles an ancient Cuſtom at *Athens*, where in Times of Trouble and Diſtreſs, every one, of what Age or Quality ſoever, was invited to give in his Opinion with Freedom by the publick Cryer. *Euſtathius.*

XII.

VERSE 120.] This Speech of *Diomed* is naturally introduced, beginning with an Anſwer, as if he had been call'd upon to give his Advice. The Counſel he propoſes was that alone which could be of any real Service in their preſent Exigency: However ſince he ventures to adviſe where *Ulyſſes* is at a Loſs, and *Neſtor* himſelf ſilent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this Liberty by reminding them of his Birth and Deſcent, hoping thence to add to his Counſel a Weight and Authority which he could not from his Years and Experience. It can't indeed be deny'd that this hiſtorical Digreſ-

ſion ſeems more out of Seaſon than any of the ſame kind which we ſo frequently meet with in *Homer*, ſince his Birth and Parentage muſt have been ſufficiently known to all at the Siege, as he here tells them. This muſt be own'd a Defect not altogether to be excus'd in the Poet, but which may receive ſome Alleviation, if conſider'd as a Fault of Temperament. For he had certainly a ſtrong Inclination to genealogical Stories, and too frequently takes occaſion to gratify this Humour.

XIII.

VERSE 135. *He fled to* Argos.] This is a very artful Colour: He calls the Flight of his Father for killing one of his Brothers, *travelling and dwelling at* Argos, without mentioning the Cauſe and Occaſion of his Retreat. What immediately follows *(ſo* Jove *ordain'd)* does not only contain in it a Diſguiſe of his Crime, but is a juſt Motive likewiſe for our Compaſſion. *Euſtathius.*

XIV.

VERSE 146. *Let each go forth and animate the reſt.*] It is worth a Remark, with what Management and Diſcretion the Poet has brought theſe four Kings, and no more, towards the Engagement, ſince theſe are ſufficient alone to perform all that he requires. For *Neſtor* propoſes to them to enquire, if there be any way or means which Prudence can direct for their Security. *Agamemnon* attempts to diſcover that Method. *Ulyſſes* refutes him as one whoſe Method was diſhonourable, but propoſes no other Project. *Diomed* ſupplies that Deficiency, and ſhews what muſt be done: That wounded as they are, they ſhould go forth to the Battel; for tho' they were not able to engage, yet their Preſence would re-eſtabliſh

their Affairs by detaining in Arms thoſe who might otherwiſe quit the Field. This Counſel is embrac'd, and readily obey'd by the reſt. *Euſtathius.*

XV.

VERSE 179. *The Story of* Jupiter *and* Juno.] I don't know a bolder Fiction in all Antiquity, than this of *Jupiter*'s being deceiv'd and laid aſleep, or that has a greater Air of Impiety and Abſurdity. 'Tis an Obſervation of Monſ. *de St. Evremond* upon the ancient Poets, which every one will agree to; "that it is ſurprizing enough to find them ſo ſcrupulous to "preſerve Probability, in Actions purely human; and ſo "ready to violate it, in repreſenting the Actions of the Gods. "Even thoſe who have ſpoken more ſagely than the reſt, of "their Nature, could not forbear to ſpeak extravagantly of "their Conduct. When they eſtabliſh their Being and their "Attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, "perfectly wiſe, and perfectly good: But the Moment they "repreſent them acting, there's no Weakneſs to which they "do not make 'em ſtoop, and no Folly or Wickedneſs they "do not make 'em commit." The ſame Author anſwers this in another Place by remarking, "that Truth was not "the Inclination of the firſt Ages: A fooliſh Lye or a lucky "Falſhood gave Reputation to Impoſtors, and Pleaſure to "the credulous. 'Twas the whole Secret of the great and the "wiſe to govern the ſimple and ignorant Herd. The vul-"gar, who pay a profound Reverence to myſterious Errors, "would have deſpiſed plain Truth, and it was thought a "piece of Prudence to deceive them. All the Diſcourſes of "the Ancients were fitted to ſo advantagious a Deſign. "There was nothing to be ſeen but Fictions, Allegories, "and Similitudes, and nothing was to appear as it was in "itſelf."

I muſt needs, upon the whole, as far as I can judge, give up the Morality of this Fable; but what Colour of Excuſe for it *Homer* might have from ancient Tradition, or what myſtical or allegorical Senſe might attone for the appearing Impiety, is hard to be aſcertain'd at this diſtant Period of Time. That there had been before his Age a Tradition of *Jupiter*'s being laid aſleep, appears from the Story of *Hercules* at *Coos*, referr'd to by our Author, V. 285. There is alſo a Paſſage in *Diodorus*, *lib.* 1. *c.* 7. which gives ſome ſmall Light to this Fiction. Among other Reaſons which that Hiſtorian lays down to prove that *Homer* travell'd into *Egypt*, he alledges this Paſſage of the Interview of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, which he ſays was grounded upon an *Egyptian* Feſtival, *whereon the nuptial Ceremonies of theſe two Deities were celebrated, at which time both their Tabernacles, adorned with all ſorts of Flowers, are carry'd by the Prieſts to the top of a high Mountain.* Indeed as the greateſt Part of the Ceremonies of the ancient Religions conſiſted in ſome ſymbolical Repreſentations of certain Actions of their Gods, or rather deify'd Mortals, ſo a great part of ancient Poetry conſiſted in the Deſcription of the Actions exhibited in theſe Ceremonies. The Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* are a remarkable Inſtance of this kind, which, tho' under different Names, were celebrated by annual Repreſentations, as well in *Egypt* as in ſeveral Nations of *Greece* and *Aſia:* and to the Images which were carry'd in theſe Feſtivals, ſeveral ancient Poets were indebted for their moſt happy Deſcriptions. If the Truth of this Obſervation of *Diodorus* be admitted, the preſent Paſſage will appear with more Dignity, being grounded on Religion; and the Conduct of the Poet will be more juſtifiable, if that, which has been generally accounted an indecent wanton Fiction, ſhould prove to be the Repreſentation of a religious Solemnity. Conſidering the great Ignorance we are in of many ancient ſuperſtitious Ceremonies, there may be probably in *Homer* many Incidents entirely of this Nature; wherefore we ought to be

be reſerv'd in our Cenſures, leſt what we decry as wrong in the Poet, ſhould prove only a Fault in his Religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any People, or any Age whatever, with Groſſneſs in general, purely from the groſs or abſurd Ideas or Practices that are to be found in their Religions.

In the next Place, if we have recourſe to Allegory, (which ſoftens and reconciles every thing) it may be imagin'd that by the Congreſs of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, is meant the mingling of the *Æther* and the *Air* (which are generally ſaid to be ſignify'd by theſe two Deities.) The Ancients believ'd the *Æther* to be Igneous, and that by its kind Influence upon the Air it was the Cauſe of all Vegetation: To which nothing more exactly correſponds, than the Fiction of the Earth putting forth her Flowers immediately upon this Congreſs. *Virgil* has ſome Lines in the ſecond *Georgic*, that ſeem a perfect Explanation of the Fable into this Senſe. In deſcribing the Spring, he hints as if ſomething of a vivifying Influence was at that time ſpread from the upper Heavens into the Air. He calls *Jupiter* expreſly *Æther*, and repreſents him operating upon his Spouſe for the Production of all things.

Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus æther
Conjugis in gremio lætæ deſcendit, & omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus.
Parturit omnis ager, &c.

But, be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this Fable in a theological or philoſophical View, it is one of the moſt beautiful Pieces that ever was produc'd by Poetry. Neither does it want its Moral; an ingenious modern Writer (whom I am pleas'd to take any occaſion of quoting) has given it us in theſe Words.

" This

" This Paſſage of *Homer* may ſuggeſt abundance of In-
" ſtruction to a Woman who has a mind to preſerve or re-
" call the Affection of her Husband. The Care of her Per-
" ſon and Dreſs, with the particular Blandiſhments wo-
" ven in the *Ceſtus*, are ſo plainly recommended by this Fa-
" ble, and ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary in every Female who de-
" ſires to pleaſe, that they need no farther Explanation. The
" Diſcretion likewiſe in covering all matrimonial Quarrels
" from the Knowledge of others, is taught in the pretend-
" ed Viſit to *Tethys*, in the Speech where *Juno* addreſſes her-
" ſelf to *Venus*; as the chaſte and prudent Management of
" a Wife's Charms is intimated by the ſame Pretence for her
" appearing before *Jupiter*, and by the Concealment of the
" *Ceſtus* in her Boſom. I ſhall leave this Tale to the Conſi-
" deration of ſuch good Houſwives who are never well dreſs'd
" but when they are abroad, and think it neceſſary to ap-
" pear more agreeable to all Men living than their Husbands:
" As alſo to thoſe prudent Ladies, who, to avoid the Ap-
" pearance of being over-fond, entertain their Husbands
" with Indifference, Averſion, ſullen Silence, or exaſperating
" Language."

XVI.

VERSE 191. *Swift to her bright Apartment ſhe repairs*, &c.] This Paſſage may be of Conſideration to the Ladies, and, for their ſakes, I take a little Pains to obſerve upon it. *Homer* tells us that the very Goddeſſes, who are all over Charms, never dreſs in Sight of any one: The Queen of Heaven adorns herſelf in private, and the Doors lock after her. In *Homer* there are no *Dieux des Ruelles*, no Gods are admitted to the Toilette.

I am afraid there are ſome earthly Goddeſſes of leſs Prudence, who have loſt much of the Adoration of Mankind by the contrary Practice. *Lucretius* (a very good Judge in Gallantry)

lantry) preſcribes as a Cure to a deſperate Lover, the frequent Sight of his Miſtreſs undreſs'd. *Juno* herſelf has ſuffer'd a little by the very *Muſe*'s peeping into her Chamber, ſince ſome nice Criticks are ſhock'd in this Place of *Homer* to find that the Goddeſs waſhes herſelf, which preſents ſome Idea as if ſhe was dirty. Thoſe who have Delicacy will profit by this Remark.

XVII.

VERSE 198. *Soft Oils of Fragrance.*] The Practice of *Juno* in anointing her Body with perfumed Oils was a remarkable part of ancient *Coſmeticks*, tho' entirely diſuſed in the modern Arts of Dreſs. It may poſſibly offend the Niceneſs of modern Ladies; but they who paint ſo artificially ought to conſider that this Practice might, without much greater Difficulty, be reconciled to Cleanlineſs. This Paſſage is a clear Inſtance of the Antiquity of this Cuſtom, and clearly determines againſt *Pliny*, who is of Opinion that it was not ſo ancient as thoſe times, where, ſpeaking of perfum'd Unguents, he ſays, *Quis primus invenerit non traditur; Iliacis temporibus non erant.* lib. 13. c. 1. Beſides the Cuſtom of anointing Kings among the *Jews*, which the Chriſtians have borrow'd, there are ſeveral Alluſions in the Old Teſtament which ſhew that this Practice was thought ornamental among them. The Pſalmiſt, ſpeaking of the Gifts of God, mentions Wine and Oil, the former to make glad the Heart of Man, and the latter to give him a chearful Countenance. It ſeems moſt probable that this was an Eaſtern Invention, agreeable to the Luxury of the *Aſiaticks*, among whom the moſt proper Ingredients for theſe Unguents were produc'd; from them this Cuſtom was propagated among the *Romans*, by whom it was eſteem'd a Pleaſure of a very refin'd Nature. Whoever is curious to ſee Inſtances of their Expence and Delicacy,

licacy therein, may be ſatisfy'd in the three firſt Chapters of the thirteenth Book of *Pliny*'s Natural Hiſtory.

XVIII.

VERSE 203. *Thus while ſhe breath'd of Heav'n*, &c.] We have here a compleat Picture from Head to Foot of the Dreſs of the Fair Sex, and of the Mode between two and three thouſand Years ago. May I have leave to obſerve the great Simplicity of *Juno*'s Dreſs, in Compariſon with the innumerable Equipage of a modern Toilette? The Goddeſs, even when ſhe is ſetting herſelf out on the greateſt Occaſion, has only her own Locks to tie, a white Veil to caſt over them, a Mantle to dreſs her whole Body, her Pendants, and her Sandals. This the Poet expreſly ſays was *all her Dreſs*, [*πάντα κόσμον*;] and one may reaſonably conclude it was all that was uſed by the greateſt Princeſſes and fineſt Beauties of thoſe Times. The good *Euſtathius* is raviſh'd to find, that here are no Waſhes for the Face, no Dies for the Hair, and none of thoſe artificial Embelliſhments ſince in Practice; he alſo rejoices not a little, that *Juno* has no Looking-Glaſs, Tire-Woman, or waiting Maid. One may preach till Doomſday on this Subject, but all the Commentators in the World will never prevail upon a Lady to ſtick one Pin the leſs in her Gown, except ſhe can be convinced, that the ancient Dreſs will better ſet off her Perſon.

As the *Aſiaticks* always ſurpaſs'd the *Grecians* in whatever regarded Magnificence and Luxury, ſo we find their Women far gone in the contrary Extreme of Dreſs. There is a Paſſage in *Iſaiah*, Ch. 3. that gives us a Particular of their Wardrobe, with the Number and Uſeleſſneſs of their Ornaments; and which I think appears very well in Contraſt to this of *Homer*. *The Bravery of their tinkling Ornaments about their Feet, and their Cauls, and their round Tires like the Moon:*

Moon: The Chains, and the Bracelets, and the Mufflers, the Bonnets, and the Ornaments of the Legs, and the Headbands, and the Tablets, and the Ear-rings, the Rings and Noſe-jewels, the changeable Suits of Apparel, and the Mantles, and the Wimples, and the Criſping-Pins, the Glaſſes, and the fine Linen, and the Hoods, and the Veils.

I could be glad to ask the Ladies, which they ſhould like beſt to imitate, the *Greeks*, or the *Aſiaticks?* I would deſire thoſe that are handſome and well-made, to conſider, that the Dreſs of *Juno* (which is the ſame they ſee in *Statues)* has manifeſtly the Advantage of the preſent, in diſplaying whatever is beautiful: That the Charms of the *Neck* and *Breaſt* are not leſs laid open, than by the modern Stays; and that thoſe of the *Leg* are more gracefully diſcover'd, than even by the Hoop-petticoat: That the fine Turn of the *Arms* is better obſerv'd: and that ſeveral natural Graces of the *Shape* and *Body* appear much more conſpicuous. It is not to be deny'd but the *Aſiatic* and our preſent Modes were better contriv'd to conceal ſome People's *Defects*, but I don't ſpeak to ſuch People: I ſpeak only to Ladies of that Beauty, who can make any Faſhion prevail by their being ſeen in it; and who put others of their Sex under the wretched Neceſſity of being like them in their Habits, or not being like them at all. As for the reſt, let 'em follow the Mode of *Judæa*, and be content with the Name of *Aſiaticks*.

XIX.

VERSE 216. *Thus iſſuing radiant*, &c.] Thus the Goddeſs comes from her Apartment againſt her Spouſe in compleat Armour. The Pleaſures of Women moſtly prevail upon us by pure cunning, and the artful Management of their Perſons; againſt which a wiſe Man ought to be upon his guard: For there is but one way for the weak to ſubdue the mighty, and that is by Pleaſure. The Poet ſhews at the ſame time, that

Men of Underſtanding are not maſter'd, without a great deal of Artifice and Addreſs. There are but three ways, whereby to overcome another, by Violence, by Perſuaſion, or by Craft: *Jupiter* was invincible by main Force; to think of perſuading was as fruitleſs, after he had paſs'd his Nod to *Achilles*; therefore *Juno* was obliged of neceſſity to turn her Thoughts entirely upon Craft; and by the Force of Pleaſure it is, that ſhe inſnares and manages the God. *Euſtathius.*

XX.

VERSE 218. *And calls the Mother of the* Smiles *and* Loves.] Notwithſtanding all the Pains *Juno* has been at, to adorn herſelf, ſhe is ſtill conſcious that neither the natural Beauty of her Perſon, nor the artificial one of her Dreſs, will be ſufficient to work upon a Husband. She therefore has Recourſe to the *Ceſtus* of *Venus*, as a kind of Love-charm, not doubting to enflame his Mind by magical Enchantment; a Folly which in all Ages has poſſeſt her Sex. To procure this, ſhe applies to the Goddeſs of Love; from whom hiding her real Deſign under a feign'd Story, (another Propriety in the Character of the Fair) ſhe obtains the invaluable Preſent of this wonder-working Girdle. The Allegory of the *Ceſtus* lies very open, tho' the Impertinences of *Euſtathius* on this Head are unſpeakable. In it are comprized the moſt powerful *Incentives* to Love, as well as the ſtrongeſt *Effects* of the Paſſion. The juſt Admiration of this Paſſage has been always ſo great and univerſal, that the *Ceſtus* of *Venus* is become proverbial. The Beauty of the Lines which in a few Words comprehend this agreeable Fiction, can ſcarce be equall'd. So beautiful an Original has produc'd very fine Imitations, wherein we may obſerve a few additional Figures, expreſſing ſome of the Improvements which the Affectation, or Artifice, of the Fair Sex have introduc'd into the Art of

Love

Love ſince *Homer*'s Days. *Taſſo* has finely imitated this Deſcription in the magical Girdle of *Armida*. *Gieruſalemme liberata*, Cant. 16.

Teneri Sdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulſe, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,
Sorriſi, parrolette, e dolci ſtille
Di pianto, e ſoſpir tronchi, e molli baci.

Monſ. *de la Motte*'s Imitation of this Fiction is likewiſe wonderfully beautiful.

Ce tiſſu, le ſimbole, & la cauſe à la fois,
Du pouvoir d'l'Amour, du charme de ſes loix.
Elle enflamme les yeux, de cet Ardeur qui touche;
D'un ſourire enchanteur, elle anime la bouche;
Paſſionne la voix, en adoucit les ſons,
Prête ces tours heureux, plus forts que les raiſons;
Inſpire, pour toucher, ces tendres ſtratagêmes,
Ces refus attirans, l'ecueil des ſages mêmes.
Et la nature enfin, y voulut renfermer,
Tout ce qui perſuade, & ce qui fait aimer.
En prenant ce tiſſu, que Venus lui preſente,
Junon n'etoit que belle, elle devient charmante.
Les graces, & les ris, les plaiſirs, & les jeux,
Surpris cherchent Venus, doutent qui l'eſt des deux.
L'Amour même trompè, trouve Junon plus belle;
Et ſon Arc à la main, deja vole après elle.

Spencer, in his 4*th* Book, Canto 5. deſcribes a Girdle of *Venus* of a very different Nature; for as this had the Power to raiſe up looſe Deſires in others, that had a more wonderful Faculty to ſuppreſs them in the Perſon that wore it: But it had a moſt dreadful Quality, to burſt aſunder whenever tied about any but a chaſte Boſom. Such a Girdle, 'tis to be fear'd,

would produce Effects very different from the other: *Homer*'s *Ceſtus* would be a Peace-maker to reconcile Man and Wife; but *Spencer*'s *Ceſtus* would probably deſtroy the good Agreement of many a happy Couple.

XXI.

VERSE 255.——*And preſt The pow'rful Ceſtus to her ſnowy Breaſt.*] *Euſtathius* takes notice, that the word *Ceſtus* is not the Name, but Epithet only, of *Venus*'s Girdle; tho' the Epithet has prevail'd ſo far as to become the proper Name in common uſe. This has happen'd to others of our Author's Epithets; the word *Pygmy* is of the ſame Nature. *Venus* wore this Girdle below her Neck, and in open Sight, but *Juno* hides it in her Boſom, to ſhew the difference of the two Characters: It ſuits well with *Venus* to make a Shew of whatever is engaging in her; but *Juno*, who is a Matron of Prudence and Gravity, ought to be more modeſt.

XXII.

VERSE 263. *She ſpeeds to* Lemnos *o'er the rolling Deep,*
And ſeeks the Cave of Death's Half-brother, Sleep.]
In this Fiction *Homer* introduces a new divine Perſonage: It does not appear whether this God of *Sleep* was a God of *Homer*'s Creation, or whether his Pretenſions to Divinity were of more ancient Date. The Poet indeed ſpeaks of him as of one formerly active in ſome heavenly Tranſactions. Be this as it will, ſucceeding Poets have always acknowledg'd his Title. *Virgil* would not let his *Æneid* be without a Perſon ſo proper for poetical Machinery; tho' he has employ'd him with much leſs Art than his great Maſter, ſince he appears in the 5*th* Book without Provocation or Commiſſion, only to deſtroy the *Trojan* Pilot. The Criticks, who cannot ſee all the

the Allegories which the Commentators pretend to find in *Homer*'s Divinities, muſt be obliged to acknowledge the Reality and Propriety of this; ſince every thing that is here ſaid of this imaginary Deity is juſtly applicable to Sleep. He is called the *Brother* of *Death*; is ſaid to be protected by *Night*; and is employed very naturally to lull a Husband to Reſt in the Embraces of his Wife; which Effect of this *Conjugal Opiate* even the modeſt *Virgil* has remark'd in the Perſons of *Vulcan* and *Venus*, probably with an Eye to this Paſſage of *Homer*.

——Placidumque petivit
Conjugis infuſus gremio per membra ſoporem.

XXIII.

VERSE 263. *To* Lemnos.] The Commentators are hard put to it, to give a Reaſon why *Juno* ſeeks for *Sleep* in *Lemnos*. Some finding out that *Lemnos* anciently abounded with Wine, inform us that it was a proper Place of Reſidence for him, Wine being naturally a great Provoker of Sleep. Others will have it, that this God being in love with *Paſithaë*, who reſided with her Siſter the Wife of *Vulcan*, in *Lemnos*, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his Miſtreſs. Other Commentators perceiving the Weakneſs of theſe Conjectures, will have it that *Juno* met *Sleep* here by mere Accident; but this is contradictory to the whole Thread of the Narration. But who knows whether *Homer* might not deſign this Fiction as a Piece of Raillery upon the Sluggiſhneſs of the *Lemnians*; tho' this Character of them does not appear? A kind of Satyr like that of *Arioſto*, who makes the Angel find *Diſcord* in a Monaſtery: Or like that of *Boileau* in his *Lutrin*, where he places *Molleſſe* in a Dormitory of the Monks of St. *Bernard*?

XXIV.

XXIV.

VERSE 266. *Sweet-pleaſing Sleep*, &c.] *Virgil* has copied ſome part of this Converſation between *Juno* and *Sleep*, where he introduces the ſame Goddeſs making a Requeſt to *Æolus*. *Scaliger*, who is always eager to depreciate *Homer*, and zealous to praiſe his favourite Author, has highly cenſured this Paſſage: But notwithſtanding this Critick's Judgment, an impartial Reader will find, I don't doubt, much more Art and Beauty in the Original than the Copy. In the former, *Juno* endeavours to engage *Sleep* in her Deſign by the Promiſe of a proper and valuable Preſent; but having formerly run a great Hazard in a like Attempt, he is not prevail'd upon. Hereupon the Goddeſs, knowing his Paſſion for one of the *Graces*, engages to give her to his Deſires: This Hope brings the Lover to Conſent, but not before he obliges *Juno* to confirm her Promiſe by an Oath in a moſt ſolemn manner, the very Words and Ceremony whereof he preſcribes to her. Theſe are all beautiful and poetical Circumſtances, moſt whereof are untouch'd by *Virgil*, and which *Scaliger* therefore calls low and vulgar. He only makes *Juno* demand a Favour from *Æolus*, which he had no reaſon to refuſe; and promiſe him a Reward, which it does not appear he was fond of. The *Latin* Poet has indeed with great Judgment added one Circumſtance concerning the Promiſe of Children,

—& pulchrâ faciat te prole parentem.

And this is very conformable to the Religion of the *Romans*, among whom *Juno* was ſuppos'd to preſide over human Births; but it does not appear ſhe had any ſuch Office in the *Greek* Theology.

XXV.

XXV.

VERSE 272. *A ſplendid Footſtool.*] Notwithſtanding the Cavils of *Scaliger*, it may be allow'd, that an eaſy Chair was no improper Preſent for *Sleep*. As to the Footſtool, Mad. *Dacier*'s Obſervation is a very juſt one; that beſides its being a Conveniency, it was a Mark of Honour, and was far from preſenting any low or trivial Idea. 'Tis upon that Account we find it ſo frequently mention'd in Scripture, where the Earth is call'd *the Footſtool of the Throne of God*. In *Jeremiah*, *Judæa* is call'd (as a Mark of Diſtinction) the Footſtool of the Feet of God. *Lament.* 2. V. 1. *And he remember'd not the Footſtool of his Feet, in the Day of his Wrath.* We ſee here the ſame Image, founded no doubt upon the ſame Cuſtoms. *Dacier.*

XXVI.

VERSE 279. *The Sire of all, old* Ocean.] " *Homer* (ſays " *Plutarch)* calls the Sea *Father of All*, with a View to this " Doctrine, that all things were generated from Water. " *Thales* the *Mileſian*, the Head of the *Ionick* Sect who " ſeems to have been the firſt Author of Philoſophy, affirm- " ed Water to be the Principle from whence all things " ſpring, and into which all things are reſolv'd; becauſe " the prolific Seed of all Animals is a Moiſture; all Plants " are nouriſhed by Moiſture; the very Sun and Stars, which " are Fire, are nouriſhed by moiſt Vapours and Exhalations; " and conſequently he thought the World was produc'd from " this Element." Plut. *Opin. of Philoſ.* lib. 1. c. 3.

XXVII.

XXVII.

VERSE 281. *But how, unbidden,* &c.] This Particularity is worth remarking; *Sleep* tells *Juno* that he dares not approach *Jupiter* without his own Order; whereby he ſeems to intimate, that a Spirit of a ſuperior kind may give itſelf up to a voluntary Ceſſation of Thought and Action, tho' it does not want this Relaxation from any Weakneſs or Neceſſity of its Nature.

XXVIII.

VERSE 285. *What-time deſerting* Ilion's *waſted Plain,* &c.] One may obſerve from hence, that to make Falſity in Fables uſeful and ſubſervient to our Deſigns, it is not enough to cauſe the Story to reſemble Truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel Places; which Method the Poet uſes elſewhere. Thus many have attempted great Difficulties, and ſurmounted 'em. So did *Hercules*, ſo did *Juno*, ſo did *Pluto*. Here therefore the Poet feigning that *Sleep* is going to practiſe inſidiouſly upon *Jove*, prevents the Strangeneſs and Incredibility of the Tale, by ſquaring it to an ancient Story; which ancient Story was, that *Sleep* had once before got the maſtery of *Jove* in the caſe of *Hercules*. *Euſtathius.*

XXIX.

VERSE 296. *Ev'n* Jove *rever'd the venerable Dame.*] *Jupiter* is repreſented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offenſive or ungrateful to *Night*; the Poet (ſays *Euſtathius)* inſtructs us by this, that a wiſe and honeſt Man will curb his Wrath before any awful and venerable Perſon: Such was *Night* in regard of *Jupiter*, feign'd as an Anceſtor, and honou-

honourable on account of her Antiquity and Power. For the *Greek* Theology teaches that *Night* and *Chaos* were before all things. Wherefore it was held ſacred to obey the *Night* in the Conflicts of War, as we find by the Admonitions of the Heralds to *Hector* and *Ajax* in the *7th* Iliad.

Milton has made a fine Uſe of this ancient Opinion in relation to *Chaos* and *Night*, in the latter Part of his ſecond Book, where he deſcribes the Paſſage of *Satan* thro' their Empire. He calls them,

> ——*Eldeſt* Night
> *And* Chaos, *Anceſtors of Nature* ;——

And alludes to the ſame, in thoſe noble Verſes,

> ——*Behold the Throne*
> *Of* Chaos, *and his dark Pavillion ſpread*
> *Wide on the waſteful Deep : With him enthron'd*
> *Sate ſable-veſted* Night, *eldeſt of things*
> *The Conſort of his Reign.*——

That fine Apoſtrophe of *Spenſer* has alſo the ſame Alluſion, Book 1.

> *O thou, moſt ancient Grandmother of all,*
> *More old than* Jove, *whom thou at firſt didſt breed,*
> *Or that great Houſe of Gods cœleſtial;*
> *Which was begot in* Dæmogorgon's *Hall,*
> *And ſaw'ſt the Secrets of the World unmade.*

XXX.

VERSE 307. *Let the great Parent Earth one Hand ſuſtain,*
And ſtretch the other o'er the ſacred Main, &c.]
There is ſomething wonderfully ſolemn in this manner of

Swearing propos'd by *Sleep* to *Juno*. How anſwerable is this Idea to the Dignity of the Queen of the Goddeſſes, where Earth, Ocean, and Hell itſelf, where the whole Creation, all things viſible and inviſible, are call'd to be Witneſſes of the Oath of the Deity.

XXXI.

VERSE 311. *That ſhe, my lov'd one*, &c.] *Sleep* is here made to repeat the Words of *Juno*'s Promiſe, than which Repetition nothing, I think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The Lover fired with theſe Hopes, inſiſts on the Promiſe, dwelling with Pleaſure on each Circumſtance that relates to his fair one. The Throne and Footſtool, it ſeems, are quite out of his Head.

XXXII.

VERSE 323. *Fair* Ida *trembles.*] It is uſually ſuppos'd at the Approach or Preſence of any heavenly Being, that upon their Motion, all ſhould ſhake that lies beneath 'em. Here the Poet giving a Deſcription of the Deſcent of theſe Deities upon the Ground at *Lectos*, ſays that the loftieſt of the Wood trembled under their Feet: Which Expreſſion is to intimate the Lightneſs and Swiftneſs of the Motions of heavenly Beings; the Wood does not ſhake under their Feet from any corporeal Weight, but from a certain awful Dread and Horror. *Euſtathius.*

XXXIII.

VERSE 328. *In Likeneſs of a Bird of Night.*] This is a Bird of Night about the Size of a Hawk, entirely black; and that is the reaſon why *Homer* deſcribes *Sleep* under its Form. Here (ſays *Euſtathius*) *Homer* lets us know, as well as in many

many other Places, that he is no Stranger to the Language of the Gods. *Hobbes* has taken very much from the Dignity of this Suppoſition, in tranſlating the preſent Lines in this manner.

And there ſate Sleep *in Likeneſs of a Fowl,*
Which Gods do Chalcis *call, but Men an Owl.*

We find in *Plato*'s *Cratylus* a Diſcourſe of great Subtility, grounded chiefly on this Obſervation of *Homer*, that the Gods and Men call the ſame thing by different Names. The Philoſopher ſuppoſes that in the original Language every thing was expreſs'd by a word, whoſe Sound was naturally apt to mark the Nature of the thing ſignify'd. This great Work he aſcribes to the Gods, ſince it required more Knowledge both in the Nature of Sounds and Things, than Man had attain'd to. This Reſemblance he ſays was almoſt loſt in modern Languages by the unskilful Alterations Men had made, and the great Licence they had taken in compounding of Words. However, he obſerves there were yet among the *Greeks* ſome Remains of this original Language, of which he gives a few Inſtances, adding, that many more were to be found in ſome of the barbarous Languages, that had deviated leſs from the Original, which was ſtill preſerv'd entire among the Gods. This appears a Notion ſo uncommon, that I could not forbear to mention it.

XXXIV.

VERSE 345. ——*To whoſe indulgent Cares I owe the Nurſing*, &c.] The Allegory of this is very obvious. *Juno* is conſtantly underſtood to be the *Air*; and we are here told ſhe was nouriſhed by *Oceanus* and *Tethys*: That is to ſay, the *Air* is fed and nouriſhed by the Vapours which riſe from the

Ocean and the *Earth*. For *Tethys* is the ſame with *Rhea*. *Euſtathius*.

XXXV.

VERSE 359.] This Courtſhip of *Jupiter* to *Juno* may poſſibly be thought pretty ſingular. He endeavours to prove the Ardour of his Paſſion to her, by the Inſtances of its Warmth to other Women. A great many People will look upon this as no very likely Method to recommend himſelf to *Juno*'s Favour. Yet, after all, ſomething may be ſaid in Defence of *Jupiter*'s way of thinking, with reſpect to the Ladies. Perhaps a Man's Love to the Sex in general may be no ill Recommendation of him to a Particular. And to be known, or thought, to have been ſucceſsful with a good many, is what ſome Moderns have found no unfortunate Qualification in gaining a Lady, even a moſt virtuous one like *Juno*, eſpecially one who (like her) has had the Experience of a married State.

XXXVI.

VERSE 395. *Glad Earth perceives*, &c.] It is an Obſervation of *Ariſtotle* in the 25*th* Chapter of his Poeticks, that when *Homer* is obliged to deſcribe any thing of itſelf abſurd or too improbable, he conſtantly contrives to blind and dazle the Judgment of his Readers with ſome ſhining Deſcription. This Paſſage is a remarkable Inſtance of that Artifice, for having imagined a Fiction of very great Abſurdity, that the ſupreme Being ſhould be laid aſleep in a female Embrace, he immediately, as it were to divert his Reader from reflecting on his Boldneſs, pours forth a great Variety of poetical Ornaments; by deſcribing the various Flowers the Earth ſhoots up to compoſe their Couch, the golden Clouds that encompaſs'd them, and the bright heavenly Dews that were ſhower'd

round

round them. *Euſtathius* obſerves it as an Inſtance of *Homer*'s modeſt Conduct in ſo delicate an Affair, that he has purpoſely adorn'd the Bed of *Jupiter* with ſuch a Variety of beautiful Flowers, that the Reader's Thoughts being entirely taken up with theſe Ornaments, might have no room for looſe Imaginations. In the ſame manner an ancient Scholiaſt has obſerv'd, that the golden Cloud was contriv'd to lock up this Action from any farther Enquiry of the Reader.

XXXVII.

VERSE 395.] I cannot conclude the Notes on this Story of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, without obſerving with what particular Care *Milton* has imitated the ſeveral beautiful Parts of this Epiſode, introducing them upon different Occaſions as the Subjects of his Poem would admit. The Circumſtance of *Sleep*'s ſitting in Likeneſs of a Bird on the Fir-Tree upon Mount *Ida*, is alluded to in his *4th* Book, where *Satan* ſits in Likeneſs of a Cormorant on the Tree of Life. The Creation is made to give the ſame Tokens of Joy at the Performance of the nuptial Rites of our firſt Parents, as ſhe does here at the Congreſs of *Jupiter* and *Juno*. *Lib.* 8.

—To the nuptial Bow'r
I led her bluſhing like the Morn, all Heav'n
And happy Conſtellations on that Hour
Shed their ſelecteſt Influence; the Earth
Gave ſign of Gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; freſh Gales and gentle Airs
Whiſper'd it to the Woods, and from their Wings
Flung Roſe, flung Odours from the ſpicy Shrub.

Thoſe Lines alſo in the *4th* Book are manifeſtly from the ſame Original.

—Roſes

—Roſes and Jeſſamine
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd Heads between, and wrought
Moſaic, underfoot the Violet,
Crocus and Hyacinth with rich Inlay
Broider'd the Ground.—

Where the very Turn of *Homer*'s Verſes is obſerved, and the Cadence, and almoſt the Words, finely tranſlated.

But it is with wonderful Judgment and Decency he has uſed that exceptionable Paſſage of the Dalliance, Ardour, and Enjoyment: That which ſeems in *Homer* an impious Fiction, becomes a moral Leſſon in *Milton*; ſince he makes that laſcivious Rage of the Paſſion the immediate Effect of the Sin of our firſt Parents after the Fall. *Adam* expreſſes it in the Words of *Jupiter*.

For never did thy Beauty ſince the Day
I ſaw thee firſt, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all Perfections, ſo enflame my Senſe,
With Ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever; Bounty of this virtuous Tree!
So ſaid he, and forbore not Glance or Toy
Of amorous Intent, well underſtood
Of Eve, *whoſe Eye darted contagious Fire.*
Her Hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady Bank
Thick over-head with verdant Roof embow'r'd,
He led her, nothing loath: Flow'rs were the Couch,
Panſies, and Violets, and Aſphodel,
And Hyacinth; Earth's freſheſt, ſofteſt Lap.
There they their Fill of Love and Love's Diſport
Took largely, of their mutual Guilt the Seal;
The Solace of their Sin, till dewy Sleep
Oppreſs'd them, weary of their amorous Play.

Milton, *l.* 9.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 417. *The Pow'r of Slumbers flew.*] M. *Dacier* in her Tranſlation of this Paſſage has thought fit to diſſent from the common Interpretation, as well as obvious Senſe of the Words. She reſtrains the general Expreſſion ἐπὶ κλυτὰ φῦλ' ἀνθρώπων, *the famous Nations of Men*, to ſignify only the Country of the *Lemnians*, who, ſhe ſays, were much *celebrated* on account of *Vulcan*. But this ſtrain'd Interpretation cannot be admitted, eſpecially when the obvious Meaning of the Words expreſs what is very proper and natural. The God of *Sleep* having haſtily delivered his Meſſage to *Neptune*, immediately leaves the Hurry of the Battel, (which was no proper Scene for him) and retires among the Tribes of Mankind. The word κλυτὰ, on which M. *Dacier* grounds her Criticiſm, is an expletive Epithet very common in *Homer*, and no way fit to point out one certain Nation, eſpecially in an Author one of whoſe moſt diſtinguiſhing Characters is Particularity in Deſcription.

XXXIX.

VERSE 444. *The Legions march, and* Neptune *leads the way.*] The chief Advantage the *Greeks* gain by the Sleep of *Jupiter* ſeems to be this: *Neptune* unwilling to offend *Jupiter*, has hitherto concealed himſelf in diſguiſed Shapes; ſo that it does not appear that *Jupiter* knew of his being among the *Greeks*, ſince he takes no notice of it. This Precaution hinders him from aſſiſting the *Greeks* otherwiſe than by his Advice. But upon the Intelligence receiv'd of what *Juno* had done, he aſſumes a Form that manifeſts his Divinity, inſpiring Courage into the *Grecian* Chiefs, appearing at the Head of their Army, brandiſhing a Sword in his Hand, the Sight of which ſtruck ſuch a Terror into the *Trojans* that,

as

as *Homer* ſays, none durſt approach it. And therefore it is not to be wonder'd, that the *Trojans* who are no longer ſuſtain'd by *Jupiter*, immediately give way to the Enemy.

XL.

VERSE 442. *The weaker Warrior takes a lighter Shield.*] *Plutarch* ſeems to allude to this Paſſage in the beginning of the Life of *Pelopidas*. " *Homer*, ſays he, makes the braveſt " and ſtouteſt of his Warriors march to Battel in the beſt Arms. " The *Grecian* Legiſlators puniſh'd thoſe who caſt away their " Shields, but not thoſe who loſt their Spears or their Swords, " as an Intimation, that the Care of preſerving and defending " our ſelves is preferable to the wounding our Enemy, eſpe- " cially in thoſe who are Generals of Armies, or Governors " of States." *Euſtathius* has obſerv'd, that the Poet here makes the beſt Warriors take the largeſt Shields and longeſt Spears, that they might be ready prepar'd, with proper Arms, both offenſive and defenſive, for a new kind of Fight, in which they are ſoon to be engaged when the Fleet is attack'd. Which indeed ſeems the moſt rational Account that can be given for *Neptune*'s Advice in this Exigence.

Mr. *Hobbes* has committed a great Overſight in this Place; he makes the wounded Princes (who it is plain were unfit for the Battel, and do not engage in the enſuing Fight) put on Arms as well as the others; whereas they do no more in *Homer* than ſee their Orders obey'd by the reſt as to this Change of Arms.

XLI.

VERSE 452. *And lo the God, and wondrous Man appear.*] What Magnificence and Nobleneſs is there in this Idea? where *Homer* oppoſes *Hector* to *Neptune*, and equalizes him in ſome degree to a God. *Euſtathius.*

XLII.

XLII.

VERSE 453. *The roaring Main*, &c.] This ſwelling and Inundation of the Sea towards the *Grecian* Camp, as if it had been agitated by a Storm, is meant for a Prodigy, intimating that the Waters had the ſame Reſentments with their Commander *Neptune*, and ſeconded him in his Quarrel. *Euſtathius.*

XLIII.

VERSE 457. *Not half ſo loud*, &c.] The Poet having ended the Epiſode of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, returns to the Battel, where the *Greeks* being animated and led on by *Neptune*, renew the Fight with Vigour. The Noiſe and Outcry of this freſh Onſet, he endeavours to expreſs by theſe three ſounding Compariſons; as if he thought it neceſſary to awake the Reader's Attention, which by the preceding Deſcriptions might be lull'd into a Forgetfulneſs of the Fight. He might likewiſe deſign to ſhew how ſoundly *Jupiter* ſlept, ſince he is not awak'd by ſo terrible an Uproar.

This Paſſage cannot be thought juſtly liable to the Objections which have been made againſt heaping Compariſons one upon another, whereby the principal Object is loſt amidſt too great a Variety of different Images. In this Caſe the principal Image is more ſtrongly impreſs'd on the Mind by a Multiplication of Similes, which are the natural Product of an Imagination labouring to expreſs ſomething very vaſt: But finding no ſingle Idea ſufficient to anſwer its Conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the Compariſons to ſupply this Defect: the different Sounds of Waters, Winds, and Flames being as it were united in one. We have ſeveral Inſtances of this ſort even in ſo caſtigated and reſerv'd a Writer as *Virgil*,

who has joined together the Images of this Paſſage in the *4th Georgic*, V. 261. and apply'd them, beautifully ſoftened by a kind of Parody, to the buzzing of a Beehive.

Frigidus ut quondam ſylvis immurmurat Auſter,
Ut mare ſollicitum ſtridet refluentibus undis,
Æſtuat ut clauſis rapidus fornacibus ignis.

Taſſo has not only imitated this particular Paſſage of *Homer*, but likewiſe added to it. *Cant.* 9. *St.* 22.

Rapido ſi che torbida procella
De cavernoſi monti eſce piu tarda:
Fiume, ch' alberi inſieme, e caſe ſvella:
Folgore, che le torri abbatta, & arda:
Terremoto, che'l mondo empia d' horrore,
Son picciole ſembianze al ſuo furore.

XLIV.

VERSE 480. *Smoaks in the Duſt, and ploughs into the Ground.*]

Στρόμβον δ' ὡς ἔσσευε βαλὼν, &c.

Theſe Words are tranſlated by ſeveral as if they ſignify'd, that *Hector* was turn'd round with the Blow, like a Whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful Greatneſs of *Ajax*'s Strength. *Euſtathius* rather inclines to refer the Words to the Stone itſelf, and the Violence of its Motion. *Chapman* I think is in the right to prefer the latter, but he ſhould not have taken the Interpretation to himſelf. He ſays, it is above the Wit of Man to give a more fiery Illuſtration both of *Ajax*'s Strength and *Hector*'s; of *Ajax*, for giving ſuch a Force to the Stone, that it could not ſpend itſelf on *Hector*, but afterwards

terwards turn'd upon the Earth with that Violence; and of *Hector*, for ſtanding the Blow ſo ſolidly; for without that Conſideration, the Stone could never have recoil'd ſo fiercely. This Image, together with the noble Simile following it, ſeem to have given *Spencer* the Hint of thoſe ſublime Verſes.

As when almighty Jove, *in wrathful Mood,*
To wreak the Guilt of mortal Sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thund'ring Dart, with deadly Food
Enroll'd, of Flames, and ſmouldring Dreariment:
Thro' riven Clouds, and molten Firmament,
The fierce three-forked Engine making way,
Both lofty Tow'rs and higheſt Trees hath rent,
And all that might his dreadful Paſſage ſtay,
And ſhooting in the Earth, caſts up a Mound of Clay.
His boiſt'rous Club ſo bury'd in the Ground,
He could not rear again, &c.——

XLV.

Verse 533. *Propt on that Spear,* &c.] The occaſion of this Sarcaſm of *Polydamas* ſeems taken from the Attitude of his falling Enemy, who is transfixed with a Spear thro' his right Shoulder. This Poſture bearing ſome Reſemblance to that of a Man leaning on a Staff, might probably ſuggeſt this Conceit.

The Speech of *Polydamas* begins a long String of Sarcaſtick Raillery, in which *Euſtathius* pretends to obſerve very different Characters. This of *Polydamas*, he ſays, is *pleaſant*, that of *Ajax*, *heroic*; that of *Acamas*, *plain*; and that of *Peneleus*, *pathetick*.

XLVI.

VERSE 599. *Daughters of* Jove! &c.] Whenever we meet with theſe freſh Invocations in the midſt of Action, the Poets would ſeem to give their Readers to underſtand, that they are come to a Point where the Deſcription being above their own Strength, they have occaſion for ſupernatural Aſſiſtance; by this Artifice at once exciting the Reader's Attention, and gracefully varying the Narration. In the preſent caſe *Homer* ſeems to triumph in the Advantage the *Greeks* had gain'd in the Flight of the *Trojans*, by invoking the Muſes to ſnatch the brave Actions of his Heroes from Oblivion, and ſet them in the Light of Eternity. This Power is vindicated to them by the Poets on every occaſion, and it is to this Task they are ſo ſolemnly and frequently ſummon'd by our Author. *Taſſo* has, I think, introduced one of theſe Invocations in a very noble and peculiar manner; where, on occaſion of a Battel by Night, he calls upon the Night to allow him to draw forth thoſe mighty Deeds which were perform'd under the Concealment of her Shades, and to diſplay their Glories, notwithſtanding that Diſadvantage, to all Poſterity.

Notte, che nel profondo oſcuro ſeno
Chiudeſti, e ne l' oblio fatto ſi grande;
Piacciati, ch' io nel tragga, e'n bel ſereno
A la future età lo ſpieghi, e mande.
Viva la fame loro, e trà lor gloria
Splenda del foſco tuo l' alta memoria.

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battel, at the Ships; and the Acts of *Ajax*.

JUpiter *awaking, ſees the* Trojans *repuls'd from the Trenches,* Hector *in a Swoon, and* Neptune *at the Head of the* Greeks: *He is highly incens'd at the Artifice of* Juno, *who appeaſes him by her Submiſſions; ſhe is then ſent to* Iris *and* Apollo. Juno *repairing to the Aſſembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary Addreſs to incenſe them againſt* Jupiter, *in particular ſhe touches* Mars *with a violent Reſentment: He is ready to take Arms, but is prevented by* Minerva. Iris *and* Apollo *obey the Orders of* Jupiter; Iris *commands* Neptune *to leave the Battel, to which, after much Reluctance and Paſſion, he conſents.* Apollo *re-inſpires* Hector *with Vigour, brings him back to the Battel, marches before him with his* Ægis, *and turns the Fortune of the Fight. He breaks down great part of the* Grecian *Wall; the* Trojans *ruſh in and attempt to fire the firſt Line of the Fleet, but are, as yet, repell'd by the greater* Ajax *with a prodigious Slaughter.*

THE



THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

NOW in ſwift Flight they paſt the Trench profound,
And many a Chief lay gaſping on the Ground:
Then ſtopp'd, and panted, where the Chariots lie;
Fear on their Cheek, and Horror in their Eye.
Meanwhile awaken'd from his Dream of Love,
On *Ida*'s Summit ſate imperial *Jove:*

Round the wide Fields he caſt a careful view,
There ſaw the *Trojans* fly, the *Greeks* purſue,
Theſe proud in Arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the Plain;
And, 'midſt the War, the Monarch of the Main.
Not far, great *Hector* on the Duſt he ſpies,
(His ſad Aſſociates round with weeping Eyes)
Ejecting Blood, and panting yet for Breath,
His Senſes wandring to the Verge of Death.
The God beheld him with a pitying Look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful *Juno* ſpoke.
O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' eternal Will,
For ever ſtudious in promoting Ill!
Thy Arts have made the godlike *Hector* yield,
And driv'n his conqu'ring Squadrons from the Field.
Can'ſt thou, unhappy in thy Wiles! withſtand
Our Pow'r immenſe, and brave th'Almighty Hand?
Haſt thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
From the vaſt Concave of the ſpangled Sky,
I hung thee trembling, in a golden Chain;
And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?

Headlong

Headlong I hurl'd them from th'*Olympian* Hall,
Stunn'd in the Whirl, and breathleſs with the Fall.
For godlike *Hercules* theſe Deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the Vengeance worthy ſuch a Son;
When by thy Wiles induc'd, fierce *Boreas* toſt
The ſhipwrack'd Hero on the *Coan* Coaſt:
Him thro' a thouſand Forms of Death I bore,
And ſent to *Argos*, and his native Shore.
Hear this, remember, and our Fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling Vengeance on thy Head,
Leſt Arts and Blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft Deceits, and well-diſſembled Love.
The Thund'rer ſpoke: Imperial *Juno* mourn'd,
And trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive Words return'd.
By ev'ry Oath that Pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful Earth, and all-infolding Skies,
By thy black Waves, tremendous *Styx!* that flow
Thro' the drear Realms of gliding Ghoſts below:
By the dread Honours of thy ſacred Head,
And that unbroken Vow, our Virgin Bed!

Not by my Arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps *Troy* in Blood, and rages round the Plain;
By his own Ardour, his own Pity ſway'd
To help his *Greeks*; he fought, and diſobey'd:
Elſe had thy *Juno* better Counſels giv'n,
And taught Submiſſion to the Sire of Heav'n.
Think'ſt thou with me? fair Empreſs of the Skies!
(Th' immortal Father with a Smile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty Sea-God ſhall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If Truth inſpires thy Tongue, proclaim our Will
To yon' bright Synod on th' *Olympian* Hill;
Our high Decree let various *Iris* know,
And call the God that bears the ſilver Bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattel'd Plain
Command the Sea-God to his watry Reign:
While *Phœbus* haſtes, great *Hector* to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the War,
His lab'ring Boſom re-inſpires with Breath,
And calls his Senſes from the Verge of Death.

Greece

Greece chas'd by *Troy* ev'n to *Achilles'* Fleet,
Shall fall by thouſands at the Hero's Feet.
He, not untouch'd with Pity, to the Plain
Shall ſend *Patroclus*, but ſhall ſend in vain.
What Youth he ſlaughters under *Ilion*'s Walls?
Ev'n my lov'd Son, divine *Sarpedon* falls!
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by *Hector*'s Lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, ſhall great *Achilles* riſe:
And lo! that Inſtant, godlike *Hector* dies.
From that great Hour the War's whole Fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty *Ilion* burns.
Not till that Day ſhall *Jove* relax his Rage,
Nor one of all the heav'nly Hoſt engage
In aid of *Greece*. The Promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th'Almighty Nod,
Achilles' Glory to the Stars to raiſe;
Such was our Word, and Fate the Word obeys.
The trembling Queen (th'Almighty Order giv'n)
Swift from th' *Idæan* Summit ſhot to Heav'n.

As ſome way-faring Man, who wanders o'er
In Thought, a Length of Lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active Mind from Place to Place,
Joins Hill to Dale, and meaſures Space with Space:
So ſwift flew *Juno* to the bleſt Abodes,
If Thought of Man can match the Speed of Gods.
There ſate the Pow'rs in awful Synod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made Obeyſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Thro' all the brazen Dome: With Goblets crown'd
They hail her Queen; the *Nectar* ſtreams around.
Fair *Themis* firſt preſents the golden Bowl,
And anxious asks, what Cares diſturb her Soul?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddeſs thus replies:
Enough thou know'ſt the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his Purpoſe to fulfill,
Unmov'd his Mind, and unreſtrain'd his Will.
Go thou, the Feaſts of Heav'n attend thy Call;
Bid the crown'd Nectar circle round the Hall;
But *Jove* ſhall thunder thro' th' Ethereal Dome,
Such ſtern Decrees, ſuch threatned Woes to come,

As

As ſoon ſhall freeze Mankind with dire Surprize,
And damp th' eternal Banquets of the Skies.
The Goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her Place;
Blank Horror ſadden'd each celeſtial Face.
To ſee the gath'ring Grudge in ev'ry Breaſt,
Smiles on her Lips a ſpleenful Joy expreſt,
While on her wrinkled Front, and Eyebrow bent,
Sate ſtedfaſt Care, and low'ring Diſcontent.
Thus ſhe proceeds----Attend ye Pow'rs above!
But know, 'tis Madneſs to conteſt with *Jove*:
Supreme he ſits; and ſees, in Pride of Sway,
Your Vaſſal Godheads grudgingly obey;
Fierce in the Majeſty of Pow'r controuls,
Shakes all the Thrones of Heav'n, and bends the Poles.
Submiſs, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou great *Mars*, begin and ſhew the way.
Behold *Aſcalaphus*! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a Sigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted Offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted Offspring be thy own.

Stern

Stern *Mars*, with Anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd Son,
Smote his rebelling Breaſt, and fierce begun.
Thus then, Immortals! thus ſhall *Mars* obey;
Forgive me Gods, and yield my Vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon' forbidden Plain,
The God of Battels dares avenge the ſlain;
Dares, tho' the Thunder burſting o'er my Head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.
With that, he gives command to *Fear* and *Flight*
To join his rapid Courſers for the Fight:
Then grim in Arms, with haſty Vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a Radiance thro' the Skies.
And now had *Jove*, by bold Rebellion driv'n,
Diſcharg'd his Wrath on half the Hoſt of Heav'n;
But *Pallas* ſpringing thro' the bright Abode,
Starts from her azure Throne to calm the God.
Struck, for th' immortal Race with timely Fear,
From frantic *Mars* ſhe ſnatch'd the Shield and Spear;
Then the huge Helmet lifting from his Head,
Thus, to th' impetuous Homicide ſhe ſaid.

By what wild Paſſion, Furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with *Jove*? Thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thund'rer's dread Command reſtrain,
And was Imperial *Juno* heard in vain?
Back to the Skies would'ſt thou with Shame be driv'n,
And in thy Guilt involve the Hoſt of Heav'n?
Ilion and *Greece* no more ſhould *Jove* engage;
The Skies would yield an ampler Scene of Rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal Fate,
And one vaſt Ruin whelm th'*Olympian* State.
Ceaſe then thy Offspring's Death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall.
Why ſhould Heav'n's Law with fooliſh Man comply,
Exempted from the Race ordain'd to die?
This Menace fix'd the Warrior to his Throne;
Sullen he ſate, and curb'd the riſing Groan.
Then *Juno* call'd (*Jove*'s Orders to obey)
The winged *Iris*, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thund'rer's Will (*Saturnia* cry'd)
On yon' tall Summit of the fount-ful *Ide*:

There in the Father's awful Preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread Command.
She ſaid, and ſate: the God that gilds the Day,
And various *Iris* wing their airy way.
Swift as the Wind, to *Ida*'s Hills they came,
(Fair Nurſe of Fountains and of ſavage Game.)
There ſate th' Eternal; He, whoſe Nod controuls
The trembling World, and ſhakes the ſteady Poles.
Veil'd in a Miſt of Fragrance him they found,
With Clouds of Gold and Purple circled round.
Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer ſaw their earneſt care,
And prompt Obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a Smile ſerenes his awful Brow)
Commands the Goddeſs of the ſhow'ry Bow.
Iris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon' mad Tyrant of the Main.
Bid him from Fight to his own Deeps repair,
Or breathe from Slaughter in the Fields of Air.
If he refuſe, then let him timely weigh
Our elder Birthright, and ſuperior Sway.

How

How ſhall his Raſhneſs ſtand the dire Alarms,
If Heav'ns Omnipotence deſcend in Arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his Pow'r was giv'n,
And is there Equal to the Lord of Heav'n?
Th'Almighty ſpoke; the Goddeſs wing'd her Flight
To ſacred *Ilion* from th' *Idæan* Height.
Swift as the rat'ling Hail, or fleecy Snows
Drive thro' the Skies, when *Boreas* fiercely blows;
So from the Clouds deſcending *Iris* falls;
And to blue *Neptune* thus the Goddeſs calls.
Attend the Mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the Meſſenger of *Jove*:
He bids thee from forbidden Wars repair
To thy own Deeps, or to the Fields of Air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder Birthright, and ſuperior Sway.
How ſhall thy Raſhneſs ſtand the dire Alarms,
If Heav'ns Omnipotence deſcend in Arms?
Striv'ſt thou with him, by whom all Pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou Equal to the Lord of Heav'n?

What means the haughty Sov'reign of the Skies,
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd Realms on high;
No Vaſſal God, nor of his Train am I.
Three Brother Deities from *Saturn* came,
And ancient *Rhea*, Earth's immortal Dame:
Aſſign'd by Lot, our triple Rule we know;
Infernal *Pluto* ſways the Shades below;
O'er the wide Clouds, and o'er the ſtarry Plain,
Ethereal *Jove* extends his high Domain;
My Court beneath the hoary Waves I keep,
And huſh the Roarings of the ſacred Deep:
Olympus, and this Earth, in common lie;
What Claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky?
Far in the diſtant Clouds let him controul,
And awe the younger Brothers of the Pole;
There to his Children his Commands be giv'n,
The trembling, ſervile, ſecond Race of Heav'n.
And muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O Sire of Floods!
Bear this fierce Anſwer to the King of Gods?

Correct it yet, and change thy raſh Intent;
A noble Mind diſdains not to repent.
To elder Brothers guardian Fiends are giv'n,
To ſcourge the Wretch inſulting them and Heav'n.
Great is the Profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
When Miniſters are bleſt with prudent Mind:
Warn'd by thy Words, to pow'rful *Jove* I yield,
And quit, tho' angry, the contended Field.
Not but his Threats with Juſtice I diſclaim,
The ſame our Honours, and our Birth the ſame.
If yet, forgetful of his Promiſe giv'n
To *Hermes*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Heav'n;
To favour *Ilion*, that perfidious Place,
He breaks his Faith with half th' ethereal Race;
Give him to know, unleſs the *Grecian* Train
Lay yon' proud Structures level with the Plain,
Howe'er th' Offence by other Gods be paſt,
The Wrath of *Neptune* ſhall for ever laſt.
Thus ſpeaking, furious from the Field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the Boſom of the Flood.

The Lord of Thunders from his lofty Height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the Source of Light.
Behold! the God whoſe liquid Arms are hurl'd
Around the Globe, whoſe Earthquakes rock the World;
Deſiſts at length his Rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own Seas, and trembles at our Rage!
Elſe had my Wrath, Heav'ns Thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of his Seas profound;
And all the Gods that round old *Saturn* dwell,
Had heard the Thunders to the Deeps of Hell.
Well was the Crime, and well the Vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n Pow'r immenſe had found ſuch Battel hard.
Go thou my Son! the trembling *Greeks* alarm,
Shake my broad *Ægis* on thy active Arm,
Be godlike *Hector* thy peculiar Care,
Swell his bold Heart, and urge his Strength to War:
Let *Ilion* conquer, till th' *Achaian* Train
Fly to their Ships and *Helleſpont* again:
Then *Greece* ſhall breathe from Toils---The Godhead [ſaid;
His Will divine the Son of *Jove* obey'd.

Not

Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing Falcon flies,
That drives a Turtle thro' the liquid Skies;
As *Phœbus* ſhooting from th' *Idæan* Brow,
Glides down the Mountain to the Plain below.
There *Hector* ſeated by the Stream he ſees,
His Senſe returning with the coming Breeze;
Again his Pulſes beat, his Spirits riſe;
Again his lov'd Companions meet his Eyes;
Jove thinking of his Pains, they paſt away.
To whom the God who gives the golden Day.

Why ſits great *Hector* from the Field ſo far,
What grief, what wound, withholds him from the War?
The fainting Hero, as the Viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his Sight:
What bleſt Immortal, with commanding Breath,
Thus wakens *Hector* from the Sleep of Death?
Has Fame not told, how, while my truſty Sword
Bath'd *Greece* in Slaughter, and her Battel gor'd,
The mighty *Ajax* with a deadly Blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the Shades below?

Ev'n

Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding Ghoſts I ſpy,
And Hell's black Horrors ſwim before my Eye.
To him *Apollo.* Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thund'rer ſends thee Aid,
Behold! thy *Phœbus* ſhall his Arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious ſtill to thee, and *Troy.*
Inſpire thy Warriors then with manly Force,
And to the Ships impell thy rapid Horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery Courſers way,
And drive the *Grecians* headlong to the Sea.
Thus to bold *Hector* ſpoke the Son of *Jove*,
And breath'd immortal Ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd Steed, with Reins unbound,
Breaks from his Stall, and pours along the Ground;
With ample Strokes he ruſhes to the Flood,
To bathe his Sides and cool his fiery Blood.
His Head now freed, he toſſes to the Skies;
His Mane diſhevel'd o'er his Shoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the Females in the well known Plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his Fields again:

Urg'd

Urg'd by the Voice divine, thus *Hector* flew,
Full of the God; and all his Hoſts purſue.
As when the Force of Men and Dogs combin'd
Invade the Mountain Goat, or branching Hind;
They gain th' impervious Rock, and ſafe retreat
(For *Fate* preſerves them) from the Hunter's Threat.
When lo! a Lyon ſhoots acroſs the way:
They fly; at once the Chaſers and the Prey.
So *Greece*, that late in conq'ring Troops purſu'd,
And mark'd their Progreſs thro' the Ranks in Blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious Chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.
Thoas with Grief obſerv'd his dreadful Courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' *Ætolian* Force:
Skill'd to direct the Javelin's diſtant Flight,
And bold to combate in the ſtanding Fight;
Nor more in Councils fam'd for ſolid Senſe,
Than winning Words and heav'nly Eloquence.
Gods! what Portent (he cry'd) theſe Eyes invades?
Lo! *Hector* riſes from the *Stygian* Shades!

We

We ſaw him, late, by thund'ring *Ajax* kill'd;
What God reſtores him to the frighted Field;
And not content that half of *Greece* lie ſlain,
Pours new Deſtruction on her Sons again?
He comes not, *Jove!* without thy pow'rful Will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues, and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my Counſel, and his worſt withſtand;
The *Greek*'s main Body to the Fleet command;
But let the few whom brisker Spirits warm,
Stand the firſt Onſet, and provoke the Storm:
Thus point your Arms; and when ſuch Foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let *Hector* learn to fear.

The Warrior ſpoke, the liſt'ning *Greeks* obey,
Thick'ning their Ranks, and form a deep Array.
Each *Ajax*, *Teucer*, *Merion*, gave command,
The valiant Leader of the *Cretan* Band,
And *Mars*-like *Meges*: Theſe the Chiefs excite,
Approach the Foe, and meet the coming Fight.
Behind, unnumber'd Multitudes attend,
To flank the Navy, and the Shores defend.

Full on the Front the preſſing *Trojans* bear,
And *Hector* firſt came tow'ring to the War.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing Battel led;
A Veil of Clouds involv'd his radiant Head:
High-held before him, *Jove*'s enormous Shield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the Field,
Vulcan to *Jove* th' immortal Gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter Hoſts, and terrify Mankind.
The *Greeks* expect the Shock; the Clamours riſe
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the Skies.
Dire was the Hiſs of Darts, by Heroes flung,
And Arrows leaping from the Bowſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the Life of gen'rous Warriors ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for Blood in vain.
As long as *Phœbus* bore unmov'd the Shield,
Sate doubtful Conqueſt hov'ring o'er the Field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the Skies,
Shouts in their Ears, and lightens in their Eyes,
Deep Horror ſeizes ev'ry *Grecian* Breaſt,
Their Force is humbled, and their Fear confeſt.

So flies a Herd of Oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No Swain to guard 'em, and no Day to guide,
When two fell Lyons from the Mountain come,
And ſpread the Carnage thro' the ſhady Gloom.
Impending *Phœbus* pours around 'em Fear,
And *Troy* and *Hector* thunder in the Rear.
Heaps fall on Heaps: the Slaughter *Hector* leads;
Firſt great *Arceſilas*, then *Stichius* bleeds;
One to the bold *Bœotians* ever dear,
And one *Meneſtheus'* Friend, and fam'd Compeer.
Medon and *Iäſus*, *Æneas* ſped;
This ſprung from *Phelus*, and th' *Athenians* led;
But hapleſs *Medon* from *Oïleus* came;
Him *Ajax* honour'd with a Brother's Name,
Tho' born of lawleſs Love: From home expell'd,
A baniſh'd Man, in *Phylace* he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the Vengeance of an angry Wife;
Troy ends, at laſt, his Labours and his Life.
Meciſtes next, *Polydamas* o'erthrew;
And thee, brave *Clonius!* great *Agenor* ſlew.

By

By *Paris*, *Deiochus* inglorious dies,
Pierc'd thro' the Shoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' Arm laid *Echius* on the Plain;
Stretch'd on one Heap, the Victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The *Greeks* diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall,
Some ſeek the Trench, ſome skulk behind the Wall,
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for Breath,
And o'er the Slaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
On ruſh'd bold *Hector*, gloomy as the Night,
Forbids to plunder, animates the Fight,
Points to the Fleet: For by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this Hand he dies:
No weeping Siſter his cold Eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly Hand his fun'ral Pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder, in this ſignal Hour,
The Birds ſhall tear him, and the Dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting Scourge refounds;
The Courſers fly; the ſmoaking Chariot bounds:
The Hoſts ruſh on; loud Clamours ſhake the Shore;
The Horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!

Apollo, planted at the Trenche's Bound,
Puſh'd at the Bank: Down ſunk th'enormous Mound:
Roll'd in the Ditch the heapy Ruin lay;
A ſudden Road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread Foſſe (a late-impervious Space)
Now Steeds, and Men, and Cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wond'ring Crowds the downward Level trod;
Before them flam'd the Shield, and march'd the God.
Then with his Hand he ſhook the mighty Wall;
And lo! the Turrets nod, the Bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore an Infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd Houſes in the Sands;
The ſportive Wanton, pleas'd with ſome new Play,
Sweeps the ſlight Works and faſhion'd Domes away.
Thus vaniſh, at thy touch, the Tow'rs and Walls;
The Toil of thouſands in a Moment falls.

The *Grecians* gaze around with wild Deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Pow'rs with Pray'r;
Exhort their Men, with Praiſes, Threats, Commands;
And urge the Gods, with Voices, Eyes, and Hands.

Experienc'd *Neſtor* chief obteſts the Skies,
And weeps his Country with a Father's Eyes.
O *Jove!* if ever, on his native Shore,
One *Greek* enrich'd thy Shrine with offer'd Gore;
If e'er, in hope our Country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt Firſtlings of the Fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our Wiſhes with thy Nod;
Perform the Promiſe of a gracious God!
This Day, preſerve our Navies from the Flame,
And ſave the Reliques of the *Grecian* Name.
Thus pray'd the Sage: Th' Eternal gave conſent,
And Peals of Thunder ſhook the Firmament.
Preſumptuous *Troy* miſtook th' accepting Sign,
And catch'd new Fury at the Voice divine.
As, when black Tempeſts mix the Seas and Skies,
The roaring Deeps in watry Mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall Ship aſcend,
Its Womb they deluge, and its Ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpow'ring all,
Mount the thick *Trojans* up the *Grecian* Wall;

Legions

Legions on Legions from each ſide ariſe;
Thick ſound the Keels; the Storm of Arrows flies.
Fierce on the Ships above, the Cars below,
Theſe wield the Mace, and thoſe the Javelin throw.
While thus the Thunder of the Battel rag'd,
And lab'ring Armies round the Works engag'd;
Still in the Tent *Patroclus* ſate, to tend
The good *Eurypylus*, his wounded Friend.
He ſprinkles healing Balmes, to Anguiſh kind,
And adds Diſcourſe, the Med'cine of the Mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the Fleet,
Victorious *Troy*: Then, ſtarting from his Seat,
With bitter Groans his Sorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his Hands, he beats his manly Breaſt.
Tho' yet thy State require Redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: What Horrors ſtrike my Eyes?
Charg'd with *Achilles'* high Commands I go,
A mournful Witneſs of this Scene of Woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his Country's Care,
To riſe in Arms, and ſhine again in War.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome fav'ring God his Soul may bend;
The Voice is pow'rful of a faithful Friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the Wind
Sprung from the Tent, and left the War behind.
Th' embody'd *Greeks* the fierce Attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, tho' num'rous, to repulſe in vain.
Nor could the *Trojans*, thro' that firm Array,
Force, to the Fleet and Tents, th' impervious way.
As when a Shipwright, with *Palladian* Art,
Smooths the rough Wood, and levels ev'ry Part;
With equal Hand he guides his whole Deſign,
By the juſt Rule, and the directing Line.
The martial Leaders, with like Skill and Care,
Preſerv'd their Line, and equal kept the War.
Brave Deeds of Arms thro' all the Ranks were try'd,
And ev'ry Ship ſuſtain'd an equal Tyde.
At one proud Bark, high-tow'ring o'er the Fleet
Ajax the Great, and Godlike *Hector* meet:
For one bright Prize the matchleſs Chiefs contend;
Nor this the Ships can fire, nor that defend;

One kept the Shore, and one the Veſſel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The Son of *Clytius*, in his daring Hand,
The Deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming Brand;
But pierc'd by *Telamon*'s huge Lance expires;
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd Fires.
Great *Hector* view'd him with a ſad Survey,
As ſtretch'd in Duſt before the Stern he lay.
Oh! all of *Trojan*, all of *Lycian* Race!
Stand to your Arms, maintain this arduous Space!
Lo! where the Son of Royal *Clytius* lies,
Ah ſave his Arms, ſecure his Obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager Javelin ſought the Foe:
But *Ajax* ſhunn'd the meditated Blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful Lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in Duſt unhappy *Lycophron*:
An Exile long, ſuſtain'd at *Ajax*' Board,
A faithful Servant to a foreign Lord;
In Peace, in War, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd Maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.

From

From the high Poop he tumbles on the Sand,
And lies, a lifeleſs Load, along the Land.
With Anguiſh *Ajax* views the piercing Sight,
And thus inflames his Brother to the Fight.
Teucer, behold! extended on the Shore
Our Friend, our lov'd Companion! now no more!
Dear as a Parent, with a Parent's Care,
To fight our Wars, he left his native Air.
This Death deplor'd to *Hector's* Rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel Foe.
Where are thoſe Darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the Bow, which *Phœbus* taught to bend?
Impatient *Teucer*, haſtening to his Aid,
Before the Chief his ample Bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd Quiver on his Shoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his Arrow, and the Bowſtring ſung.
Clytus, *Piſenor's* Son, renown'd in Fame,
(To thee, *Polydamas*! an honour'd Name)
Drove thro' the thickeſt of th' embattel'd Plains
The ſtartling Steeds, and ſhook his eager Reins.

As all on Glory ran his ardent Mind,
The pointed Death arreſts him from behind:
Thro' his fair Neck the thrilling Arrow flies;
In Youth's firſt Bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty Seat, at diſtance far,
The headlong Courſers ſpurn his empty Car;
Till ſad *Polydamas* the Steeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, *Aſtynous*, to thy careful Hand;
Then, fir'd to Vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the Foe;
Rage edg'd his Sword, and ſtrengthen'd ev'ry Blow.
Once more bold *Teucer*, in his Country's Cauſe,
At *Hector*'s Breaſt a choſen Arrow draws;
And had the Weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy Fall, great *Trojan!* had renown'd that Day.
But *Hector* was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer of the Fates of Men,
(Imperial *Jove*) his preſent Death withſtands;
Nor was ſuch Glory due to *Teucer*'s Hands.
At his full Stretch, as the tough String he drew,
Struck by an Arm unſeen, it burſt in two;

Down

Down drop'd the Bow: the Shaft with brazen Head
Fell innocent, and on the Duſt, lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Archer to great *Ajax* cries;
Some God prevents our deſtin'd Enterprize:
Some God, propitious to the *Trojan* Foe,
Has, from my Arm unfailing, ſtruck the Bow,
And broke the Nerve my Hands had twin'd with Art,
Strong to impell the Flight of many a Dart.
Since Heav'n commands it (*Ajax* made reply)
Diſmiſs the Bow, and lay thy Arrows by;
Thy Arms no leſs ſuffice the Lance to wield,
And quit the Quiver for the pond'rous Shield.
In the firſt Ranks indulge thy Thirſt of Fame,
Thy brave Example ſhall the reſt enflame.
Fierce as they are, by long Succeſſes vain;
To force our Fleet, or ev'n a Ship to gain,
Asks Toil, and Sweat, and Blood: Their utmoſt Might
Shall find its Match---No more: 'Tis ours to fight.
Then *Teucer* laid his faithleſs Bow aſide;
The fourfold Buckler o'er his Shoulder ty'd;

On his brave Head a crested Helm he plac'd,
With nodding Horſehair formidably grac'd;
A Dart, whoſe Point with Braſs refulgent ſhines,
The Warrior wields; and his great Brother joins.
This *Hector* ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his Joy.
Ye Troops of *Lycia*, *Dardanus*, and *Troy*!
Be mindful of your ſelves, your ancient Fame,
And ſpread your Glory with the Navy's Flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his Hand, but now,
From the proud Archer ſtrike his vaunted Bow.
Indulgent *Jove*! how plain thy Favours ſhine,
When happy Nations bear the Marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking State
Of Realms accurs'd, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the Fate of *Greece*, and ſuch is ours:
Behold, ye Warriors, and exert your Pow'rs.
Death is the worſt; a Fate which all muſt try;
And, for our Country, 'tis a Bliſs to die.
The gallant Man, tho' ſlain in Fight he be,
Yet leaves his Nation ſafe, his Children free;

Entails

Entails a Debt on all the grateful State;
His own brave Friends ſhall glory in his Fate;
His Wife live honour'd, all his Race ſucceed;
And late Poſterity enjoy the Deed!

This rouz'd the Soul in ev'ry *Trojan* Breaſt:
The godlike *Ajax* next his *Greeks* addreſt.
How long, ye Warriors of the *Argive* Race,
(To gen'rous *Argos* what a dire Diſgrace!)
How long, on theſe curs'd Confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What Hopes remain, what Methods to retire,
If once your Veſſels catch the *Trojan* Fire?
Mark how the Flames approach, how near they fall,
How *Hector* calls, and *Troy* obeys his Call!
Not to the Dance that dreadful Voice invites,
It calls to Death, and all the Rage of Fights.
'Tis now no time for Wiſdom or Debates;
To your own Hands are truſted all your Fates:
And better far, in one deciſive Strife,
One Day ſhould end our Labour, or our Life;

Than

Than keep this hard-got Inch of barren Sands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious Hands.
The liſt'ning *Grecians* feel their Leader's Flame,
And ev'ry kindling Boſom pants for Fame.
Then mutual Slaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By *Hector* here the *Phocian Schedius* dy'd;
There pierc'd by *Ajax*, ſunk *Laodamas*,
Chief of the Foot, of old *Antenor*'s Race.
Polydamas laid *Otus* on the Sand,
The fierce Commander of th' *Epeian* Band.
His Lance bold *Meges* at the Victor threw;
The Victor ſtooping, from the Death withdrew:
(That valu'd Life, O *Phœbus!* was thy Care)
But *Crœſmus*' Boſom took the flying Spear;
His Corps fell bleeding on the ſlipp'ry Shore;
His radiant Arms triumphant *Meges* bore.
Dolops, the Son of *Lampus* ruſhes on,
Sprung from the Race of old *Laomedon*,
And fam'd for Proweſs in a well-fought Field;
He pierc'd the Centre of his ſounding Shield:

But

But *Meges*, *Phyleus'* ample Breaſtplate wore,
(Well known in Fight on *Selles'* winding Shore,
For King *Euphetes* gave the golden Mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed Scale)
Which oft, in Cities ſtorm'd, and Battels won,
Had ſav'd the Father, and now ſaves the Son.
Full at the *Trojan*'s Head he urg'd his Lance,
Where the high Plumes above the Helmet dance,
New-ting'd with *Tyrian* Dye: In Duſt below,
Shorn from the Creſt, the purple Honours glow.
Meantime their Fight the *Spartan* King ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by *Meges'* ſide, a ſudden Aid,
Thro' *Dolops'* Shoulder urg'd his forceful Dart,
Which held its Paſſage thro' the panting Heart,
And iſſu'd at his Breaſt. With thund'ring Sound
The Warrior falls, extended on the Ground.
In ruſh the conqu'ring *Greeks* to ſpoil the ſlain;
But *Hector*'s Voice excites his kindred Train;
The Hero moſt, from *Hicetaon* ſprung,
Fierce *Melanippus*, gallant, brave, and young.

He

He (e'er to *Troy* the *Grecians* croſs'd the Main)
Fed his large Oxen on *Percote*'s Plain;
But when oppreſs'd, his Country claim'd his Care,
Return'd to *Ilion*, and excell'd in War:
For this, in *Priam*'s Court he held his Place,
Belov'd no leſs than *Priam*'s Royal Race.
Him *Hector* ſingled, as his Troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the Dead.
Lo *Melanippus!* lo where *Dolops* lies;
And is it thus our Royal Kinſman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a Prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody Arms away!
Come on---a diſtant War no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy Country's Foes engage:
Till *Greece* at once, and all her Glory end;
Or *Ilion* from her tow'ry Height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt Stone; and bury All,
In one ſad Sepulchre, one common Fall.
Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the Foes:
With equal Ardour *Melanippus* glows:

Then

Then *Ajax* thus---Oh *Greeks!* reſpect your Fame,
Reſpect your ſelves, and learn an honeſt Shame:
Let mutual Reverence mutual Warmth inſpire,
And catch from Breaſt to Breaſt the noble Fire.
On Valour's ſide the odds of Combate lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The Wretch that trembles in the Field of Fame,
Meets Death, and worſe than Death, eternal Shame.
His gen'rous Senſe he not in vain imparts;
It ſunk, and rooted in the *Grecian* Hearts.
They join, they throng, they thicken at his Call,
And flank the Navy with a brazen Wall;
Shields touching Shields in order blaze above,
And ſtop the *Trojans*, tho' impell'd by *Jove*.
The fiery *Spartan* firſt, with loud Applauſe,
Warms the bold Son of *Neſtor* in his Cauſe.
Is there (he ſaid) in Arms a Youth like you,
So ſtrong to fight, ſo active to purſue?
Why ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a Deed?
Lift the bold Lance, and make ſome *Trojan* bleed.

He ſaid, and backward to the Lines retir'd;
Forth ruſh'd the Youth, with martial Fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremoſt Ranks; his Lance he threw,
And round the black Battalions caſt his View.
The Troops of *Troy* recede with ſudden Fear,
While the ſwift Javelin hiſs'd along in Air.
Advancing *Menalippus* met the Dart
With his bold Breaſt, and felt it in his Heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling Arms reſound,
And his broad Buckler rings againſt the Ground.
The Victor leaps upon his proſtrate Prize;
Thus on a Roe the well-breath'd Beagle flies,
And rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the Dart
The diſtant Hunter ſent into his Heart.
Obſerving *Hector* to the Reſcue flew;
Bold as he was, *Antilochus* withdrew:
So when a Savage, ranging o'er the Plain,
Has torn the Shepherd's Dog, or Shepherd Swain;
While conſcious of the Deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring Multitude reſound,

Timely

Timely he flies the yet-untaſted Food,
And gains the friendly Shelter of the Wood.
So fears the Youth; all *Troy* with Shouts purſue,
While Stones and Darts in mingled Tempeſt flew;
But enter'd in the *Grecian* Ranks, he turns
His manly Breaſt, and with new Fury burns.

Now on the Fleet the Tydes of *Trojans* drove,
Fierce to fulfill the ſtern Decrees of *Jove*:
The Sire of Gods, confirming *Thetis'* Pray'r,
The *Grecian* Ardour quench'd in deep Deſpair;
But lifts to Glory *Troy*'s prevailing Bands,
Swells all their Hearts, and ſtrengthens all their Hands.
On *Ida*'s Top he waits with longing Eyes,
To view the Navy blazing to the Skies;
Then, nor till then, the Scale of War ſhall turn,
The *Trojans* fly, and conquer'd *Ilion* burn.
Theſe Fates revolv'd in his almighty Mind,
He raiſes *Hector* to the Work deſign'd,
Bids him with more than mortal Fury glow,
And drives him, like a Light'ning, on the Foe.

So *Mars*, when human Crimes for Vengeance call,
Shakes his huge Javelin, and whole Armies fall.
Not with more Rage a Conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt Mountains, and involves the Poles.
He foames with Wrath; beneath his gloomy Brow
Like fiery Meteors his red Eyeballs glow:
The radiant Helmet on his Temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For *Jove* his Splendour round the Chief had thrown,
And caſt the Blaze of both the Hoſts on one.
Unhappy Glories! for his Fate was near,
Due to ſtern *Pallas*, and *Pelides'* Spear:
Yet *Jove* deferr'd the Death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the Honours of a Day!
Now all on fire for Fame; his Breaſt, his Eyes
Burn at each Foe, and ſingle ev'ry Prize;
Still at the cloſeſt Ranks, the thickeſt Fight,
He points his Ardour, and exerts his Might.
The *Grecian* Phalanx moveleſs as a Tow'r,
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his Pow'r:

So

So ſome tall Rock o'erhangs the hoary Main,
By Winds aſſail'd, by Billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the Tempeſt blow,
And ſees the watry Mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding Flames, he ſeems to fall
Like Fire from *Jove*, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a Wave, that from the Clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with Tempeſts on the Ship deſcends;
White are the Decks with Foam; the Winds aloud
Howl o'er the Maſts, and ſing thro' ev'ry Shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the Sailors freeze with Fears;
And inſtant Death on ev'ry Wave appears.
So pale the *Greeks* the Eyes of *Hector* meet,
The Chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the Fleet.
As when a Lion, ruſhing from his Den,
Amidſt the Plain of ſome wide-water'd Fen,
(Where num'rous Oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker Mead;)
Leaps on the Herds before the Herdſman's Eyes;
The trembling Herdſman far to diſtance flies:

Some

Some lordly Bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the Rage of *Jove*-like *Hector*, flew
All *Greece* in Heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew.
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty Name,
In Wiſdom great, in Arms well known to Fame:
The Miniſter of ſtern *Euriſtheus*' Ire
Againſt *Alcides*, *Copreus*, was his Sire:
The Son redeem'd the Honours of the Race;
A Son as gen'rous as his Sire was baſe;
O'er all his Country's Youth conſpicuous far,
In ev'ry Virtue, or of Peace or War:
But doom'd to *Hector*'s ſtronger Force to yield!
Againſt the Margin of his ample Shield
He ſtruck his haſty Foot: his Heels up-ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen Helmet rung.
On the fall'n Chief th' invading *Trojan* preſt,
And plung'd the pointed Javelin in his Breaſt.
His circling Friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy Hero; fled, or ſhar'd his Fate.

Chas'd

Chas'd from the foremoſt Line, the *Grecian* Train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the Main:
Wedg'd in one Body at the Tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with Sterns, a gloomy, deſp'rate Band.
Now manly Shame forbids th' inglorious Flight;
Now Fear itſelf confines them to the Fight:
Man Courage breathes in Man; but *Neſtor* moſt
(The ſage Preſerver of the *Grecian* Hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt Shores;
And by their Parents, by themſelves, implores.
O Friends! be Men: your gen'rous Breaſts inflame
With mutual Honour, and with mutual Shame!
Think of your Hopes, your Fortunes; all the Care
Your Wives, your Infants, and your Parents ſhare:
Think of each living Father's rev'rend Head;
Think of each Anceſtor with Glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They ask their Safety and their Fame from you:
The Gods their Fates on this one Action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the Day.

He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic Fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the Sage inſpires.
The Miſt of Darkneſs *Jove* around them threw,
She clear'd, reſtoring all the War to view;
A ſudden Ray ſhot beaming o'er the Plain,
And ſhew'd the Shores, the Navy, and the Main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The Scene wide-opening to the Blaze of Light.
Firſt of the Field, great *Ajax* ſtrikes their Eyes,
His Port majeſtick, and his ample Size:
A pond'rous Mace, with Studs of Iron crown'd,
Full twenty Cubits long, he ſwings around:
Nor fights like others, fix'd to certain Stands,
But looks a moving Tow'r above the Bands;
High on the Decks, with vaſt gigantic Stride,
The godlike Hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a Horſeman from the watry Mead
(Skill'd in the Manage of the bounding Steed)
Drives four fair Courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great City thro' the publick way;

Safe

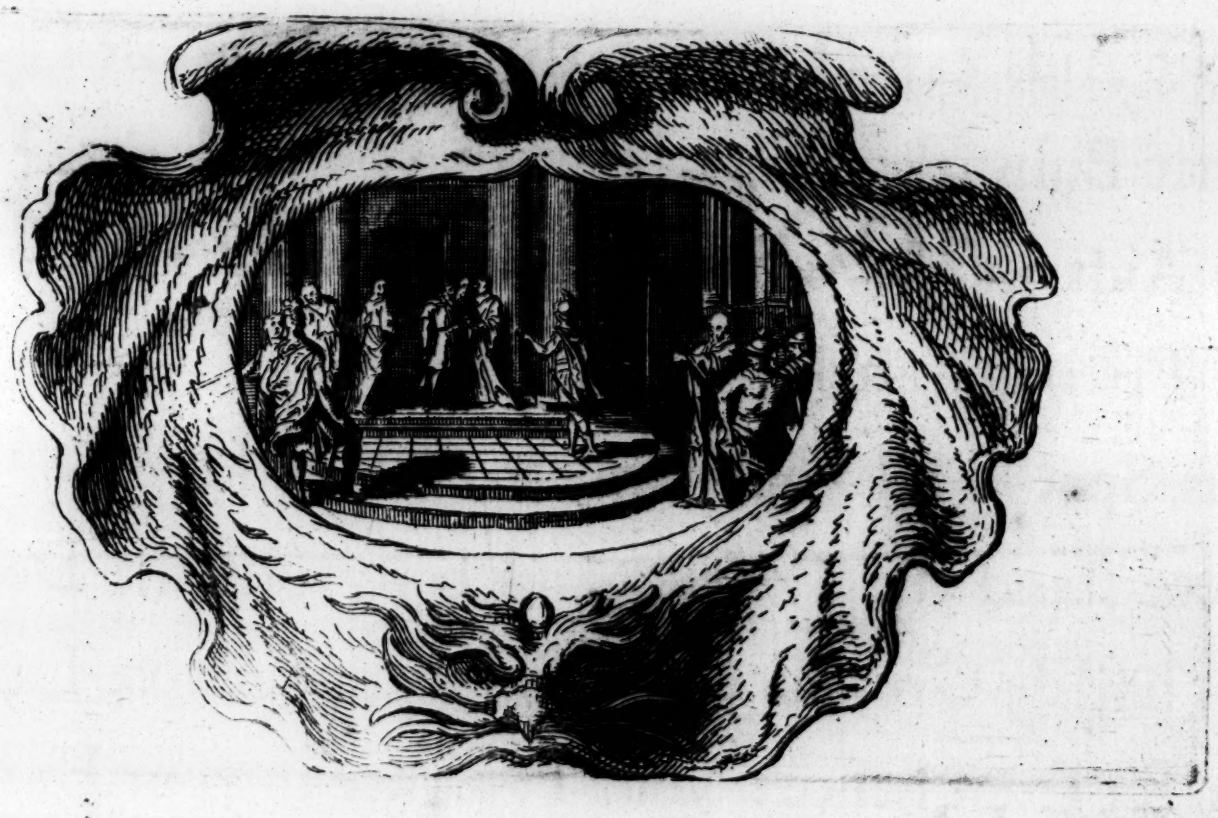
Safe in his Art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his Seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring Numbers follow with their Eyes.
From Ship to Ship thus *Ajax* ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the Wonder of the warring Crew.
As furious, *Hector* thunder'd Threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the *Trojan* Croud:
Then ſwift invades the Ships, whoſe beaky Prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending Shores.
So the ſtrong Eagle from his airy Height
Who marks the Swan's or Crane's embody'd Flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for Food,
And ſtooping, darkens with his Wings the Flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty Hand,
And breathes fierce Spirits in his following Band.
The warring Nations meet, the Battel roars,
Thick beats the Combate on the ſounding Prores.
Thou wouldſt have thought, ſo furious was their Fire,
No Force could tame them, and no Toil could tire;

As if new Vigour from new Fights they won,
And the long Battel was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the War,
Secure of Death, confiding in Deſpair;
Troy in proud Hopes already view'd the Main
Bright with the Blaze, and red with Heroes ſlain:
Like Strength is felt, from Hope, and from Deſpair,
And each contends, as his were all the War.
'Twas thou, bold *Hector!* whoſe reſiſtleſs Hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a Ship on that conteſted Strand;
The ſame which dead *Proteſilaus* bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy *Trojan* Shore:
For this in Arms the warring Nations ſtood,
And bath'd their gen'rous Breaſts with mutual Blood.
No room to poize the Lance, or bend the Bow;
But hand to hand, and Man to Man they grow.
Wounded, they wound; and ſeek each others Hearts
With Faulchions, Axes, Swords, and ſhorten'd Darts.
The Faulchions ring, Shields rattle, Axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in Air, or glitter on the Ground;

With ſtreaming Blood the ſlipp'ry Shores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd Heroes ſwell the dreadful Tyde.
Still raging *Hector* with his ample Hand
Graſps the high Stern, and gives this loud Command.
Haſte, bring the Flames! the Toil of ten long Years
Is finiſh'd; and the Day deſir'd appears!
This happy Day with Acclamations greet,
Bright with Deſtruction of yon' hoſtile Fleet.
The Coward-Counſels of a tim'rous Throng
Of rev'rend Dotards, check'd our Glory long:
Too long *Jove* lull'd us with lethargic Charms,
But now in Peals of Thunder calls to Arms;
In this great Day he crowns our full Deſires,
Wakes all our Force, and ſeconds all our Fires.
He ſpoke---The Warriors, at his fierce Command,
Pour a new Deluge on the *Grecian* Band.
Ev'n *Ajax* paus'd (ſo thick the Javelins fly)
Step'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the Oars are plac'd, he ſtands to wait
What Chief approaching dares attempt his Fate;

Ev'n to the laſt, his Naval Charge defends,
Now ſhakes his Spear, now lifts, and now protends,
Ev'n yet, the *Greeks* with piercing Shouts inſpires,
Amidſt Attacks, and Deaths, and Darts, and Fires.
O Friends! O Heroes! Names for ever dear,
Once Sons of *Mars*, and Thunderbolts of War!
Ah yet be mindful of your old Renown,
Your great Forefathers Virtues, and your own.
What Aids expect you in this utmoſt Strait?
What Bulwarks riſing between you and Fate?
No Aids, no Bulwarks your Retreat attend,
No Friends to help, no City to defend.
This Spot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the *Trojans*, and here rolls the Deep.
'Tis hoſtile Ground you tread; your native Lands
Far, far from hence: your Fates are in your Hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his Breath,
But turns his Javelin to the Work of Death.
Whate'er bold *Trojan* arm'd his daring Hands
Againſt the ſable Ships with flaming Brands,

So well the Chief his Naval Weapon ſped,
The luckleſs Warrior at his Stern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a Moment fell,
Sent by great *Ajax* to the Shades of Hell.



OBSER-

OBJECT

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Fifteenth Book.

BRITISH MUSEUM

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK.

I.



ADAM, in *Paradiſe loſt*, awakes from the Embrace of *Eve*, in much the ſame Humour with *Jupiter* in this Place. Their Circumſtance is very parallel; and each of 'em, as ſoon as his Paſſion is over, full of that Reſentment natural to a Superior, who is impoſed upon by one of leſs Worth and Senſe than himſelf, and impoſed upon in the worſt manner by Shews of Tenderneſs and Love.

II.

VERSE 23. *Haſt thou forgot*, &c.] It is in the Original to this Effect. *Have you forgot how you ſwung in the Air when I hung a Load of two Anvils at your Feet, and a Chain of Gold on your Hands?* "Tho' it is not my Deſign, ſays M. *Dacier*,

" to give a Reaſon for every Story in the Pagan Theology,
" yet I can't prevail upon my ſelf to paſs over this in Silence.
" The phyſical Allegory ſeems very apparent to me: *Ho-*
" *mer* myſteriouſly in this Place explains the Nature of the
" Air, which is *Juno*; the two Anvils which ſhe had at her
" Feet are the two Elements, Earth and Water; and the
" Chains of Gold about her Hands are the *Æther*, or Fire,
" which fills the ſuperior Region: The two groſſer Elements
" are called Anvils, to ſhew us, that in theſe two Elements
" only, Arts are exercis'd. I don't know but that a moral
" Allegory may here be found, as well as a phyſical one;
" the Poet by theſe Maſſes tied to the Feet of *Juno*, and by
" the Chain of Gold with which her Hands were bound,
" might ſignify, that on one ſide domeſtick Affairs ſhould
" like Fetters detain the wiſe at home; and on the other,
" that proper and beautiful Works like Chains of Gold ought
" to employ her Hands."

The phyſical part of this Note belongs to *Heraclides Ponticus*, *Euſtathius*, and the Scholiaſt: M. *Dacier* might have been contented with the Credit of the moral one, as it ſeems an Obſervation no leſs ſingular in a Lady.

III.

VERSE 23.] *Euſtathius* tells us, that there were in ſome Manuſcripts of *Homer* two Verſes which are not to be found in any of the printed Editions, (which *Hen. Stephens* places here.)

Πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ σ' ἀπέλυσα ποδῶν, μύδρους δ' ἐνὶ Τροίῃ
Κάββαλον ὄφρα πέλοιο κῇ ἐσσομένοισι πυθέσθαι.

By theſe two Verſes *Homer* ſhews us, that what he ſays of the Puniſhment of *Juno* was not an Invention of his own, but founded upon an ancient Tradition. There had probably been

been ſome Statue of *Juno* with Anvils at her Feet, and Chains on her Hands; and nothing but Chains and Anvils being left by Time, ſuperſtitious People rais'd this Story; ſo that *Homer* only follow'd common Report. What farther confirms it, is what *Euſtathius* adds, that there were ſhewn near *Troy* certain Ruins, which were ſaid to be the Remains of theſe Maſſes. *Dacier.*

IV.

VERSE 43. *And thy black Waves, tremendous* Styx!] The Epithet *Homer* here gives to *Styx* is καλειβόμενον, *ſubterlabens*, which I take to refer to its Paſſage thro' the infernal Regions. But there is a Refinement upon it, as if it ſignify'd *ex alto ſtillans*, falling drop by drop from on high. *Herodotus* in his ſixth Book, writes thus. " The *Arcadians* ſay, that " near the City *Nonacris* flows the Water of *Styx*, and " that it is a ſmall Rill, which diſtilling from an exceed- " ing high Rock, falls into a little Cavity or Baſon, envi- " ron'd with a Hedge." *Pauſanias*, who had ſeen the Place, gives Light to this Paſſage of *Herodotus*. " Going from " *Phereus*, ſays he, in the Country of the *Arcadians*, and " drawing towards the Weſt, we find on the left the City " *Clytorus*, and on the right that of *Nonacris*, and the Foun- " tain of *Styx*, which from the Height of a ſhaggy Preci- " piece falls drop by drop upon an exceeding high Rock, " and before it has travers'd this Rock, flows into the River " *Crathis*; this Water is mortal both to Man and Beaſt, " and therefore it is ſaid to be an infernal Fountain. *Ho-* " *mer* gives it a Place in his Poems, and by the Deſcription " which he delivers, one would think he had ſeen it." This ſhews the wonderful Exactneſs of *Homer* in the Deſcription of Places which he mentions. The Gods ſwore by *Styx*, and this was the ſtrongeſt Oath they could take; but we likewiſe find that Men too ſwore by this fatal Water: for

Herodotus tells us, that *Cleomenes* going to *Arcadia* to engage the *Arcadians* to follow him in a War againſt *Sparta*, had a deſign to aſſemble at the City *Nonacris*, and make them ſwear by the Water of this Fountain. *Dacier.. Euſtath.* in *Odyſſ.*

V.

VERSE 47. *Not by my Arts*, &c.] This Apology is well contriv'd; *Juno* could not ſwear that ſhe had not deceiv'd *Jupiter*, for this had been entirely falſe, and *Homer* would be far from authorizing Perjury by ſo great an Example. *Juno*, we ſee, throws part of the Fault on *Neptune*, by ſhewing ſhe had not acted in concert with him. *Euſtathius.*

VI.

VERSE 67. Greece *chas'd by* Troy, &c.] In this Diſcourſe of *Jupiter* the Poet opens his Deſign, by giving his Readers a Sketch of the principal Events he is to expect. As this Conduct of *Homer* may to many appear no way artful, and ſince it is a principal Article of the Charge brought againſt him by ſome late *French* Criticks, it will not be improper here to look a little into this Diſpute. The Caſe will be beſt ſtated by tranſlating the following Paſſage from Mr. *de la Motte's Reflections ſur la Critique.*

" I could not forbear wiſhing that *Homer* had an Art,
" which he ſeems to have neglected, that of preparing
" Events without making them known beforehand, ſo that
" when they happen one might be ſurprized agreeably. I
" could not be quite ſatisfied to hear *Jupiter*, in the middle
" of the Iliad, give an exact Abridgment of the Remainder
" of the Action. Mad. *Dacier* alledges as an Excuſe, that
" this paſt only between *Jupiter* and *Juno*; as if the Reader

" was

" was not let into the Secret, and had not as much ſhare in
" the Confidence.

She adds, " that as we are capable of a great deal of Plea-
" ſure at the Repreſentation of a Tragedy which we have
" ſeen before, ſo the Surprizes which I require are no way
" neceſſary to our Entertainment. This I think a pure Piece
" of Sophiſtry: One may have two ſorts of Pleaſure at the
" Repreſentation of a Tragedy; in the firſt place, that of
" taking part in an Action of Importance the firſt time it
" paſſes before our Eyes, of being agitated by Fear and Hope
" for the Perſons one is moſt concern'd about, and in fine,
" of partaking their Felicity or Misfortune, as they happen
" to ſucceed, or be diſappointed.

" This therefore is the firſt Pleaſure which the Poet ſhould
" deſign to give his Auditors, to tranſport them by pathetic
" Surprizes which excite Terror or Pity. The ſecond Plea-
" ſure muſt proceed from a View of that Art which the Au-
" thor has ſhewn in raiſing the former.

" 'Tis true, when we have ſeen a Piece already, we have
" no longer that firſt Pleaſure of the Surprize, at leaſt not
" in all its Vivacity; but there ſtill remains the ſecond, which
" could never have its turn, had not the Poet labour'd ſuc-
" ceſsfully to excite the firſt, it being upon that indiſpenſable
" Obligation that we judge of his Art.

" The Art therefore conſiſts in telling the Hearer only
" what is neceſſary to be told him, and in telling him only
" as much as is requiſite to the Deſign of pleaſing him. And
" altho' we know this already when we read it a ſecond time,
" we yet taſte the Pleaſure of that Order and Conduct which
" the Art required.

" From hence it follows, that every Poem ought to be
" contrived for the firſt Impreſſion it is to make. If it be
" otherwiſe, it gives us (inſtead of two Pleaſures which we
" expected) two ſorts of Diſguſts; the one, that of being
" cool and untouch'd when we ſhould be mov'd and tranſ-
" ported;

" ported; the other, that of perceiving the Defect which " caus'd that Diſguſt.

" This, in one word, is what I have found in the Iliad. " I was not intereſted or touch'd by the Adventures, and I " ſaw it was this cooling Preparation that prevented my " being ſo."

It appears clearly that M. *Dacier*'s Defence no way excuſes the Poet's Conduct; wherefore I ſhall add two or three Conſiderations which may chance to ſet it in a better Light. It muſt be own'd that a Surprize artfully managed, which ariſes from unexpected Revolutions of great Actions, affects the Mind with a peculiar Delight: In this conſiſts the principal Pleaſure of a Romance and well writ Tragedy. But beſides this, there is in the Relation of great Events a different kind of Pleaſure which ariſes from the artful unravelling a Knot of Actions, which we knew before in the groſs. This is a Delight peculiar to Hiſtory and Epic Poetry, which is founded on Hiſtory. In theſe kinds of writing, a preceding ſummary Knowledge of the Events deſcribed, does no way damp our Curioſity, but rather makes it more eager for the Detail. This is evident in a good Hiſtory, where generally the Reader is affected with a greater Delight, in proportion to his preceding Knowledge of the Facts deſcribed: The Pleaſure in this caſe is like that of an Architect firſt viewing ſome magnificent Building, who was before well acquainted with the Proportions of it. In an Epic Poem the caſe is of a like Nature; where, as if the hiſtorical Fore-knowledge were not ſufficient, the moſt judicious Poets never fail to excite their Reader's Curioſity by ſome ſmall Sketches of their Deſign; which like the Outlines of a fine Picture, will neceſſarily raiſe in us a greater deſire to ſee it in its finiſh'd Colouring.

Had our Author been inclined to follow the Method of managing our Paſſions by Surprizes, he could not well have ſucceeded by this manner in the Subject he choſe to write upon,

upon, which being a Story of great Importance, the principal Events of which were well known to the *Greeks*, it was not poſſible for him to alter the Ground-work of his Piece; and probably he was willing to mark by theſe Recapitulations how much of his Story was founded on hiſtorical Truths, and that what is ſuperadded were the poetical Ornaments.

There is another Conſideration worth remembring on this Head, to juſtify our Author's Conduct. It ſeems to have been an Opinion in theſe early times, deeply rooted in moſt Countries and Religions, that the Actions of Men were not only foreknown, but predeſtinated by a ſuperior Being. This Sentiment is very frequent in the moſt ancient Writers both ſacred and prophane, and ſeems a diſtinguiſhing Character of the Writings of the greateſt Antiquity. *The Word of the Lord was fulfill'd*, is the principal Obſervation in the Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, and Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βυλή is the declared and moſt obvious Moral of the Iliad. If this great Moral be fit to be repreſented in Poetry, what Means ſo proper to make it evident, as this introducing *Jupiter* foretelling the Events which he had decreed?

VII.

VERSE 86. *As ſome way-faring Man*, &c.] The Diſcourſe of *Jupiter* to *Juno* being ended, ſhe aſcends to Heaven with wonderful Celerity, which the Poet explains by this Compariſon. On other Occaſions he has illuſtrated the Action of the Mind by ſenſible Images from the Motion of the Bodies; here he inverts the Caſe, and ſhews the great Velocity of *Juno*'s Flight by comparing it to the Quickneſs of Thought. No other Compariſon could have equall'd the Speed of an heavenly Being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the Poet deſcribes a Traveller who revolves in his Mind the ſeveral Places which he has ſeen, and in an Inſtant

paſſes

paſſes in Imagination from one diſtant Part of the Earth to another. *Milton* ſeems to have had it in his Eye in that elevated Paſſage,

——The Speed of Gods
Time counts not, tho' with ſwifteſt Minutes wing'd.

As the Senſe in which we have explain'd this Paſſage is exactly literal, as well as truly ſublime, one cannot but wonder what ſhould induce both *Hobbes* and *Chapman* to ramble ſo wide from it in their Tranſlations.

This ſaid, went Juno *to* Olympus *high.*
As when a Man looks o'er an ample Plain,
To any diſtance quickly goes his Eye:
So ſwiftly Juno *went with little Pain.*

Chapman's is yet more foreign to the Subject,

But as the Mind of ſuch a Man, that hath a great way gone,
And either knowing not his way, or then would let alone
His purpos'd Journey; is diſtract, and in his vexed Mind
Reſolves now not to go, now goes, ſtill many ways inclin'd——

VIII.

VERSE 102. *Go thou, the Feaſts of Heav'n attend thy Call.*] This is a Paſſage worthy our Obſervation: *Homer* feigns, that *Themis*, that is Juſtice, preſides over the Feaſts of the Gods; to let us know, that ſhe ought much more to preſide over the Feaſts of Men. *Euſtathius.*

IX.

IX.

VERSE 114. Juno's *Speech to the Gods.*] It was no ſort of Exaggeration what the Ancients have affirm'd of *Homer*, that the Examples of all kinds of Oratory are to be found in his Works. The preſent Speech of *Juno* is a Maſterpiece in that ſort, which ſeems to ſay one thing, and perſuades another: For while ſhe is only declaring to the Gods the Orders of *Jupiter*, at the time that ſhe tells 'em they muſt obey, ſhe fills them with a Reluctance to do it. By repreſenting ſo ſtrongly the Superiority of his Power, ſhe makes them uneaſy at it, and by particularly adviſing that God to ſubmit, whoſe Temper could leaſt brook it, ſhe incites him to downright Rebellion. Nothing can be more ſly and artfully provoking, than that Stroke on the Death of his darling Son. *Do thou, O* Mars, *teach Obedience to us all, for 'tis upon thee that* Jupiter *has put the ſevereſt Trial:* Aſcalaphus *thy Son lies ſlain by his means: Bear it with ſo much Temper and Moderation, that the World may not think he was thy Son.*

X.

VERSE 134. *To* Fear *and* Flight.—] *Homer* does not ſay, that *Mars* commanded they ſhould join his Horſes to his Chariot, which Horſes were call'd *Fear* and *Flight*. *Fear* and *Flight* are not the Names of the Horſes of *Mars*, but the Names of two Furies in the Service of this God: It appears likewiſe by other Paſſages, that they were his Children, Book 13. V. 299. This is a very ancient Miſtake; *Euſtathius* mentions it as an Error of *Antimachus*, yet *Hobbes* and moſt others have fallen into it.

XI.

VERSE 164. *Go wait the Thund'rer's Will.*] 'Tis remarkable, that whereas it is familiar with the Poet to repeat his Errands and Meſſages, here he introduces *Juno* with very few Words, where ſhe carries a Diſpatch from *Jupiter* to *Iris* and *Apollo*. She only ſays, "*Jove* commands you to attend him "on Mount *Ida*," and adds nothing of what had paſs'd between herſelf and her Conſort before. The reaſon of this Brevity is not only that ſhe is highly diſguſted with *Jupiter*, and ſo unwilling to tell her Tale from the Anguiſh of her Heart; but alſo becauſe *Jupiter* had given her no Commiſſion to relate fully the Subject of their Diſcourſe; wherefore ſhe is cautious of declaring what poſſibly he would have concealed. Neither does *Jupiter* himſelf in what follows reveal his Decrees: For he lets *Apollo* only ſo far into his Will, that he would have him diſcover and rout the *Greeks:* Their good Fortune, and the Succeſs which was to enſue, he hides from him, as one who favour'd the Cauſe of *Troy*. One may remark in this Paſſage *Homer*'s various Conduct and Diſcretion concerning what ought to be put in Practice, or left undone; whereby his Reader may be inform'd how to regulate his own Affairs. *Euſtathius.*

XII.

VERSE 210. *Three Brother Deities, from* Saturn *came,*
And ancient Rhea, *Earth's immortal Dame:*
Aſſign'd by Lot, our Triple Rule we know, &c.

Some have thought the *Platonic* Philoſophers drew from hence the Notion of their *Triad* (which the Chriſtian *Platoniſts* ſince imagined to be an obſcure Hint of the *Sacred Trinity.*) The *Trias* of *Plato* is well known, τὸ αὐτὸ ὂν, ὁ νῶς ὁ δημιουργὸς, ἡ τοῦ κόσμου ψυχή.

ψυχή. In his *Gorgias* he tells us, τὸν Ὅμηρον *(autorem ſc. fuiſſe)* τῆς τῶν ὀημιυργικῶν Τριαδικῆς ὑποςάσεως. See *Proclus in Plat. Theol. lib.* 1. *c.* 5. *Lucian Philopatr. Ariſtotle de cœlo, l.* 1. *c.* 1. ſpeaking of the *Ternarian* Number from *Pythagoras*, has theſe Words; Τὰ τρία πάντα, καὶ τὸ τρὶς πάντη. Καὶ πρὸς τὰς ἀριτείας τῶν θεῶν χρώμεθα τῷ ἀριθμῷ τύτῳ. Καθάπερ γάρ φασιν καὶ οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι, τὸ πᾶν καὶ τὰ πάντα τοῖς τρισὶν ὥρισαι. Τελευτὴ γὰρ καὶ μέσον καὶ ἀρχὴ τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἔχει τὸν τῦ παντός· ταῦτα δὲ τὸν τῆς τριάδος. From which Paſſage *Trapezuntius* endeavour'd very ſeriouſly to prove, that *Ariſtotle* had a perfect Knowledge of the *Trinity*. *Duport* (who furniſh'd me with this Note, and who ſeems to be ſenſible of the Folly of *Trapezuntius)* nevertheleſs in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, or Compariſon of our Author's Sentences with thoſe of the Scripture, has placed oppoſite to this Verſe that of St. *John*. *There are three who give Teſtimony in Heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt.* I think this the ſtrongeſt Inſtance I ever met with of the manner of thinking of ſuch Men, whoſe too much Learning has made them mad.

Lactantius, de Falſ. Relig. lib. 1. *cap.* 11. takes this Fable to be a Remain of ancient Hiſtory, importing, that the Empire of the then known World was divided among the three Brothers; to *Jupiter* the Oriental part, which was call'd Heaven, as the Region of Light, or the Sun: To *Pluto* the Occidental, or darker Regions: And to *Neptune* the Sovereignty of the Seas.

XIII.

Verse 228. *To elder Brothers.*] *Iris*, that ſhe may not ſeem to upbraid *Neptune* with Weakneſs of Judgment, out of Regard to the Greatneſs and Dignity of his Perſon, does not ſay that *Jupiter* is ſtronger or braver; but attacking him from a Motive not in the leaſt invidious, Superiority of Age, ſhe ſays ſententiouſly, that the *Furies* wait upon our Elders.

The *Furies* are ſaid to wait upon Men in a double Senſe: either for Evil, as they did upon *Oreſtes* after he had ſlain his Mother; or elſe for their good, as upon Elders when they are injur'd, to protect them and avenge their Wrongs. This is an Inſtance that the Pagans look'd upon Birth-right as a Right divine. *Euſtathius.*

XIV.

VERSE 252. *Elſe had our Wrath*, &c.] This Repreſentation of the Terrors which muſt have attended the Conflict of two ſuch mighty Powers as *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, whereby the Elements had been mix'd in Confuſion, and the whole Frame of Nature endangered, is imaged in theſe few Lines with a Nobleneſs ſuitable to the Occaſion. *Milton* has a Thought very like it in his fourth Book, where he repreſents what muſt have happen'd if *Satan* and *Gabriel* had encounter'd.

——*Not only* Paradiſe
In this Commotion, but the ſtarry Cope
Of Heav'n, perhaps, and all the Elements
At leaſt had gone to wrack, diſturb'd and torn
With Violence of this Conflict, had not ſoon
Th' Almighty, to prevent ſuch horrid Fray, &c.

XV.

VERSE 274. Jove *thinking of his Pains, they paſt away.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that this is a very ſublime Repreſentation of the Power of *Jupiter*, to make *Hector*'s Pains ceaſe from the Moment wherein *Jupiter* firſt turn'd his Thoughts towards him. *Apollo* finds him ſo far recover'd, as to be able to ſit up, and know his Friends. Thus much was the Work of *Jupiter*; the God of Health perfects the Cure.

XVI.

VERSE 298. *As when the pamper'd Steed.*] This Compariſon is repeated from the ſixth Book, and we are told that the ancient Criticks retain'd no more than the two firſt Verſes and the four laſt in this Place, and that they gave the Verſes two Marks; by the one (which was the Aſteriſm) they intimated, that the four Lines were very beautiful; but by the other (which was the *Obelus)* that they were ill placed. I believe an impartial Reader who conſiders the two Places will be of the ſame Opinion.

Taſſo has improv'd the Juſtneſs of this Simile in his ſixteenth Book, where *Rinaldo* returning from the Arms of *Armida* to Battel, is compared to the Steed that is taken from his Paſtures and Mares to the Service of the War: The Reverſe of the Circumſtance better agreeing with the Occaſion.

Qual feroce deſtrier, ch'al faticoſo
Honor de l'arme vincitor ſia tolto,
E laſcivo marito in vil ripoſo
Frà gli armenti, e ne'paſchi erri diſciolto;
Se'l deſta o ſuon di tromba, o luminoſo
Acciar, colà toſto annittendo è volto;
Già già brama l'arringo, e l'huom sùl dorſo
Portando, urtato riurtar nel corſo.

XVII.

VERSE 311. *For Fate preſerves them.*] *Dacier* has a pretty Remark on this Paſſage, that *Homer* extended Deſtiny (that is, the Care of Providence) even over the Beaſts of the Field; an Opinion that agrees perfectly with true Theology. In the Book of *Jonas*, the Regard of the Creator extending to the

the meaneſt Rank of his Creatures, is ſtrongly expreſs'd in thoſe Words of the Almighty, where he makes his Compaſſion to the Brute Beaſts one of the Reaſons againſt deſtroying *Nineveh*. *Shall I not ſpare the great City, in which there are more than ſixſcore thouſand Perſons, and alſo much Cattel?* And what is ſtill more parallel to this Paſſage, in St. *Matth.* Ch. 10. *Are not two Sparrows ſold for a Farthing? And yet one of them ſhall not fall to the Ground, without your Father.*

XVIII.

VERSE 363. *But when aloft he ſhakes.*] *Apollo* in this Paſſage by the mere ſhaking his *Ægis*, without acting offenſively, annoys and puts the *Greeks* into Diſorder. *Euſtathius* thinks that ſuch a Motion might poſſibly create the ſame Confuſion, as hath been reported by Hiſtorians to proceed from *Panic Fears:* or that it might intimate ſome dreadful Confuſion in the Air, and a Noiſe iſſuing from thence; a Notion which ſeems to be warranted by *Apollo*'s Outcry, which preſently follows in the ſame Verſe. But perhaps we need not go ſo far to account for this Fiction of *Homer:* The Sight of a Hero's Armour often has the like Effect in an Epic Poem: The Shield of Prince *Arthur* in *Spencer* works the ſame Wonders with this *Ægis* of *Apollo*.

XIX.

VERSE 386. *By* Paris, Deiochus *inglorious dies,*
Pierc'd thro' the Shoulder as he baſely flies.]
Here is one that falls under the Spear of *Paris*, ſmitten in the Extremity of his Shoulder, as he was flying. This gives occaſion to a pretty Obſervation in *Euſtathius*, that this is the only *Greek* who falls by a Wound in the Back, ſo careful is

Homer

Homer of the Honour of his Countrymen. And this Remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the Death of *Eioneus* in the beginning of *Lib.* 6.

XX.

VERSE 396. *For by the Gods, who flies*, &c.] It ſometimes happens (ſays *Longinus)* that a Writer in ſpeaking of ſome Perſon, all on a ſudden puts himſelf in that other's Place, and acts his part; a Figure which marks the Impetuoſity and Hurry of Paſſion. It is this which *Homer* practiſes in theſe Verſes; the Poet ſtops his Narration, forgets his own Perſon, and inſtantly, without any Notice puts this precipitate Menace into the Mouth of his furious and tranſported Hero. How muſt his Diſcourſe have languiſh'd, had he ſtay'd to tell us, Hector *then ſaid theſe, or the like Words.* Inſtead of which by this unexpected Tranſition he prevents the Reader, and the Tranſition is made before the Poet himſelf ſeems ſenſible he had made it. The true and proper Place for this Figure is when the Time preſſes, and when the Occaſion will not allow of any Delay: It is elegant then to paſs from one Perſon to another, as in that of *Hecatæus. The Herald, extremely diſcontented at the Orders he had receiv'd, gave command to the* Heraclidæ *to withdraw.——It is no way in my Power to help you; if therefore you would not periſh entirely, and if you would not involve me too in your Ruin, depart, and ſeek a Retreat among ſome other People.* Longinus, *ch.* 23.

XXI.

VERSE 416. *As when aſhore an Infant ſtands.*] This Simile of the Sand is inimitable; it is not eaſy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to deſcribe the tumbling and confus'd Heap of a Wall, in a Moment. More-

needs

over the Compariſon here taken from Sand is the juſter, as it riſes from the very Place and Scene before us. For the Wall here demoliſhed, as it was founded on the Coaſt, muſt needs border on the Sand; wherefore the Similitude is borrowed immediately from the Subject Matter under View. *Euſtathius.*

XXII.

VERSE 427, *Oh* Jove! *if ever*, &c.] The Form of *Neſtor*'s Prayer in this Place reſembles that of *Chryſes* in the firſt Book. And it is worth remarking, that the Poet well knew what Shame and Confuſion the reminding one of paſt Benefits is apt to produce. From the ſame Topick *Achilles* talks with his Mother, and *Thetis* herſelf accoſts *Jove*; and likewiſe *Phœnix* where he holds a Parley with *Achilles*. This righteous Prayer hath its wiſhed Accompliſhment. *Euſtathius.*

XXIII.

VERSE 438. *Preſumptuous* Troy *miſtook the Sign.*] The Thunder of *Jupiter* is deſign'd as a Mark of his Acceptance of *Neſtor*'s Prayers, and a Sign of his Favour to the *Greeks*. However, there being nothing in the Prodigy particular to the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* expound it in their own Favour, as they ſeem warranted by their preſent Succeſs. This Self-partiality of Men in appropriating to themſelves the Protection of Heaven, has always been natural to them. In the ſame manner *Virgil* makes *Turnus* explain the Transformation of the *Trojan* Ships into Nymphs, as an ill Omen to the *Trojans.*

Trojanos hæc monſtra petunt, his Jupiter ipſe
Auxilium ſolitum eripuit.——

Hiſtory

Hiſtory furniſhes many Inſtances of Oracles, which by reaſon of this partial Interpretation, have prov'd an occaſion to lead Men into great Misfortunes: It was the Caſe of *Cræſus* in his Wars with *Cyrus*; and a like Miſtake engaged *Pyrrhus* to make War upon the *Romans*.

XXIV.

VERSE 448. *On the Ships above, the Cars below.*] This is a new ſort of Battel, which *Homer* has never before mention'd; the *Greeks* on their Ships, and the *Trojans* in their Chariots, fight as on a Plain. *Euſtathius.*

XXV.

VERSE 472. *Nor could the* Trojans——*Force to the Fleet and Tents th' impervious way.*] *Homer* always marks diſtinctly the Place of Battel; he here ſhews us clearly, that the *Trojans* attack'd the firſt Line of the Fleet that ſtood next the Wall, or the Veſſels which were drawn foremoſt on the Land: Theſe Veſſels were a ſtrong Rampart to the Tents, which were pitch'd behind, and to the other Line of the Navy which ſtood nearer to the Sea; to penetrate therefore to the Tents, they muſt neceſſarily force the firſt Line, and defeat the Troops which defended it. *Euſtathius.*

XXVI.

VERSE 582. *Death is the worſt*, &c.] 'Tis with very great Addreſs, that to the Bitterneſs of Death, he adds the Advantages that were to accrue after it. And the Ancients are of Opinion, that 'twou'd be as advantageous for young Sol-

diers to read this Leſſon, conciſe as it is, as all the Volumes of *Tyrtæus*, wherein he endeavours to raiſe the Spirits of his Countrymen. *Homer* makes a noble Enumeration of the Parts wherein the Happineſs of a City conſiſts. For having told us in another Place, the three great Evils to which a Town, when taken, is ſubject; the Slaughter of the Men, the Deſtruction of the Place by Fire; the leading of their Wives and Children into Captivity: now he reckons up the Bleſſings that are contrary to thoſe Calamities. To the Slaughter of the Men indeed he makes no Oppoſition; becauſe it is not neceſſary to the Well-being of a City, that every Individual ſhould be ſaved, and not a Man ſlain. *Euſtathius.*

XXVII.

VERSE 590. *The godlike* Ajax *next.*] The Oration of *Hector* is more ſplendid and ſhining than that of *Ajax*, and alſo more ſolemn, from his Sentiments concerning the Favour and Aſſiſtance of *Jupiter*. But that of *Ajax* is the more politick, fuller of Management, and apter to perſuade: For it abounds with no leſs than ſeven generous Arguments to inſpire Reſolution. He exhorts his People even to Death, from the Danger to which their Navy was expoſed, which if once conſumed, they were never like to get home. And as the *Trojans* were bid to die, ſo he bids his Men dare to die likewiſe: and indeed with great Neceſſity, for the *Trojans* may recruit after the Engagement, but for the *Greeks*, they had no better way than to hazard their Lives; and if they ſhould gain nothing elſe by it, yet at leaſt they would have a ſpeedy Diſpatch, not a lingring and dilatory Deſtruction. *Euſtathius.*

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

VERSE 677. *And flank the Navy with a Brazen Wall.*] The Poet has built the *Grecians* a different ſort of Wall from what they had before, out of their Arms; and perhaps one might ſay, that 'twas from this Paſſage *Apollo* borrow'd that Oracle which he gave to the *Athenians* about their Wall of Wood; in like manner, the *Spartans* were ſaid to have a Wall of Bones: If ſo, we muſt allow the God not a little obliged to the Poet. *Euſtathius.*

XXIX.

VERSE 723. *He raiſes* Hector, &c.] This Picture of *Hector*, impuls'd by *Jupiter*, is a very finiſh'd Piece, and excels all the Drawings of this Hero which *Homer* has given us in ſo various Attitudes. He is here repreſented as an Inſtrument in the Hand of *Jupiter*, to bring about thoſe Deſigns the God had long projected: And as his fatal Hour now approaches, *Jove* is willing to recompence his haſty Death with this ſhort-liv'd Glory. Accordingly this being the laſt Scene of Victory he is to appear in, the Poet introduces him with all imaginable Pomp, and adorns him with all the Terror of a Conqueror: His Eyes ſparkle with Fire, his Mouth foams with Fury, his Figure is compared to the God of War, his Rage is equall'd to a Conflagration and a Storm, and the Deſtruction he cauſes is reſembled to that which a Lyon makes among the Herds. The Poet, by this Heap of Compariſons, raiſes the Idea of the Hero higher than any ſingle Deſcription could reach.

XXX.

VERSE 736. —*His Fate was near*—*Due to ſtern* Pallas.] It may be ask'd, what *Pallas* has to do with the *Fates*, or what Power has ſhe over them? *Homer* ſpeaks thus, becauſe *Minerva* has already reſolv'd to ſuccour *Achilles*, and deceive *Hector* in the Combate between theſe two Heroes, as we find in Book 22. Properly ſpeaking, *Pallas* is nothing but the Knowledge and Wiſdom of *Jove*, and it is Wiſdom which preſides over the Councels of his Providence; therefore ſhe may be look'd upon as drawing all things to the fatal Term to which they are decreed. *Dacier.*

XXXI.

VERSE 752. *Burſts as a Wave*, &c.] *Longinus*, obſerving that oftentimes the principal Beauty of Writing conſiſts in the judicious aſſembling together of the great Circumſtances, and the Strength with which they are mark'd in the proper Place, chuſes this Paſſage of *Homer* as a plain Inſtance of it. "Where (ſays that noble Critick) in deſcribing the Terror "of a Tempeſt, he takes care to expreſs whatever are the "Accidents of moſt Dread and Horror in ſuch a Situation: "He is not content to tell us that the Mariners were in dan-"ger, but he brings them before our Eyes, as in a Picture, "upon the Point of being every Moment overwhelm'd by "every Wave; nay the very Words and Syllables of the De-"ſcription give us an Image of their Peril." He ſhews, that a Poet of leſs Judgment would amuſe himſelf in leſs important Circumſtances, and ſpoil the whole Effect of the Image by minute, ill-choſen, or ſuperfluous Particulars. Thus *Aratus* endeavouring to refine upon that Line,

And inſtant Death on ev'ry Wave appears!

He turn'd it thus,

A ſlender Plank preſerves them from their Fate.

Which, by flouriſhing upon the Thought, has loſt the Loftineſs and Terror of it, and is ſo far from improving the Image, that it leſſens and vaniſhes in his Management. By confining the Danger to a ſingle Line, he has ſcarce left the Shadow of it; and indeed the word *preſerves* takes away even that. The ſame Critick produces a Fragment of an old Poem on the *Arimaſpians*, written in this falſe Taſte, whoſe Author he doubts not imagin'd he had ſaid ſomething wonderful in the following affected Verſes. I have done my beſt to give 'em the ſame turn, and believe there are thoſe, who will not think 'em bad ones.

Ye Pow'rs! what Madneſs! How, on Ships ſo frail,
(Tremendous Thought!) can thoughtleſs Mortals ſail?
For ſtormy Seas they quit the pleaſing Plain,
Plant Woods in Waves, and dwell amidſt the Main.
Far o'er the Deep (a trackleſs Path) they goe,
And wander Oceans, in purſuit of Woe.
No Eaſe their Hearts, no Reſt their Eyes can find,
On Heav'n their Looks, and on the Waves their Mind;
Sunk are their Spirits, while their Arms they rear;
And Gods are weary'd with their fruitleſs Pray'r.

XXXII.

Verse 796. Neſtor's *Speech.*] This popular Harangue of *Neſtor* is juſtly extoll'd as the ſtrongeſt and moſt perſuaſive Piece

Piece of Oratory imaginable. It contains in it every Motive by which Men can be affected; the Preſervation of their Wives and Children, the ſecure Poſſeſſion of their Fortunes, the Reſpect of their living Parents, and the due Regard for the Memory of thoſe that were departed: By theſe he diverts the *Grecians* from any Thoughts of Flight in the Article of extreme Peril. *Euſtathius.*

This noble Exhortation is finely imitated by *Taſſo, Jeruſalem. l.* 20.

——O valoroſo, hor via con queſta
Faccia, a ritor la preda a noi rapita.
L'imagine ad alcuno in mente deſta,
Glie la figura quaſi, e glie l'addita
De la pregante patria e de la meſta
Supplice famiglivola sbigottita.
Credi (diçea) che la tua patria ſpieghi
Per la mia lingua in tai parole i preghi.
Guarda tù le mie leggi, e i ſacri Tempi
Fà, ch'io del ſangue mio non bagni, e lavi,
Aſſicura le virgini da gli empi,
E i ſepolchri, e le cinere de gli avi.
A te piangendo i lor paſſati tempi
Moſtran la bianca chioma i vecchi gravi:
A tè la moglie, e le mammelle, e'l petto,
Le cune, e i figli, e'l marital ſuo letto.

XXXIII.

Verse 814. *Firſt of the Field, great* Ajax.] In this very Book, *Homer*, to raiſe the Valour of *Hector*, gives him *Neptune* for an Antagoniſt; and to raiſe that of *Ajax*, he firſt oppoſed to him *Hector*, ſupported by *Apollo*, and now the ſame *Hector* impell'd and ſeconded by *Jupiter* himſelf. Theſe are Strokes of a Maſter-hand. *Euſtathius.*

XXXIV.

VERSE 824. *Drives four fair Courſers*, &c.] The Compariſon which *Homer* here introduces, is a Demonſtration, that the Art of mounting and managing Horſes was brought to ſo great a Perfection in theſe early Times, that one Man could manage four at once, and leap from one to the other even when they run full ſpeed. But ſome object, that the Cuſtom of Riding was not known in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan* War: Beſides, they ſay the Compariſon is not juſt, for the Horſes are ſaid to run full ſpeed, whereas the Ships ſtand firm and unmov'd. Had *Homer* put the Compariſon in the Mouth of one of his Heroes, the Objection had been juſt, and he guilty of an Inconſiſtency; but it is he himſelf who ſpeaks: Saddle-Horſes were in uſe in his Age, and any Poet may be allow'd to illuſtrate Pieces of Antiquity by Images familiar to his own Times. This I hope is ſufficient for the firſt Objection; nor is the ſecond more reaſonable than this; for it is not abſolutely neceſſary that Compariſons ſhould correſpond in every Particular; it ſuffices if there be a general Reſemblance. This is only introduced to ſhew the Agility of *Ajax*, who paſſes ſwiftly from one Veſſel to another, and is therefore entirely juſt. *Euſtathius.*

XXXV.

VERSE 856. *The ſame that dead* Proteſilaus *bore.*] *Homer* feigns that *Hector* laid hold on the Ship of the dead *Proteſilaus*, rather than that of any other, that he might not diſgrace any of his *Grecian* Generals. *Euſtathius.*

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

VERSE 874. *The Coward Counſels of a tim'rous Throng*
Of rev'rend Dotards.——]

Homer adds this with a great deal of Art and Prudence, to anſwer beforehand all the Objections which he well foreſaw might be made, becauſe *Hector* never till now once attacks the *Grecians* in their Camp, or endeavours to burn their Navy. He was retain'd by the Elders of *Troy*, who frozen with Fear at the Sight of *Achilles*, never ſuffer'd him to march from the Ramparts. Our Author forgets nothing that has the Reſemblance of Truth; but he had yet a farther Reaſon for inſerting this, as it exalts the Glory of his principal Hero: Theſe Elders of *Troy* thought it leſs difficult to defeat the *Greeks*, tho' defended with ſtrong Entrenchments, while *Achilles* was not with them; than to overcome them without Entrenchments when he aſſiſted them. And this is the reaſon that they prohibited *Hector* before, and permit him now, to ſally upon the Enemy. *Dacier.*

XXXVII.

VERSE 877. *But now* Jove *calls to Arms*, &c.] *Hector* ſeems to be ſenſible of an extraordinary Impulſe from Heaven, ſignified by theſe Words, *the moſt mighty Hand of* Jove *puſhing him on.* 'Tis no more than any other Perſon would be ready to imagine, who ſhould riſe from a State of Diſtreſs or Indolence, into one of good Fortune, Vigour, and Activity. *Euſtathius.*

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 890. *The Speech of* Ajax.] There is great Strength, Cloſeneſs, and Spirit in this Speech, and one might (like many Criticks) employ a whole Page in extolling and admiring it in general Terms. But ſure the perpetual Rapture of ſuch Commentators, who are always giving us Exclamations inſtead of Criticiſms, may be a Mark of great Admiration, but of little Judgment. Of what Uſe is this either to a Reader who has a Taſte, or to one who has not? To admire a fine Paſſage is what the former will do without us, and what the latter cannot be taught to do by us. However we ought gratefully to acknowledge the good Nature of moſt People, who are not only pleaſed with this ſuperficial Applauſe given to fine Paſſages, but are likewiſe inclined to transfer to the Critick, who only points at theſe Beauties, part of the Admiration juſtly due to the Poet. This is a cheap and eaſy way to Fame, which many Writers ancient and modern have purſued with great Succeſs. Formerly indeed this ſort of Authors had Modeſty, and were humbly content to call their Performances only *Florilegia* or *Poſies*: But ſome of late have paſs'd ſuch Collections on the World for Criticiſms of great Depth and Learning, and ſeem to expect the ſame Flowers ſhould pleaſe us better, in theſe paltry Noſegays of their own making up, than in the native Gardens where they grew. As this Practice of extolling without giving Reaſons, is very convenient for moſt Writers; ſo it excellently ſuits the Ignorance or Lazineſs of moſt Readers, who will come into any Sentiment rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the Complement is mutual: For as ſuch Criticks do not tax their Readers with any thought to underſtand them, ſo their Readers in Return advance nothing in Oppoſition to ſuch Criticks. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaiming in this

manner; *What an exquiſite Spirit of Poetry—How beautiful a Circumſtance—What Delicacy of Sentiments—With what Art has the Poet—In how ſublime and juſt a manner—How finely imagined—How wonderfully beautiful and poetical*—And ſo proceed, without one Reaſon to interrupt the Courſe of their Eloquence, moſt comfortably and ignorantly Apoſtrophiſing to the end of the Chapter.



THE

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The ARGUMENT.

The sixth Battel: The Acts and Death of *Patroclus*.

PAtroclus *(in Pursuance of the Request of* Nestor *in the eleventh Book) entreats* Achilles *to suffer him to go to the Assistance of the* Greeks *with* Achilles's *Troops and Armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the Fleet, without further Pursuit of the Enemy. The Armour, Horses, Soldiers, and Officers of* Achilles *are described.* Achilles *offers a Libation for the Success of his Friend, after which* Patroclus *leads the* Myrmidons *to Battel. The* Trojans *at the Sight of* Patroclus *in* Achilles's *Armour, taking him for that Hero, are cast into the utmost Consternation: He beats them off from the Vessels,* Hector *himself flies,* Sarpedon *is kill'd, tho'* Jupiter *was averse to his Fate. Several other Particulars of the Battel are described; in the Heat of which,* Patroclus, *neglecting the Orders of* Achilles, *pursues the Foe to the Walls of* Troy; *where* Apollo *repulses and disarms him,* Euphorbus *wounds him, and* Hector *kills him, which concludes the Book.*

THE



THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

SO warr'd both Armies on th' enſanguin'd Shore,
While the black Veſſels ſmoak'd with human Gore.
Meantime *Patroclus* to *Achilles* flies;
The ſtreaming Tears fall copious from his Eyes;
Not faſter, trickling to the Plains below,
From the tall Rock the ſable Waters flow.

Divine

Divine *Pelides*, with Compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt belov'd.
Patroclus, ſay, what Grief thy Boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly Tears?
No Girl, no Infant whom the Mother keeps
From her lov'd Breaſt, with fonder Paſſion weeps;
Not more the Mother's Soul that Infant warms,
Clung to her Knees, and reaching at her Arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting Sorrows thus purſue thy Friend?
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial Band?
Or come ſad Tidings from our native Land?
Our Fathers live, (our firſt, moſt tender Care)
Thy good *Menœtius* breathes the vital Air,
And hoary *Peleus* yet extends his Days;
Pleas'd in their Age to hear their Children's Praiſe.
Or may ſome meaner Cauſe thy Pity claim?
Perhaps yon' Reliques of the *Grecian* Name,
Doom'd in their Ships to ſink by Fire and Sword,
And pay the Forfeit of their haughty Lord?

Whate'er the Cauſe, reveal thy ſecret Care,
And ſpeak thoſe Sorrows which a Friend would ſhare.
A Sigh, that inſtant, from his Boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and *Patroclus* ſpoke.
Let *Greece* at length with Pity touch thy Breaſt,
Thy ſelf a *Greek*; and, once, of *Greeks* the beſt!
Lo! ev'ry Chief that might her Fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with Wounds, and bleeding in his Tent.
Eurypylus, *Tydides*, *Atreus'* Son,
And wiſe *Ulyſſes*, at the Navy groan
More for their Country's Wounds, than for their own.
Their Pain, ſoft Arts of Pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy Breaſt alone no Lenitives appeaſe.
May never Rage like thine my Soul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy Country ſlighted in her laſt Diſtreſs,
What Friend, what Man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No----Men unborn, and Ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving Mind.

O Man unpitying! if of Man thy Race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft Embrace,
Nor ever am'rous Hero caus'd thy Birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth.
Some rugged Rock's hard Entrails gave thee Form,
And raging Seas produc'd thee in a Storm,
A Soul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous Kind,
So rough thy Manners, ſo untam'd thy Mind.
If ſome dire Oracle thy Breaſt alarm,
If ought from *Jove*, or *Thetis*, ſtop thy Arm,
Some Beam of Comfort yet on *Greece* may ſhine,
If I but lead the *Myrmidonian* Line:
Clad in thy dreadful Arms if I appear,
Proud *Troy* ſhall tremble, and deſert the War:
Without thy Perſon *Greece* ſhall win the Day,
And thy mere Image chaſe her Foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh Forces, her o'erlabour'd Train
Shall quit the Ships, and *Greece* reſpire again.
Thus, blind to Fate! with ſupplicating Breath,
Thou beg'ſt his Arms, and in his Arms, thy Death.

Unfortunately Good! a boding Sigh
Thy Friend return'd; and with it, this Reply.
Patroclus! thy *Achilles* knows no Fears;
Nor Words from *Jove*, nor *Oracles* he hears;
Nor ought a Mother's Caution can ſuggeſt;
The Tyrant's Pride lies rooted in my Breaſt.
My Wrongs, my Wrongs, my conſtant Thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole Oracles, inſpire my Rage:
I made him Tyrant; gave him Pow'r to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The Maid, my black-ey'd Maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the Toils of many a well-fought Day;
Due to my Conqueſt of her Father's Reign;
Due to the Votes of all the *Grecian* Train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt Slave.
But bear we this---The Wrongs I grieve, are paſt;
'Tis time our Fury ſhould relent at laſt:

I fix'd its Date; the Day I wiſh'd appears:
Now *Hector* to my Ships his Battel bears,
The Flames my Eyes, the Shouts invade my Ears.
Go then *Patroclus!* court fair Honour's Charms
In *Troy*'s fam'd Fields, and in *Achilles*' Arms
Lead forth my martial *Myrmidons* to fight,
Go ſave the Fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin Reliques of their baffled Band,
At the laſt Edge of yon' deſerted Land!
Behold all *Ilion* on their Ships deſcends;
How the Cloud blackens, how the Storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my Sight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this Helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious King our Friendſhip loſt,
Yon' ample Trench had bury'd half her Hoſt.
No Camps, no Bulwarks now the *Trojans* fear,
Thoſe are not dreadful, no *Achilles* there:
No longer flames the Lance of *Tydeus*' Son;
No more your Gen'ral calls his Heroes on;

Hector,

Hector, alone, I hear; His dreadful Breath
Commands your Slaughter, or proclaims your Death.
Yet now, *Patroclus*, iſſue to the Plain;
Now ſave the Ships, the riſing Fires reſtrain,
And give the *Greeks* to viſit *Greece* again.
But heed my Words, and mark a Friend's Command
Who truſts his Fame and Honours in thy Hand,
And from thy Deeds expects, th'*Achaian* Hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous Maid he loſt:
Rage uncontroul'd thro' all the hoſtile Crew,
But touch not *Hector*, *Hector* is my due.
Tho' *Jove* in Thunder ſhould command the War,
Be juſt, conſult my Glory, and forbear.
The Fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chace,
Nor lead to *Ilion's* Walls the *Grecian* Race;
Some adverſe God thy Raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some God, like *Phœbus*, ever kind to *Troy*.
Let *Greece*, redeem'd from this deſtructive Strait,
Do her own Work, and leave the reſt to Fate.

Oh! would to all th' immortal Pow'rs above,
Apollo, *Pallas*, and almighty *Jove*!
That not one *Trojan* might be left alive,
And not a *Greek* of all the Race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt Deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed Town!
Such Conf'rence held the Chiefs: while on the Strand,
Great *Jove* with Conqueſt crown'd the *Trojan* Band.
Ajax no more the ſounding Storm ſuſtain'd,
So thick, the Darts an Iron Tempeſt rain'd:
On his tir'd Arm the weighty Buckler hung;
His hollow Helm with falling Javelins rung;
His Breath, in quick, ſhort Pantings, comes, and goes;
And painful Sweat from all his Members flows.
Spent and o'erpow'r'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an Army ſtirs him from his Poſt:
Dangers on Dangers all around him grow,
And Toil to Toil, and Woe ſucceeds to Woe.
Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry Frame,
How firſt the Navy blaz'd with *Trojan* Flame?

Stern

Stern *Hector* wav'd his Sword; and ſtanding near
Where furious *Ajax* ply'd his Aſhen Spear,
Full on the Lance a Stroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad Faulchion lopp'd its brazen Head:
His pointleſs Spear the Warrior ſhakes in vain;
The brazen Head falls ſounding on the Plain.
Great *Ajax* ſaw, and own'd the Hand divine,
Confeſſing *Jove*, and trembling at the Sign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing Brands; thick ſtreams the fiery Show'r;
O'er the high Stern the curling Volumes riſe,
And Sheets of rolling Smoke involve the Skies.
Divine *Achilles* view'd the riſing Flames,
And ſmote his Thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
Arm, arm, *Patroclus!* Lo, the Blaze aſpires!
The glowing Ocean reddens with the Fires.
Arm, e'er our Veſſels catch the ſpreading Flame;
Arm, e'er the *Grecians* be no more a Name;
I haſte to bring the Troops.----The Hero ſaid;
The Friend with Ardour and with Joy obey'd.

He

He cas'd his Limbs in Braſs, and firſt around,
His manly Legs, with ſilver Buckles bound
The claſping Greaves; then to his Breaſt applies
The flamy Cuiraſs, of a thouſand Dyes;
Emblaz'd with Studs of Gold, his Faulchion ſhone,
In the rich Belt, as in a ſtarry Zone.
Achilles' Shield his ample Shoulders ſpread,
Achilles' Helmet nodded o'er his Head.
Adorn'd in all his terrible Array,
He flaſh'd around intolerable Day.
Alone, untouch'd, *Pelides'* Javelin ſtands,
Not to be pois'd but by *Pelides'* Hands:
From *Pelion*'s ſhady Brow the Plant entire
Old *Chiron* rent, and ſhap'd it for his Sire;
Whoſe Son's great Arm alone the Weapon wields,
The Death of Heroes, and the dread of Fields.
Then brave *Automedon* (an honour'd Name,
The ſecond to his Lord in Love and Fame,
In Peace his Friend, and Part'ner of the War)
The winged Courſers harneſs'd to the Car.

Xanthus

Xanthus and *Balius*, of immortal Breed,
Sprung from the Wind, and like the Wind in ſpeed;
Whom the wing'd *Harpye*, ſwift *Podarge*, bore,
By *Zephyr* pregnant on the breezy Shore.
Swift *Pedaſus* was added to their ſide,
(Once great *Aëtion*'s, now *Achilles*' Pride)
Who, like in Strength, in Swiftneſs, and in Grace,
A mortal Courſer match'd th' immortal Race.
Achilles ſpeeds from Tent to Tent, and warms
His hardy *Myrmidons* to Blood and Arms.
All breathing Death, around their Chief they ſtand,
A grim, terrific, formidable Band:
Grim as voracious Wolves that ſeek the Springs
When ſcalding Thirſt their burning Bowels wrings.
(When ſome tall Stag freſh-ſlaughter'd in the Wood
Has drench'd their wide, inſatiate Throats with Blood)
To the black Fount they ruſh a hideous Throng,
With Paunch diſtended, and with rolling Tongue,
Fire fills their Eyes, their black Jaws belch the Gore,
And gorg'd with Slaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.

Like furious, ruſh'd the *Myrmidonian* Crew,
Such their dread Strength, and ſuch their deathful View.
High in the midſt the great *Achilles* ſtands,
Directs their Order, and the War commands.
He, lov'd of *Jove*, had launch'd for *Ilion*'s Shores
Full fifty Veſſels, mann'd with fifty Oars:
Five choſen Leaders the fierce Bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in Valour, as in Sway.
First march'd *Meneſtheus*, of celeſtial Birth,
Deriv'd from thee whoſe Waters waſh the Earth,
Divine *Sperchius*! *Jove*-deſcended Flood!
A mortal Mother mixing with a God.
Such was *Meneſtheus*, but miſ-call'd by Fame
The Son of *Borus*, that eſpous'd the Dame.
Eudorus next; whom *Polymele* the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful Dance, produc'd to Day.
Her, ſly *Cyllenius* lov'd; on her would gaze,
As with ſwift Step ſhe form'd the running Maze:
To her high Chamber, from *Diana*'s Quire,
The God purſu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his Fire.

The

The Son confeſs'd his Father's heav'nly Race,
And heir'd his Mother's Swiftneſs, in the Chace.
Strong *Echeclæus*, bleſt in all thoſe Charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her Arms;
Not conſcious of her Love, long hid from Fame,
With Gifts of Price he ſought and won the Dame;
Her ſecret Offspring to her Sire ſhe bare;
Her Sire careſs'd him with a Parent's Care.
Piſander follow'd; matchleſs in his Art
To wing the Spear, or aim the diſtant Dart;
No Hand ſo ſure of all th' *Emathian* Line,
Or if a ſurer, great *Patroclus!* thine.
The fourth by *Phœnix'* grave Command was grac'd;
Laerces' valiant Offspring led the laſt.
Soon as *Achilles*, with ſuperior Care,
Had call'd the Chiefs, and order'd all the War,
This ſtern Remembrance to his Troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd *Myrmidons*, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what Threats you dar'd the *Trojan* Throng,
Think what Reproach theſe Ears endur'd ſo long,

" Stern Son of *Peleus* (thus ye us'd to ſay,
While reſtleſs, raging, in your Ships you lay)
" Oh nurs'd with Gall, unknowing how to yield!
" Whoſe Rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a Field.
" If that dire Fury muſt for ever burn,
" What make we here? Return, ye Chiefs, return!
Such were your words---Now Warriors grieve no more,
Lo there the *Trojans!* bath your Swords in Gore!
This Day ſhall give you all your Soul demands;
Glut all your Hearts! and weary all your Hands!
Thus while he rowz'd the Fire in ev'ry Breaſt,
Cloſe, and more cloſe, the liſt'ning Cohorts preſt;
Ranks wedg'd in Ranks; of Arms a ſteely Ring
Still grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the King.
As when a circling Wall the Builder forms,
Of Strength defenſive againſt Winds and Storms,
Compacted Stones the thick'ning Work compoſe;
And round him wide the riſing Structure grows.
So Helm to Helm, and Creſt to Creſt they throng;
Shield urg'd on Shield, and Man drove Man along:

Thick,

Thick, undiſtinguiſh'd Plumes, together join'd,
Float in one Sea, and wave before the Wind.
Far o'er the reſt, in glitt'ring Pomp appear,
There, bold *Automedon*; *Patroclus* here;
Brothers in Arms, with equal Fury fir'd;
Two Friends, two Bodies with one Soul inſpir'd.
But mindful of the Gods, *Achilles* went
To the rich Coffer, in his ſhady Tent:
There lay on Heaps his various Garments roll'd,
And coſtly Furs, and Carpets ſtiff with Gold.
(The Preſents of the ſilver-footed Dame)
From thence he took a Bowl, of antique Frame,
Which never Man had ſtain'd with ruddy Wine,
Nor rais'd in Off'rings to the Pow'rs divine,
But *Peleus*' Son; and *Peleus*' Son to none
Had rais'd in Off'rings, but to *Jove* alone.
This ting'd with Sulphur, ſacred firſt to Flame,
He purg'd; and waſh'd it in the running Stream.
Then cleans'd his Hands; and fixing for a Space
His Eyes on Heaven, his Feet upon the Place

Of Sacrifice, the purple Draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt; and thus the God implor'd.
Oh thou Supreme! high-thron'd, all Height above!
Oh Great! *Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove!*
Who 'midſt ſurrounding Froſts, and Vapours chill,
Preſide on bleak *Dodona*'s vocal Hill:
(Whoſe Groves, the *Selli*, Race auſtere! ſurround,
Their Feet unwaſh'd, their Slumbers on the Ground;
Who hear, from ruſtling Oaks, their dark Decrees;
And catch the Fates, low-whiſper'd in the Breeze.)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ſt, at *Thetis* Pray'r,
Glory to me, and to the *Greeks* Deſpair:
Lo to the Dangers of the fighting Field
The beſt, the deareſt of my Friends, I yield:
Tho' ſtill determin'd, to my Ships confin'd,
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind.
Oh! be his Guard thy providential Care,
Confirm his Heart, and ſtring his Arm to War:
Preſs'd by his ſingle Force, let *Hector* ſee,
His Fame in Arms, not owing all to me.

But

But when the Fleets are ſav'd from Foes and Fire,
Let him with Conqueſt and Renown retire;
Preſerve his Arms, preſerve his ſocial Train,
And ſafe return him to theſe Eyes again!
Great *Jove* conſents to half the Chief's Requeſt,
But Heav'ns eternal Doom denies the reſt;
To free the Fleet was granted to his Pray'r;
His ſafe Return, the Winds diſpers'd in Air.
Back to his Tent the ſtern *Achilles* flies,
And waits the Combate with impatient Eyes.
Meanwhile the Troops beneath *Patroclus'* Care,
Invade the *Trojans*, and commence the War.
As Waſps, provok'd by Children in their Play,
Pour from their Manſions by the broad High-way,
In Swarms the guiltleſs Traveller engage;
Whet all their Stings, and call forth all their Rage;
All riſe in Arms, and with a gen'ral Cry
Aſſert their waxen Domes, and buzzing Progeny.
Thus from the Tents the fervent Legion ſwarms,
So loud their Clamours, and ſo keen their Arms.

Their riſing Rage *Patroclus'* Breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroick Fires.
Oh Warriors, Part'ners of *Achilles'* Praiſe!
Be mindful of your Deeds in ancient Days:
Your godlike Maſter let your Acts proclaim,
And add new Glories to his mighty Name.
Think, your *Achilles* ſees you fight: Be brave,
And humble the proud Monarch whom you ſave.
Joyful they heard, and kindling as he ſpoke
Flew to the Fleet, involv'd in Fire and Smoke.
From Shore to Shore the doubling Shouts reſound,
The hollow Ships return a deeper Sound.
The War ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz'd,
When great *Achilles'* ſhining Armour blaz'd:
Troy ſaw, and thought the dread *Achilles* nigh,
At once they ſee, they tremble, and they fly.
Then firſt thy Spear, divine *Patroclus!* flew,
Where the War rag'd, and where the Tumult grew.
Cloſe to the Stern of that fam'd Ship, which bore
Unbleſt *Proteſilaus* to *Ilion's* Shore,

The

The great *Pæonian*, bold *Pyrechmes*, ſtood;
(Who led his Bands from *Axius'* winding Flood)
His Shoulder-blade receives the fatal Wound;
The groaning Warrior pants upon the Ground.
His Troops, that ſee their Country's Glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant Plain.
Patroclus' Arm forbids the ſpreading Fires,
And from the half-burn'd Ship proud *Troy* retires:
Clear'd from the Smoke the joyful Navy lies;
In Heaps on Heaps the Foe tumultuous flies,
Triumphant *Greece* her reſcu'd Decks aſcends,
And loud Acclaim the ſtarry Region rends.
So when thick Clouds inwrap the Mountain's Head,
O'er Heav'ns Expanſe like one black Cieling ſpread;
Sudden, the Thund'rer, with a flaſhing Ray,
Burſts thro' the Darkneſs, and lets down the Day:
The Hills ſhine out, the Rocks in Proſpect riſe,
And Streams, and Vales, and Foreſts ſtrike the Eyes,
The ſmiling Scene wide opens to the Sight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd *Æther* flames with Light.

But

But *Troy* repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the Plains,
Forc'd from the Navy, yet the Fight maintains.
Now ev'ry *Greek* ſome hoſtile Hero ſlew,
But ſtill the foremoſt bold *Patroclus* flew:
As *Areïlycus* had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his Thigh he felt the piercing Wound;
The brazen-pointed Spear, with Vigour thrown,
The Thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle Bone:
Headlong he fell. Next *Thoas* was thy Chance,
Thy Breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the *Spartan* Lance.
Phylides' Dart, (as *Amphiclus* drew nigh)
His Blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his Thigh,
Tore all the Brawn, and rent the Nerves away:
In Darkneſs, and in Death, the Warrior lay.
In equal Arms two Sons of *Neſtor* ſtand,
And two bold Brothers of the *Lycian* Band:
By great *Antilochus*, *Atymnius* dies,
Pierc'd in the Flank, lamented Youth! he lies.
Kind *Maris*, bleeding in his Brother's Wound,
Defends the breathleſs Carcaſe on the Ground;

Furious

Furious he flies, his Murd'rer to engage,
But godlike *Thraſimed* prevents his Rage,
Between his Arm and Shoulder aims a Blow,
His Arm falls ſpouting on the Duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs Darkneſs cover'd o'er,
And vents his Soul effus'd with guſhing Gore.

Slain by two Brothers, thus two Brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's Friends, *Amiſodarus*' Seed;
Amiſodarus, who by Furies led,
The Bane of Men, abhorr'd *Chimæra* bred;
Skill'd in the Dart in vain, his Sons expire,
And pay the Forfeit of their guilty Sire.

Stopp'd in the Tumult *Cleobulus* lies,
Beneath *Oileus*' Arm, a living Prize;
A living Prize not long the *Trojan* ſtood;
The thirſty Faulchion drank his reeking Blood:
Plung'd in his Throat the ſmoaking Weapon lies;
Black Death, and Fate unpitying, ſeal his Eyes.

Amid the Ranks, with mutual Thirſt of Fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce *Peneleus* came;

In vain their Javelins at each other flew,
Now, met in Arms, their eager Swords they drew.
On the plum'd Creſt of his *Bœotian* Foe,
The daring *Lycon* aim'd a noble Blow;
The Sword broke ſhort; but his, *Peneleus* ſped
Full on the Juncture of the Neck and Head:
The Head, divided by a Stroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the Skin: the Body ſunk to Duſt.
O'ertaken *Neamas* by *Merion* bleeds;
Pierc'd thro' the Shoulder as he mounts his Steeds;
Back from the Car he tumbles to the Ground;
His ſwimming Eyes eternal Shades furround.
Next *Erymas* was doom'd his Fate to feel,
His open'd Mouth receiv'd the *Cretan* Steel:
Beneath the Brain the Point a Paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin Bones, and drown'd the Teeth in Gore:
His Mouth, his Eyes, his Noſtrils pour a Flood;
He ſobs his Soul out in the Guſh of Blood.
As when the Flocks, neglected by the Swain
(Or Kids, or Lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the Plain,

A Troop

A Troop of Wolves th' unguarded Charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting Prey.
Thus on the Foe the *Greeks* impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former Fame.

But ſtill at *Hector* godlike *Ajax* aim'd,
Still, pointed at his Breaſt, his Javelin flam'd:
The *Trojan* Chief, experienc'd in the Field,
O'er his broad Shoulders ſpread the maſſy Shield;
Obſerv'd the Storm of Darts the *Grecians* pour,
And on his Buckler caught the ringing Show'r.
He ſees for *Greece* the Scale of Conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd Allies.

As when the Hand of *Jove* a Tempeſt forms,
And rolls the Cloud to blacken Heav'n with Storms,
Dark o'er the Fields th' aſcending Vapour flies,
And ſhades the Sun, and blots the golden Skies:
So from the Ships, along the dusky Plain,
Dire *Flight* and *Terror* drove the *Trojan* Train.
Ev'n *Hector* fled; thro' Heaps of Diſarray
The fiery Courſers forc'd their Lord away:

While far behind, his *Trojans* fall confus'd,
Wedg'd in the Trench, in one vaſt Carnage bruis'd.
Chariots on Chariots rowl; the claſhing Spokes
Shock; while the madding Steeds break ſhort their [Yokes:
In vain they labour up the ſteepy Mound;
Their Charioteers lie foaming on the Ground.
Fierce on the Rear, with Shouts, *Patroclus* flies;
Tumultuous Clamour fills the Fields and Skies;
Thick Drifts of Duſt involve their rapid Flight,
Clouds riſe on Clouds, and Heav'n is ſnatch'd from ſight.
Th'affrighted Steeds, their dying Lords caſt down,
Scour o'er the Fields, and ſtretch to reach the Town.
Loud o'er the Rout was heard the Victor's Cry,
Where the War bleeds, and where the thickeſt die.
Where Horſe and Arms, and Chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding Heroes under Axles groan.
No Stop, no Check, the Steeds of *Peleus* knew;
From Bank to Bank th' immortal Courſers flew,
High-bounding o'er the Foſſe: the whirling Car
Smoaks thro' the Ranks, o'ertakes the flying War,

And

And thunders after *Hector*; *Hector* flies;
Patroclus ſhakes his Lance; but Fate denies.
Not with leſs Noiſe, with leſs impetuous force,
The Tyde of *Trojans* urge their deſp'rate Courſe,
Than when in Autumn *Jove* his Fury pours,
And Earth is loaden with inceſſant Show'rs,
(When guilty Mortals break th' eternal Laws,
And Judges brib'd, betray the righteous Cauſe)
From their deep Beds he bids the Rivers riſe,
And opens all the Floodgates of the Skies:
Th' impetuous Torrents from their Hills obey,
Whole Fields are drown'd, and Mountains ſwept away;
Loud roars the Deluge till it meets the Main;
And trembling Man ſees all his Labours vain!
And now the Chief (the foremoſt Troops repell'd)
Back to the Ships his deſtin'd Progreſs held,
Bore down half *Troy*, in his reſiſtleſs way,
And forc'd the routed Ranks to ſtand the Day.
Between the Space where ſilver *Simois* flows,
Where lay the Fleets, and where the Rampires roſe,

All

All grim in Duſt and Blood, *Patroclus* ſtands,
And turns the Slaughter on the conqu'ring Bands.
Firſt *Pronous* dy'd beneath his fiery Dart,
Which pierc'd below the Shield his valiant Heart.
Theſtor was next; who ſaw the Chief appear,
And fell the Victim of his coward Fear;
Shrunk up he ſate, with wild and haggard Eye,
Nor ſtood to combate, nor had Force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he ſhunn'd the War,
And with unmanly Tremblings ſhook the Car,
And dropp'd the flowing Reins. Him 'twixt the Jaws
The Javelin ſticks, and from the Chariot draws:
As on a Rock that overhangs the Main,
An Angler, ſtudious of the Line and Cane,
Some mighty Fiſh draws panting to the Shore;
Not with leſs eaſe the barbed Javelin bore
The gaping Daſtard: As the Spear was ſhook;
He fell, and Life his heartleſs Breaſt forſook.
Next on *Eryalus* he flies; a Stone
Large as a Rock, was by his Fury thrown.

Full

Full on his Crown the pond'rous Fragment flew,
And burſt the Helm, and cleft the Head in two:
Prone to the Ground the breathleſs Warrior fell,
And Death involv'd him with the Shades of Hell.
Then low in Duſt *Epaltes*, *Echius*, lie;
Ipheas, *Evippus*, *Polymelus*, die;
Amphoterus, and *Erymas* ſucceed,
And laſt, *Tlepolemus* and *Pyres* bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing Slaughters ſpread
In Heaps on Heaps; a Monument of Dead.

When now *Sarpedon* his brave Friends beheld
Grov'ling in Duſt, and gaſping on the Field,
With this Reproach his flying Hoſt he warms;
Oh Stain to Honour! oh Diſgrace to Arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended Plain;
This Hand, unaided, ſhall the War ſuſtain:
The Task be mine this Hero's Strength to try,
Who mows whole Troops, and makes an Army fly.

He ſpake; and ſpeaking, leaps from off the Car;
Patroclus lights, and ſternly waits the War.

As when two Vulturs on the Mountain's Height
Stoop with re-ſounding Pinions to the Fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming Cry;
The Deſert echoes, and the Rocks reply:
The Warriors thus oppos'd in Arms, engage
With equal Clamours, and with equal Rage,
Jove view'd the Combate, whoſe Event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen.
The Hour draws on; the Deſtinies ordain,
My godlike Son ſhall preſs the *Phrygian* Plain:
Already on the Verge of Death he ſtands,
His Life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus'* Hands.
What Paſſions in a Parent's Breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending Fate,
And ſend him ſafe to *Lycia*, diſtant far
From all the Dangers and the Toils of War;
Or to his Doom my braveſt Offspring yield,
And fatten, with celeſtial Blood, the Field?
Then thus the Goddeſs with the radiant Eyes:
What Words are theſe, O Sov'reign of the Skies?

Short

Short is the Date prescrib'd to mortal Man;
Shall *Jove*, for one, extend the narrow Span,
Whose Bounds were fix'd before his Race began?
How many Sons of Gods, foredoom'd to Death,
Before proud *Ilion*, must resign their Breath!
Were thine exempt, Debate would rise above,
And murm'ring Pow'rs condemn their partial *Jove*.
Give the bold Chief a glorious Fate in fight;
And when th'ascending Soul has wing'd her flight,
Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy Command,
The breathless Body to his native Land.
His Friends and People, to his future Praise,
A marble Tomb and Pyramid shall raise,
And lasting Honours to his Ashes give;
His Fame ('tis all the Dead can have!) shall live.
She said; the Cloud-compeller overcome,
Assents to Fate, and ratifies the Doom.
Then, touch'd with Grief, the weeping Heav'ns distill'd
A Show'r of Blood o'er all the fatal Field.

The God, his Eyes averting from the Plain,
Laments his Son, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the *Lycian* Shores, his happy native Reign.
Now met in Arms, the Combatants appear,
Each heav'd the Shield, and pois'd the lifted Spear:
From ſtrong *Patroclus'* Hand the Javelin fled,
And paſs'd the Groin of valiant *Thraſymed*,
The Nerves unbrac'd no more his Bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody Plain.
Two ſounding Darts the *Lycian* Leader threw;
The firſt aloof with erring Fury flew,
The next tranſpierc'd *Achilles'* mortal Steed,
The gen'rous *Pedaſus*, of *Theban* Breed;
Fix'd in the Shoulders Joint, he reel'd around;
Rowl'd in the bloody duſt, and paw'd the ſlip'ry ground.
His ſudden Fall th' entangled Harneſs broke;
Each Axle crackled, and the Chariot ſhook:
When bold *Automedon*, to diſengage
The ſtarting Courſers, and reſtrain their Rage,

Divides

Divides the Traces with his Sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd Chariot from the dying Steed:
The reſt move on, obedient to the Rein;
The Car rowls ſlowly o'er the duſty Plain.

The tow'ring Chiefs to fiercer Fight advance,
And firſt *Sarpedon* whirl'd his weighty Lance,
Which o'er the Warrior's Shoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty Air its dying Force.
Not ſo *Patroclus*' never erring Dart;
Aim'd at his Breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal Part
Where the ſtrong Fibres bind the ſolid Heart.
Then, as the Mountain Oak, or Poplar tall,
Or Pine (fit Maſt for ſome great Admiral)
Nods to the Axe, till with a groaning Sound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its Honours on the Ground;
Thus fell the King; and laid on Earth ſupine,
Before his Chariot ſtretch'd his Form divine:
He graſp'd the Duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming Gore,
And pale in Death, lay groaning on the Shore.

So lies a Bull beneath the Lion's Paws,
While the grim Savage grinds with foamy Jaws
The trembling Limbs, and ſucks the ſmoaking Blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro' the Wood.
Then to the Leader of the *Lycian* Band
The dying Chief addreſs'd his laſt Command.
Glaucus, be bold; thy Task be firſt to dare
The glorious Dangers of deſtructive War,
To lead my Troops, to combate at their Head,
Incite the Living, and ſupply the Dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my lateſt Breath
Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon*'s Death.
What Grief, what Shame muſt *Glaucus* undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd Arms adorn a *Grecian* Foe?
Then as a Friend, and as a Warrior, fight;
Defend my Corpſe, and conquer in my Right;
That taught by great Examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the Fates ſuppreſs'd his lab'ring Breath,
And his Eyes darken'd with the Shades of Death:

Th' in-

Th' inſulting Victor with Diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate Prince, and on his Boſom trod;
Then drew the Weapon from his panting Heart,
The reeking Fibres clinging to the Dart;
From the wide Wound guſh'd out a Stream of Blood,
And the Soul iſſu'd in the purple Flood.

His flying Steeds the *Myrmidons* detain,
Unguided now, their mighty Maſter ſlain.
All-impotent of Aid, transfix'd with Grief,
Unhappy *Glaucus* heard the dying Chief.
His painful Arm, yet uſeleſs with the Smart
Inflicted late by *Teucer*'s deadly Dart,
Supported on his better Hand he ſtay'd;
To *Phœbus* then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.

All-ſeeing Monarch! whether *Lycia*'s Coaſt
Or ſacred *Ilion*, thy bright Preſence boaſt,
Pow'rful alike to eaſe the Wretche's Smart;
Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing Art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted Blood, and pierc'd with Pain,
That thrills my Arm and ſhoots thro' ev'ry Vein,

I ſtand

I ſtand unable to ſuſtain the Spear,
And ſigh, at diſtance from the glorious War.
Low in the Duſt is great *Sarpedon* laid,
Nor *Jove* vouchſaf'd his hapleſs Off'ring Aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy Succour lend,
To guard the Reliques of my ſlaughter'd Friend.
For thou, tho' diſtant, can'ſt reſtore my Might,
To head my *Lycians*, and ſupport the Fight.
Apollo heard; and ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heav'nly Hand reſtrain'd the Flux of Blood;
He drew the Dolours from the wounded Part,
And breath'd a Spirit in his riſing Heart.
Renew'd by Art divine, the Hero ſtands,
And owns th'Aſſiſtance of immortal Hands.
Firſt to the Fight his native Troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on *Troy*'s vindictive Arms;
With ample Strides he ſtalks from Place to Place.
Now fires *Agenor*, now *Polydamas*;
Æneas next, and *Hector* he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the Rage of all their Hoſts.

What

What Thoughts, regardleſs Chief! thy Breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the Friends of *Troy!*
Thoſe gen'rous Friends, who, from their Country far,
Breathe their brave Souls out, in another's War.
See! where in Duſt the great *Sarpedon* lies;
In Action valiant, and in Council wiſe,
Who guarded Right, and kept his People free;
To all his *Lycians* loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by *Patroclus'* Arm on yonder Plains,
Oh ſave from hoſtile Rage his lov'd Remains:
Ah let not *Greece* his conquer'd Trophies boaſt;
Nor on his Corpſe revenge her Heroes loſt.
He ſpoke; each Leader in his Grief partook;
Troy, at the Loſs, thro' all her Legions ſhook.
Tranfix'd with deep Regret, they view'd o'erthrown
At once his Country's Pillar, and their own;
A Chief, who led to *Troy*'s beleaguer'd Wall
A Hoſt of Heroes, and outſhin'd them all.
Fir'd, they ruſh on; Firſt *Hector* ſeeks the Foes,
And with ſuperior Vengeance, greatly glows.

But o'er the Dead the fierce *Patroclus* ſtands,
And rowzing *Ajax*, rowz'd the liſt'ning Bands.
Heroes, be Men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great Occaſion, and be more.
The Chief who taught our lofty Walls to yield,
Lies pale in Death, extended on the Field.
To guard his Body *Troy* in Numbers flies;
'Tis half the Glory to maintain our Prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his Arms, the Slaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living *Lycians* to the Dead.
The Heroes kindle at his fierce Command;
The martial Squadrons cloſe on either Hand:
Here *Troy* and *Lycia* charge with loud Alarms,
Theſſalia there, and *Greece*, oppoſe their Arms.
With horrid Shouts they circle round the Slain;
The Claſh of Armour rings o'er all the Plain.
Great *Jove*, to ſwell the Horrors of the Fight,
O'er the fierce Armies pours pernicious Night,
And round his Son confounds the warring Hoſts,
His Fate ennobling with a Croud of Ghoſts.

Now

Now *Greece* gives way, and great *Epigeus* falls;
Agacleus' Son, from *Budium*'s lofty Walls:
Who chas'd for Murder thence, a Suppliant came
To *Peleus*, and the ſilver-footed Dame;
Now ſent to *Troy*, *Achilles*' Arms to aid,
He pays due Vengeance to his Kinſman's Shade.
Soon as his luckleſs Hand had touch'd the Dead,
A Rock's large Fragment thunder'd on his Head;
Hurl'd by *Hectorean* Force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd Helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the Slain.

Fierce to the Van of Fight *Patroclus* came;
And, like an Eagle darting at his Game,
Sprung on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* Band;
What Grief thy Heart, what Fury urg'd thy Hand.
Oh gen'rous *Greek!* when with full Vigour thrown
At *Stenelaus* flew the weighty Stone,
Which ſunk him to the dead: when *Troy*, too near
That Arm, drew back; and *Hector* learn'd to fear.
Far as an able Hand a Lance can throw,
Or at the Lifts, or at the fighting Foe;

So far the *Trojans* from their Lines retir'd;
Till *Glaucus'* turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.
Then *Bathyclæus* fell beneath his Rage,
The only Hope of *Chalcon*'s trembling Age:
Wide o'er the Land was ſtretch'd his large Domain,
With ſtately Seats, and Riches, bleſt in vain:
Him, bold with Youth, and eager to purſue
The flying *Lycians*, *Glaucus* met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd thro' the Boſom with a ſudden Wound,
He fell, and falling, made the Fields reſound.
Th' *Achaians* ſorrow for their Hero ſlain;
With conqu'ring Shouts the *Trojans* ſhake the Plain,
And crowd to ſpoil the Dead: The *Greeks* oppoſe:
An Iron Circle round the Carcaſe grows.
Then brave *Laogonus* reſign'd his Breath,
Diſpatch'd by *Merion* to the Shades of Death:
On *Ida*'s holy Hill he made abode,
The Prieſt of *Jove*, and honour'd like his God.
Between the Jaw and Ear the Javelin went;
The Soul, exhaling, iſſu'd at the vent.

His

His Spear *Æneas* at the Victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the Death withdrew;
The Lance hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his cov'ring Shield,
And trembling ſtrook, and rooted in the Field,
There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the Plain,
Sent by the great *Æneas*' Arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging Hero cries)
And skill'd in Dancing to diſpute the Prize,
My Spear, the deſtin'd Paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active Vigour to the Ground.
Oh valiant Leader of the *Dardan* Hoſt!
(Inſulted *Merion* thus retorts the Boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal Force you truſt,
An Arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the Duſt.
And if to this my Lance thy Fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy Vaunts, Succeſs is ſtill from Heav'n;
This Inſtant ſends thee down to *Pluto*'s Coaſt,
Mine is the Glory, his thy parting Ghoſt.
O Friend (*Menœtius*' Son this Anſwer gave)
With Words to combate, ill befits the Brave:

Not empty Boaſts the Sons of *Troy* repell,
Your Swords muſt plunge them to the Shades of Hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the Council; but to dare
In glorious Action, is the Task of War.
This ſaid, *Patroclus* to the Battel flies;
Great *Merion* follows, and new Shouts ariſe:
Shields, Helmets rattle, as the Warriors cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſounds the Storm of Blows.
As thro' the ſhrilling Vale, or Mountain Ground,
The Labours of the Woodman's Axe reſound;
Blows following Blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling Foreſts fall on ev'ry ſide.
Thus echo'd all the Fields with loud Alarms,
So fell the Warriors, and ſo rung their Arms.
Now great *Sarpedon*, on the ſandy Shore,
His heav'nly Form defac'd with Duſt and Gore,
And ſtuck with Darts by warring Heroes ſhed;
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed Corpſe the Chiefs incloſe,
On ev'ry ſide the buſy Combate grows;

Thick,

Thick, as beneath ſome Shepherd's thatch'd Abode,
The Pails high-foaming with a milky Flood,
The buzzing Flies, a perſevering Train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chas'd, return again.

Jove view'd the Combate with a ſtern Survey,
And Eyes that flaſh'd intolerable Day;
Fix'd on the Field his Sight, his Breaſt debates
The Vengeance due, and meditates the Fates;
Whether to urge their prompt Effect, and call
The Force of *Hector* to *Patroclus'* Fall,
This Inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd Trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd Son;
Or yet, with many a Soul's untimely flight,
Augment the Fame and Horror of the Fight?
To crown *Achilles'* valiant Friend with Praiſe
At length he dooms; and that his laſt of Days
Shall ſet in Glory; bids him drive the Foe;
Nor unattended, ſee the Shades below.
Then *Hector*'s Mind he fills with dire Diſmay;
He mounts his Car, and calls his Hoſts away;

Sunk

Sunk with *Troy*'s heavy Fates, he ſees decline
The Scales of *Jove*, and pants with Awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy *Lycians* fled,
And left their Monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful Wall
Of Carnage riſes, as the Heroes fall.
(So *Jove* decreed!) At length the *Greeks* obtain
The Prize conteſted, and deſpoil the Slain.
The radiant Arms are by *Patroclus* born,
Patroclus' Ships the glorious Spoils adorn.
Then thus to *Phœbus*, in the Realms above,
Spoke from his Throne the Cloud-compelling *Jove*.
Deſcend, my *Phœbus!* on the *Phrygian* Plain,
And from the Fight convey *Sarpedon* ſlain;
Then bathe his Body in the cryſtal Flood,
With Duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with Blood:
O'er all his Limbs Ambroſial Odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial Robes adorn the Dead.
Thoſe Rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred Corpſe bequeath
To the ſoft Arms of ſilent *Sleep* and *Death*;

They to his Friends the mournful Charge ſhall bear,
His Friends a Tomb and Pyramid ſhall rear;
What Honours Mortals after Death receive,
Thoſe unavailing Honours we may give!

Apollo bows, and from Mount *Ida*'s Height,
Swift to the Field precipitates his Flight;
Thence from the War the breathleſs Hero bore,
Veil'd in a Cloud, to ſilver *Simois*' Shore:
There bath'd his honourable Wounds, and dreſt
His manly Members in th' immortal Veſt;
And with Perfumes of ſweet Ambroſial Dews,
Reſtores his Freſhneſs, and his Form renews.
Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two *Twins* of winged Race,
Of matchleſs Swiftneſs, but of ſilent Pace,
Receiv'd *Sarpedon*, at the God's Command,
And in a Moment reach'd the *Lycian* Land;
The Corpſe amidſt his weeping Friends they laid,
Where endleſs Honours wait the ſacred Shade.

Meanwhile *Patroclus* pours along the Plains,
With foaming Courſers, and with looſen'd Reins.

Fierce

Fierce on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* Crew,
Ah blind to Fate! thy headlong Fury flew:
Againſt what Fate and pow'rful *Jove* ordain,
Vain was thy Friend's Command, thy Courage vain.
For he, the God, whoſe Counſels uncontroll'd,
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold:
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave Hero! by that Arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy Vengeance, preſs'd the Plain;
When Heav'n itſelf thy fatal Fury led,
And call'd to fill the Number of the Dead?
Adreſtus firſt; *Autonous* then ſucceeds,
Echeclus follows; next young *Megas* bleeds;
Epiſtor, *Menalippus*, bite the Ground;
The Slaughter, *Elaſus* and *Mulius* crown'd:
Then ſunk *Pylartes* to eternal Night;
The reſt diſperſing, truſt their Fates to Flight.
Now *Troy* had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs Pow'r,
But flaming *Phœbus* kept the ſacred Tow'r.

Thrice

Thrice at the Battlement *Patroclus* ſtrook,
His blazing *Ægis* thrice *Apollo* ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when, burſting from the Cloud,
A more than mortal Voice was heard aloud.
Patroclus! ceaſe: This Heav'n-defended Wall
Defies thy Lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy Friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand,
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to *Achilles'* Hand.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial Fires:
The *Greek* obeys him, and with Awe retires.
While *Hector* checking at the *Scæan* Gates
His panting Courſers, in his Breaſt debates,
Or in the Field his Forces to employ,
Or draw the Troops within the Walls of *Troy*.
Thus while he thought, beſide him *Phœbus* ſtood,
In *Aſius'* Shape, who reign'd by *Sangar's* Flood;
(Thy Brother, *Hecuba!* from *Dymas* ſprung;
A valiant Warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him. What a ſhameful Sight!
Gods! is it *Hector* that forbears the Fight?

Were thine my Vigour, this ſucceſsful Spear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a Fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the Field of Fame;
And in *Patroclus'* Blood efface thy Shame.
Perhaps *Apollo* ſhall thy Arms ſucceed,
And Heav'n ordains him by thy Lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the Tumult of the Fight.
He bids *Cebrion* drive the rapid Car;
The Laſh reſounds; the Courſers ruſh to War.
The God the *Grecians* ſinking Souls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift Spirits thro' each *Trojan* Breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the Fight;
A Spear his Left, a Stone employs his Right:
With all his Nerves he drives it at the Foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
The falling Ruin cruſh'd *Cebrion*'s Head,
(The lawleſs Offspring of King *Priam*'s Bed,)
His Front, Brows, Eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd Wound,
The burſting Balls drop ſightleſs to the Ground.

The

The Charioteer, while yet he held the Rein,
Struck from the Car, falls headlong on the Plain.
To the dark Shades the Soul unwilling glides,
While the proud Victor thus his Fall derides,
Good Heav'ns! what active Feats yon' Artiſt ſhows,
What skilful Divers are our *Phrygian* Foes!
Mark with what Eaſe they ſink into the Sand!
Pity! that all their Practice is by Land.
Then ruſhing ſudden on his proſtrate Prize,
To ſpoil the Carcaſe fierce *Patroclus* flies:
Swift as a Lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the Fields, depopulates the Fold;
Pierc'd thro' the dauntleſs Heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal Courage finds his Bane.
At once bold *Hector* leaping from his Car,
Defends the Body, and provokes the War.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd Hind, with equal Rage,
Two lordly Rulers of the Wood engage;
Stung with fierce Hunger, each the Prey invades,
And echoing Roars rebellow thro' the Shades.

Stern *Hector* faſtens on the Warrior's Head,
And by the Foot *Patroclus* drags the Dead.
While all around, Confuſion, Rage, and Fright
Mix the contending Hoſts in mortal Fight.
So pent by Hills, the wild Winds roar aloud
In the deep Boſom of ſome gloomy Wood;
Leaves, Arms, and Trees aloft in Air are blown,
The broad Oaks crackle, and the *Sylvans* groan;
This way and that, the ratt'ling Thicket bends,
And the whole Foreſt in one Craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs Noiſe, with leſs tumultuous Rage,
In dreadful Shock the mingled Hoſts engage.
Darts ſhow'r'd on Darts, now round the Carcaſe ring;
Now Flights of Arrows bounding from the String:
Stones follow Stones; ſome clatter on the Fields,
Some, hard and heavy, ſhake the ſounding Shields.
But where the riſing Whirlwind clouds the Plains,
Sunk in ſoft Duſt the mighty Chief remains,
And ſtretch'd in Death, forgets the guiding Reins!

Now

Now flaming from the *Zenith*, *Sol* had driv'n
His fervid Orb thro' half the Vault of Heav'n;
While on each Hoſt with equal Tempeſt fell
The ſhow'ring Darts, and Numbers ſunk to Hell.
But when his Ev'ning Wheels o'erhung the Main,
Glad Conqueſt reſted on the *Grecian* Train.
Then from amidſt the Tumult and Alarms,
They draw the conquer'd Corpſe, and radiant Arms.
Then raſh *Patroclus* with new Fury glows,
And breathing Slaughter, pours amid the Foes.
Thrice on the Preſs like *Mars* himſelf he flew,
And thrice three Heroes at each Onſet ſlew.
There ends thy Glory! there the Fates untwine
The laſt, black Remnant of ſo bright a Line.
Apollo dreadful ſtops thy middle way;
Death calls, and Heav'n allows no longer Day!
For lo! the God, in dusky Clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtagg'ring Blow behind.
The weighty Shock his Neck and Shoulders feel;
His Eyes flaſh Sparkles, his ſtunn'd Senſes reel

In

In giddy Darkneſs: Far to diſtance flung,
His bounding Helmet on the Champain rung.
Achilles' Plume is ſtain'd with Duſt and Gore;
That Plume, which never ſtoop'd to Earth before,
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting Fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the Temples of the Man divine.
Jove dooms it now on *Hector*'s Helm to nod;
Not long----For Fate purſues him, and the God.
His Spear in Shivers falls: His ample Shield
Drops from his Arm: his Baldrick ſtrows the Field:
The Corſelet his aſtoniſh'd Breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each Joint; each Nerve with Horror ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the Force of more than mortal Hands!
A *Dardan* Youth there was, well-known to Fame,
From *Panthus* ſprung, *Euphorbus* was his Name;
Fam'd for the Manage of the foaming Horſe,
Skill'd in the Dart, and matchleſs in the Courſe:
Full twenty Knights he tumbled from the Car,
While yet he learn'd his Rudiments of War.

His

His vent'rous Spear firſt drew the Hero's Gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor tho' diſarm'd, *Patroclus'* Fury ſtood:
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended Wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the Croud.
Thus, by an Arm divine, and mortal Spear,
Wounded at once, *Patroclus* yields to fear,
Retires for Succour to his ſocial Train,
And flies the Fate, which Heav'n decreed, in vain.
Stern *Hector*, as the bleeding Chief he views,
Breaks thro' the Ranks, and his Retreat purſues:
The Lance arreſts him with a mortal Wound;
He falls, Earth thunders, and his Arms reſound.
With him all *Greece* was ſunk; that Moment all
Her yet-ſurviving Heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So ſcorch'd with Heat along the deſart Shore,
The roaming Lyon meets a briſtly Boar,
Faſt by the Spring; they both diſpute the Flood,
With flaming Eyes, and Jaws beſmear'd with Blood;

At

At length the ſov'reign Savage wins the Strife,
And the torn Boar reſigns his Thirſt and Life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many Chiefs o'erthrown,
So many Lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at *Hector*'s Feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries.

Lie there *Patroclus*! and with thee, the Joy
Thy Pride once promis'd, of ſubverting *Troy*;
The fancy'd Scenes, of *Ilion* wrapt in Flames,
And thy ſoft Pleaſures ſerv'd with captive Dames!
Unthinking Man! I fought, thoſe Tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous Race from Lords like thee:
But thou a Prey to Vulturs ſhalt be made!
The great *Achilles* cannot lend thee Aid;
Tho much at parting that great Chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important Day.
" Return not, my brave Friend (perhaps he ſaid)
" Without the bloody Arms of *Hector* dead:
He ſpoke, *Patroclus* march'd, and thus he ſped.

Supine,

Supine, and wildly gazing on the Skies,
With faint, expiring Breath, the Chief replies.
Vain Boaſter! ceaſe, and know the Pow'rs divine;
Jove's and *Apollo*'s is this Deed, not thine;
To Heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heav'n itſelf diſarm'd me e'er my Fall.
Had twenty Mortals, each thy Match in Might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in Fight:
By Fate and *Phœbus* was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean Part thy own.
But thou Imperious! hear my lateſt Breath;
The Gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy Death.
Inſulting Man! thou ſhalt be ſoon, as I;
Black Fate hangs o'er thee, and thy Hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on Life's laſt Verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by *Achilles*' Hand.
He faints; the Soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous Body left a Load of Clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable Coaſt;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy Ghoſt!

Then *Hector* pauſing, as his Eyes he fed
On the pale Carcaſe thus addreſs'd the dead.
From whence this boding Speech, the ſtern Decree
Of Death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well *Achilles*' Fate be giv'n
To *Hector*'s Lance? Who knows the Will of Heav'n?
Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing as he lay
His breathleſs Boſom, tore the Lance away;
And upwards caſt the Corps: The reeking Spear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold Charioteer.
But ſwift *Automedon* with looſned Reins
Rapt in the Chariot o'er the diſtant Plains,
Far from his Rage th' immortal Courſers drove;
Th' immortal Courſers were the Gift of *Jove*.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Sixteenth Book.

BRITISH MUSEUM

OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK.

I.

WE have at the Entrance of this Book one of the moſt beautiful Parts of the Iliad. The two different Characters are admirably ſuſtain'd in the Dialogue of the two Heroes, wherein there is not a Period but ſtrongly marks not only their natural Temper, but that particular Diſpoſition of Mind in either, which ariſes from the preſent State of Affairs. We ſee *Patroclus* touch'd with the deepeſt Compaſſion for the Misfortune of the *Greeks*, (whom the *Trojans* had forc'd to retreat to their Ships, and which Ships were on the Point of burning) proſtrating himſelf before the Veſſel of *Achilles*, and pouring out his Tears at his Feet. *Achilles*, ſtruck with the Grief of his Friend, demands the Cauſe of it. *Patroclus*, pointing to the Ships, where the Flames already began to

riſe, tells him he is harder than the Rocks or Sea which lay in proſpect before them, if he is not touch'd with ſo moving a Spectacle, and can ſee in cold Blood his Friends periſhing before his Eyes. As nothing can be more natural and affecting than the Speech of *Patroclus*, ſo nothing is more lively and Pictureſque than the Attitude he is here deſcrib'd in.

The *Pathetic* of *Patroclus*'s Speech is finely contraſted by the *Fiertè* of that of *Achilles*. While the former is melting with Sorrow for his Countrymen, the utmoſt he can hope from the latter, is but to borrow his Armour and Troops; to obtain his perſonal Aſſiſtance he knows is impoſſible. At the very Inſtant that *Achilles* is mov'd to ask the Cauſe of his Friend's Concern, he ſeems to ſay that nothing could deſerve it but the Death of their Fathers: and in the ſame Breath ſpeaks of the total Deſtruction of the *Greeks* as of too ſlight a Cauſe for Tears. *Patroclus*, at the opening of this Speech, dares not name *Agamemnon* even for being wounded; and after he has tried to bend him by all the Arguments that could affect an human Breaſt, concludes by ſuppoſing that ſome Oracle or ſupernatual Inſpiration is the Cauſe that with-holds his Arms. What can match the Fierceneſs of his Anſwer? Which implies, that not the Oracles of Heaven itſelf ſhould be regarded, if they ſtood in Competition with his Reſentment: That if he yields, it muſt be thro' his own mere Motive: The only reaſon he has ever to yield, is that Nature itſelf cannot ſupport Anger eternally: And if he yields now, it is only becauſe he had before determin'd to do ſo at a certain time, (*Il.* 9. *V.* 773.) That time was not till the Flames ſhould approach to his own Ships, till the laſt Article of Danger, and that not of Danger to *Greece*, but to himſelf. Thus his very Pity has the ſterneſt Qualifications in the World. After all, what is it he yields to? Only to ſuffer his Friend to go in his ſtead, juſt to ſave them from preſent Ruin, but he expreſſly forbids him to proceed any farther in their Aſſiſtance, than barely to put out the Fires, and ſecure his own

and his Friend's Return into their Country: And all this concludes with a Wiſh, that (if it were poſſible) every *Greek* and every *Trojan* might periſh except themſelves. Such is that *Wrath* of *Achilles*, that more than Wrath, as the *Greek* μῆνις implies, which *Homer* has painted in ſo ſtrong a Colouring.

II.

VERSE 8. *Indulgent to his beſt belov'd.*] The Friendſhip of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* is celebrated by all Antiquity: And *Homer*, notwithſtanding the Anger of *Achilles* was his profeſs'd Subject, has found the Secret to diſcover, thro' that very Anger, the ſofter Parts of his Character. In this View we ſhall find him generous in his Temper, deſpiſing Gain and Booty, and as far as his Honour is not concern'd, fond of his Miſtreſs, and eaſy to his Friend: Not proud, but when injur'd; and not more revengeful when ill us'd, than grateful and gentle when reſpectfully treated. " *Patroclus* (ſays *Philoſtratus*, who probably grounds his Aſſertion on ſome ancient Tradition) " was not ſo much elder than *Achilles* as to " pretend to direct him, but of a tender, modeſt, and unaſ- " ſuming Nature; conſtant and diligent in his Attendance, " and ſeeming to have no Affections but thoſe of his Friend." The ſame Author has a very pretty Paſſage, where *Ajax* is introduced enquiring of *Achilles*, " Which of all his warlike " Actions were the moſt difficult and dangerous to him? " He anſwers, Thoſe which he undertook for the ſake of his " Friends. And which (continues *Ajax*) were the moſt " pleaſing and eaſy? The very ſame, replies *Achilles*. " He then asks him, Which of all the Wounds he ever bore " in Battel was the moſt painful to him? *Achilles* anſwers, " That which he receiv'd from *Hector*. But *Hector*, ſays " *Ajax*, never gave you a Wound. Yes, replies *Achilles*, a " mortal one, when he ſlew my Friend *Patroclus*."

It

It is ſaid in the Life of *Alexander the Great*, that when that Prince viſited the Monuments of the Heroes at *Troy*, and plac'd a Crown upon the Tomb of *Achilles*; his Friend *Hephæſtion* plac'd another on that of *Patroclus*, as an Intimation of his being to *Alexander* what the other was to *Achilles*. On which Occaſion the Saying of *Alexander* is recorded; *That* Achilles *was happy indeed, for having had ſuch a* Friend *to love him living, and ſuch a* Poet *to celebrate him dead.*

III.

VERSE 11. *No Girl, no Infant*, &c.] I know the obvious Tranſlation of this Paſſage makes the Compariſon conſiſt only in the Tears of the Infant, apply'd to thoſe of *Patroclus*. But certainly the Idea of the Simile will be much finer, if we comprehend alſo in it the Mother's Fondneſs and Concern, awaken'd by this Uneaſineſs of the Child, which no leſs aptly correſponds with the Tenderneſs of *Achilles* on the Sight of his Friend's Affliction. And there is yet a third Branch of the Compariſon, in the Purſuit, and conſtant Application the Infant makes to the Mother, in the ſame manner as *Patroclus* follows *Achilles* with his Grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. I think (all theſe Circumſtances laid together) nothing can be more affecting or exact in all its Views, than this Similitude; which without that Regard, has perhaps ſeem'd but low and trivial to an unreflecting Reader.

IV.

VERSE 31. *Let* Greece *at length with Pity touch thy Breaſt.*] The Commentators labour to prove, that the Words in the Original, which begin this Speech, Μὴ νεμέσα, *Be not angry*, are not meant to deſire *Achilles* to bear no farther Reſentment againſt

againſt the *Greeks*, but only not to be diſpleas'd at the Tears which *Patroclus* ſheds for their Misfortune. *Patroclus* (they ſay) was not ſo imprudent to begin his Interceſſion in that manner, when there was need of ſomething more inſinuating. I take this to be an Exceſs of Refinement: The Purpoſe of every Period in his Speech is to perſuade *Achilles* to lay aſide his Anger; why then may he not begin by deſiring it? The whole Queſtion is, whether he may ſpeak openly in favour of the *Greeks* in the firſt half of the Verſe, or in the latter? For in the ſame Line he repreſents their Diſtreſs.

——τοῖον γὰρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.

'Tis plain he treats him without much Reſerve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even miſchievous (for *αἰναρέτη* implies no leſs.) I don't ſee wherein the Caution of this Speech conſiſts; it is a generous, unartful Petition, whereof *Achilles*'s Nature would much more approve, than of all the Artifice of *Ulyſſes* (to which he expreſs'd his Hatred in the ninth Book, V. 310.)

V.

VERSE 35. Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' *Son*,
And wiſe Ulyſſes.——]

Patroclus in mentioning the wounded Princes to *Achilles*, takes care not to put *Agamemnon* firſt, leſt that odious Name ſtriking his Ear on a ſudden, ſhould ſhut it againſt the reſt of his Diſcourſe: Neither does he name him laſt, for fear *Achilles* dwelling upon it ſhould fall into Paſſion: But he ſlides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the reſt, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the Names which precede and follow it may diminiſh the Hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not ſo much as accompany it with an Epithet.

I think the foregoing Remark of *Euſtathius* is very ingenious, and I have given into it ſo far, as to chuſe rather to make *Patroclus* call him *Atreus'* Son than *Agamemnon*, which yet farther ſoftens it, ſince thus it might as well be imagin'd he ſpoke of *Menelaus*, as of *Agamemnon*.

VI.

VERSE 61. *And thy mere Image chaſe her Foes away.*] It is hard to conceive a greater Complement, or one that could more touch the warlike Ambition of *Achilles*, than this which *Homer* puts into the Mouth of *Patroclus*. It was alſo an Encomium which he could not ſuſpect of Flattery; ſince the Perſon who made it, deſires to hazard his Life upon the Security, that the Enemy could not ſupport the Sight of the very Armour of *Achilles:* And indeed *Achilles* himſelf ſeems to entertain no leſs a Thought, in the Anſwer to this Speech, where he aſcribes the Flight of *Troy* to the blazing of his Helmet: a Circumſtance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the Idea of this Hero's terrible Character. Beſides all this, *Homer* had it in his View to prepare hereby the wonderful Incident that is to enſue in the eighteenth Book, where the very Sight of *Achilles* from his Ship turns the Fortune of the War.

VII.

VERSE 101. *No longer flames the Lance of* Tydeus' *Son.*] By what *Achilles* here ſays, joining *Diomede* to *Agamemnon* in this taunting Reflection, one may juſtly ſuſpect there was ſome particular Diſagreement and Emulation between theſe two Heroes. This we may ſuppoſe to be the more natural, becauſe *Diomede* was of all the *Greeks* confeſſedly the neareſt in Fame and Courage to *Achilles*, and therefore the moſt likely

to

to move his Envy, as being the moſt likely to ſupply his Place. The ſame Sentiments are to be obſerv'd in *Diomede* with regard to *Achilles*; he is always confident in his own Valour, and therefore in their greateſt Extremities he no where acknowledges the Neceſſity of appeaſing *Achilles*, but always in Council appears moſt forward and reſolute to carry on the War without him. For this reaſon he was not thought a fit Embaſſador to *Achilles*; and upon Return from the Embaſſy, he breaks into a ſevere Reflection, not only upon *Achilles*, but even upon *Agamemnon* who had ſent this Embaſſy to him. *I wiſh thou hadſt not ſent theſe Supplications and Gifts to* Achilles; *his Inſolence was extreme before, but now his Arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or ſtays, but do our Duty and prepare for the Battel. Euſtathius* obſerves, that *Achilles* uſes this particular Expreſſion concerning *Diomede*,

Οὐ γὰρ Τυδείδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσι
Μαίνεται ἐγχείη——

becauſe it was the ſame boaſting Expreſſion *Diomed* had apply'd to himſelf, *Il.* 8. V. 111. But this having been ſaid only to *Neſtor* in the Heat of Fight, how can we ſuppoſe *Achilles* had Notice of it? This Obſervation ſhews the great Diligence, if not the Judgment, of the good Archbiſhop.

VIII.

VERSE 111. *Shall render back the beauteous Maid.*] But this is what the *Greeks* have already offer'd to do, and which he has refus'd; this then is an Inequality in *Achilles*'s Manners. Not at all: *Achilles* is ſtill ambitious; when he refuſed theſe Preſents, the *Greeks* were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the laſt

Extremity, and till he was ſufficiently reveng'd by their Loſſes. *Dacier.*

IX.

VERSE 113. *But touch not* Hector.] This Injunction of *Achilles* is highly correſpondent to his ambitious Character: He is by no means willing that the Conqueſt of *Hector* ſhould be atchiev'd by any Hand but his own: In that Point of Glory he is jealous even of his deareſt Friend. This alſo wonderfully ſtrengthens the Idea we have of his Implacability and Reſentment; ſince at the ſame time that nothing can move him to aſſiſt the *Greeks* in the Battel, we ſee it is the utmoſt Force upon his Nature to abſtain from it, by the fear he manifeſts leſt any other ſhould ſubdue this Hero.

The Verſe I am ſpeaking of,

Τὸς ἄλλας ἐνάριξ'· ἀπὸ δ' Ἕκτορος ἴχεο χεῖρας,

is cited by *Diogenes Laertius* as *Homer*'s, but not to be found in the Editions before that of *Barnes*. It is certainly one of the Inſtructions of *Achilles* to *Patroclus*, and therefore properly placed in this Speech; but I believe better after

——ποτὶ δ', ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν,

than where he has inſerted it four Lines above: For *Achilles*'s Inſtructions not beginning till V. 83.

Πειθεο δ', ὥς τοι ἐγὼ μύθω τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θείω,

it is not ſo proper to divide this material one from the reſt. Whereas (according to the Method I propoſe) the whole Context will lie in this order. *Obey my Injunctions, as you conſult my Intereſt and Honour. Make as great a Slaughter*

of

of the Trojans *as you will, but abſtain from* Hector. *And as ſoon as you have repuls'd them from the Ships, be ſatisfy'd and return: For it may be fatal to purſue the Victory to the Walls of* Troy.

X.

VERSE 115. *Conſult my Glory, and forbear.*] *Achilles* tells *Patroclus*, that if he purſues the Foe too far, whether he ſhall be Victor or Vanquiſh'd, it muſt prove either way prejudicial to his Glory. For by the former, the *Greeks* having no more need of *Achilles*'s Aid, will not render him his Captive, nor try any more to appeaſe him by Preſents: By the latter, his Arms would be left in the Enemy's Hands, and he himſelf upbraided with the Death of *Patroclus*. *Dacier*.

XI.

VERSE 122. *Oh would to all*, &c.] *Achilles* from his overflowing Gall vents this Execration: The *Trojans* he hates as profeſſed Enemies, and he deteſts the *Grecians* as People who had with Calmneſs overlook'd his Wrongs. Some of the ancient Criticks not entring into the Manners of *Achilles*, would have expunged this Imprecation, as uttering an univerſal Malevolence to Mankind. This Violence agrees perfectly with his implacable Character. But one may obſerve at the ſame time the mighty Force of Friendſhip, if for the ſake of his dear *Patroclus* he will protect and ſecure thoſe *Greeks*, whoſe Deſtruction he wiſhes. What a little qualifies this bloody Wiſh, is that we may ſuppoſe it ſpoken with great Unreſervedneſs, as in ſecret, and between Friends.

Monſ. *de la Motte* has a lively Remark upon the Abſurdity of this Wiſh. Upon the Suppoſition that *Jupiter* had granted it, if all the *Trojans* and *Greeks* were deſtroy'd, and only *Achilles* and *Patroclus* left to conquer *Troy*, he asks, what would

would be the Victory without any Enemies, and the Triumph without any Spectators? But the Anſwer is very obvious; *Homer* intends to paint a Man in Paſſion; the Wiſhes and Schemes of ſuch an one are ſeldom conformable to Reaſon; and the Manners are preſerv'd the better, the leſs they are repreſented to be ſo.

This brings into my Mind that Curſe in *Shakeſpear*, where that admirable Maſter of Nature makes *Northumberland*, in the Rage of his Paſſion, wiſh for an univerſal Deſtruction.

——Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd! Let Order die,
And let the World no longer be a Stage
To feed Contention in a lingring Act:
But let one Spirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all Boſoms, that each Heart being ſet
On bloody Courſes, the rude Scene may end,
And Darkneſs be the Burier of the Dead!

XII.

VERSE 130. Ajax *no more*, &c.] This Deſcription of *Ajax* weary'd out with Battel, is a Paſſage of exquiſite Life and Beauty: Yet what I think nobler than the Deſcription itſelf, is what he ſays at the end of it, that his Hero even in this Exceſs of Fatigue and Languor, could ſcarce be mov'd from his Poſt by the Efforts of a whole Army. *Virgil* has copy'd the Deſcription very exactly, *Æn.* 9.

Ergo nec clypeo juvenis ſubſiſtere tantum
Nec dextra valet: injectis ſic undique telis
Obruitur. Strepit aſſiduo cava tempora circum
Tinnitu galea, & ſaxis ſolida æra fatiſcunt:
Diſcuſſæque jubæ capiti, nec ſufficit umbo

Ictibus:

Ictibus: *ingeminant haſtis & Troes, & ipſe*
Fulmineus Mneſtheus; tum toto corpore ſudor
Liquitur, & piceum, nec reſpirare poteſtas,
Flumen agit; feſſos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

The Circumſtances which I have mark'd in a different Character are Improvements upon *Homer*, and the laſt Verſe excellently expreſſes, in the ſhort catching up of the Numbers, the quick, ſhort Panting, repreſented in the Image. The Reader may add to the Compariſon an Imitation of the ſame Place in *Taſſo*, Canto 9. *St.* 97.

Fatto intanto hà il Soldan cio, ch'e conceſſo
Fare a terrena forza, hor piu non puote:
Tutto e ſangue e ſudore; un grave, e ſpeſſo
Anhelar gli ange il petto, e i fianche ſcote.
Langue ſotto lo ſcudo il brachio oppreſſo,
Gira la deſtra il ferro in pigre rote;
Speſſa, e non taglia, e divenendo ottuſo
Perduto il brando omai di brando hà l'uſo.

XIII.

VERSE 148. *Great* Ajax *ſaw, and own'd the Hand divine,*
Confeſſing Jove, *and trembling at the Sign.*]

In the *Greek* there is added an Explication of this Sign, which has no other Alluſion to the Action but a very odd one in a ſingle Phraſe, or Metaphor.

——ὅ ῥα πάγχυ μάχης ἐπὶ μήδεα κείρει
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ βάλετο νίκην.

Which

Which may be tranſlated,

So ſeem'd their Hopes cut off by Heav'ns high Lord,
So doom'd to fall before the Trojan *Sword.*

Chapman endeavours to account for the Meanneſs of this Conceit, by the groſs Wit of *Ajax*; who ſeeing the Head of his Lance cut off, took it into his Fancy that *Jupiter* would in the ſame manner cut off the Counſels and Schemes of the *Greeks.* For to underſtand this far-fetch'd Apprehenſion gravely, as the Commentators have done, is indeed (to uſe the Words of *Chapman)* moſt *dull and Ajantical.* I believe no Man will blame me for leaving theſe Lines out of the Text.

XIV.

VERSE 154. Achilles *view'd the riſing Flames.*] This Event is prepar'd with a great deal of Art and Probability. That Effect which a Multitude of Speeches was not able to accompliſh, one lamentable Spectacle, the Sight of the Flames, at length overcomes, and moves *Achilles* to Compaſſion. This it was (ſay the Ancients) that moved the Tragedians to make viſible Repreſentations of Miſery; for the Spectators beholding People in unhappy Circumſtances, find their Souls more deeply touch'd, than by all the Strains of Rhetorick. *Euſtathius.*

XV.

VERSE 162. *He cas'd his Limbs in Braſs,* &c.] *Homer* does not amuſe himſelf here to deſcribe theſe Arms of *Achilles* at length, for beſides that the time permits it not, he reſerves this

this Deſcription for the new Armour which *Thetis* ſhall bring that Hero; a Deſcription which will be plac'd in a more quiet Moment, and which will give him all the Leiſure of making it, without requiring any Force to introduce it. *Euſtathius.*

XVI.

VERSE 172. *Alone untouch'd* Pelides' *Javelin ſtands.*] This Paſſage affords another Inſtance of the Stupidity of the Commentators, who are here moſt abſurdly inquiſitive after the Reaſons why *Patroclus* does not take the Spear, as well as the other Arms of *Achilles?* He thought himſelf a very happy Man, who firſt found out, that *Homer* had certainly given this Spear to *Patroclus*, if he had not foreſeen that when it ſhould be loſt in his future unfortunate Engagement, *Vulcan* could not furniſh *Achilles* with another; being no Joiner, but only a Smith. *Virgil*, it ſeems, was not ſo preciſey acquainted with *Vulcan*'s Diſability to profeſs the two Trades; ſince he has, without any ſcruple, employed him in making a Spear, as well as the other Arms for *Æneas.* Nothing is more obvious than this Thought of *Homer*, who intended to raiſe the Idea of his Hero, by giving him ſuch a Spear as no other could wield: The Deſcription of it in this Place is wonderfully pompous.

XVII.

VERSE 183. *Sprung from the Wind.*] It is a beautiful Invention of the Poet to repreſent the wonderful Swiftneſs of the Horſes of *Achilles*, by ſaying they were begotten by the weſtern Wind. This Fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural Allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our Author might have deſign'd it even in the literal Senſe: Nor ought the Notion to be thought

very extravagant in a Poet, ſince grave Naturaliſts have ſeriouſly vouched the Truth of this kind of Generation. Some of theſe relate as an undoubted Piece of natural Hiſtory, that there was anciently a Breed of this kind of Horſes in *Portugal*, whoſe Damms were impregnated by a weſtern Wind: *Varro*, *Collumella*, and *Pliny*, are all of this Opinion. I ſhall only mention the Words of *Pliny*, Nat. Hiſt. lib. 8. cap. 42. *Conſtat in Luſitania circa Olyſſiponem oppidum, & Tagum amnem, equas Favonio flante obverſas animalem concipere ſpiritum, idque partum fieri & gigni perniciſſimum.* See alſo the ſame Author, *l.* 4. *c.* 22. *l.* 16. *c.* 25. Poſſibly *Homer* had this Opinion in view, which we ſee has Authority more than ſufficient to give it place in Poetry. *Virgil* has given us a Deſcription of this manner of Conception, *Georgic* 3.

Continuoque avidis ubi ſubdita flamma medullis,
Vere magis (quia vere calor redit oſſibus) illæ
Ore omnes verſæ in Zephyrum, ſtant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras: & ſæpe ſine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
Saxa per & ſcopulos & depreſſas convalles
Diffugiunt.——

XVIII.

VERSE 186. *Swift* Pedaſus *was added to their ſide.*] Here was a neceſſity for a ſpare Horſe (as in another Place *Neſtor* had occaſion for the ſame) that if by any Misfortune one of the other Horſes ſhould fall, there might be a freſh one ready at hand to ſupply his Place. This is good Management in the Poet, to deprive *Achilles* not only of his Charioteer and his Arms, but of one of his ineſtimable Horſes. *Euſtathius.*

XIX.

XIX.

VERSE 194. *Grim as voracious Wolves*, &c.] There is ſcarce any Picture in *Homer* ſo much in the ſavage and terrible way, as this Compariſon of the *Myrmidons* to Wolves: It puts one in mind of the Pieces of *Spagnolett*, or *Salvator Roſa:* Each Circumſtance is made up of Images very ſtrongly colour'd, and horridly lively. The principal Deſign is to repreſent the ſtern Looks and fierce Appearance of the *Myrmidons*, a gaunt and ghaſtly Train of raw-bon'd bloody-minded Fellows. But beſides this, the Poet ſeems to have ſome farther Views in ſo many different Particulars of the Compariſon: Their eager deſire of Fight is hinted at by the Wolves thirſting after Water: Their Strength and Vigour for the Battel is intimated by their being fill'd with Food: And as theſe Beaſts are ſaid to have their Thirſt ſharper after they are gorg'd with Prey; ſo the *Myrmidons* are ſtrong and vigorous with Eaſe and Refreſhment, and therefore more ardently deſirous of the Combate. This Image of their *Strength* is inculcated by ſeveral Expreſſions, both in the Simile and the Application, and ſeems deſign'd in contraſte to the other *Greeks*, who are all waſted and ſpent with Toil.

We have a Picture much of this kind given us by *Milton*, *lib.* 10. where *Death* is let looſe into the new Creation, to glut his Appetite, and diſcharge his Rage upon all Nature.

——As when a Flock
Of rav'nous Fowls, tho' many a League remote,
Againſt the Day of Battel, to a Field
Where Armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With Scent of living Carcaſſes, deſign'd
For Death the following Day, in bloody Fight.
So ſcented the grim Feature, and upturn'd

His Noſtril wide into the murky Air,
Sagacious of his Quarry from afar.

And by *Taſſo*, Canto 10. *St.* 2. of the furious *Soldan* cover'd with Blood, and thirſting for freſh Slaughter.

Come dal chiuſo ovil cacciato viene
Lupo tal' hor, che fugge, e ſi naſconde;
Che ſe ben del gran ventre omai ripiene
Ha l' ingorde voragini profonde.
Avido pur di ſangue anco fuor tiene
La lingua, e'l ſugge da le labbra immonde;
Tal' ei ſen già dopo il ſanguigno ſtratio
De la ſua cupa fame anco non ſatio.

XX.

VERSE 211. *Deriv'd from him whoſe Waters*, &c.] *Homer* ſeems reſolv'd that every thing about *Achilles* ſhall be miraculous. We have ſeen his very Horſes are of celeſtial Origine; and now his Commanders, tho' vulgarly reputed the Sons of Men, are repreſented as the real Offspring of ſome Deity. The Poet thus inhances the Admiration of his chief Hero by every Circumſtance with which his Imagination could furniſh him.

XXI.

VERSE 220. *To her high Chamber.*] It was the Cuſtom of thoſe Times to aſſign the uppermoſt Rooms to the Women, that they might be the farther remov'd from Commerce: Wherefore *Penelope* in the *Odyſſeis* mounts up into a Garret, and there ſits to her Buſineſs. So *Priam*, in the 16*th* Book,

Book, V. 248. had Chambers for the Ladies of his Court, under the Roof of his Palace.

The *Lacedæmonians* call'd theſe high Apartments ὦα, and as the word alſo ſignifies *Eggs*, 'tis probable it was this that gave occaſion to the Fable of *Helen*'s Birth, who is ſaid to be born from an *Egg*. *Euſtathius*.

XXII.

VERSE 283. *And thus the God implor'd.*] Tho' the Character of *Achilles* every where ſhews a Mind ſway'd with unbounded Paſſions, and entirely regardleſs of all human Authority and Law; yet he preſerves a conſtant Reſpect to the Gods, and appears as zealous in the Sentiments and Actions of Piety as any Hero of the Iliad; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The preſent Paſſage is an exact Deſcription and perfect Ritual of the Ceremonies on theſe Occaſions. *Achilles*, tho' an urgent Affair call'd for his Friend's Aſſiſtance, would not yet ſuffer him to enter the Fight, till in a moſt ſolemn manner he had recommended him to the Protection of *Jupiter*: And this I think a ſtronger Proof of his Tenderneſs and Affection for *Patroclus*, than either the Grief he expreſs'd at his Death, or the Fury he ſhew'd to revenge it.

XXIII.

VERSE 285. Dodonæan Jove.] The frequent mention of *Oracles* in *Homer* and the ancient Authors, may make it not improper to give the Reader a general Account of ſo conſiderable a part of the *Grecian* Superſtition; which I cannot do better than in the Words of my Friend Mr. *Stanyan*, in his excellent and judicious Abſtract of the *Grecian* Hiſtory.

" The

" The *Oracles* were rank'd among the nobleſt and moſt reli-
" gious kinds of Divination; the Deſign of them being to ſet-
" tle ſuch an immediate way of Converſe with their Gods,
" as to be able by them not only to explain things intricate
" and obſcure, but alſo to anticipate the Knowledge of future
" Events; and that with far greater Certainty than they
" could hope for from Men, who out of Ignorance and Pre-
" judice muſt ſometimes either conceal or betray the Truth.
" So that this became the only ſafe way of deliberating upon
" Affairs of any Conſequence, either publick or private.
" Whether to proclaim War, or conclude a Peace, to inſti-
" tute a new Form of Government, or enact new Laws, all
" was to be done with the Advice and Approbation of the
" Oracle, whoſe Determinations were always held ſacred and
" inviolable. As to the Cauſes of Oracles, *Jupiter* was look'd
" upon as the firſt Cauſe of this, and all other ſorts of Divi-
" nation; he had the Book of Fate before him, and out of
" that reveal'd either more or leſs, as he pleas'd, to inferior
" Dæmons. But to argue more rationally, this way of Ac-
" ceſs to the Gods has been branded as one of the earlieſt
" and groſſeſt Pieces of Prieſtcraft, that obtain'd in the
" World. For the Prieſts, whoſe Dependance was on the
" Oracles, when they found the Cheat had got ſufficient
" footing, allow'd no Man to conſult the Gods without coſt-
" ly Sacrifices and rich Preſents to themſelves: And as few
" could bear this Expence, it ſerv'd to raiſe their Credit
" among the common People, by keeping them at an awful
" diſtance. And to heighten their Eſteem with the better
" and wealthier ſort, even they were only admitted upon a
" few ſtated Days: By which the thing appear'd ſtill more
" myſterious, and for want of this good Management, muſt
" quickly have been ſeen through, and fell to the Ground. But
" whatever juggling there was as to the religious Part, Ora-
" cles had certainly a good Effect as to the Publick; being
" admirably ſuited to the Genius of a People, who would

" join

" join in the moſt deſperate Expedition, and admit of any
" Change of Government, when they underſtood by the O-
" racle it was the irreſiſtible Will of the Gods. This was
" the Method *Minos*, *Lycurgus*, and all the famous Lawgivers
" took; and indeed they found the People ſo entirely devo-
" ted to this Part of Religion, that it was generally the ea-
" ſieſt, and ſometimes the only way of winning them into
" a Compliance. And then they took care to have them
" deliver'd in ſuch ambiguous Terms, as to admit of diffe-
" rent Conſtructions according to the Exigency of the
" Times; ſo that they were generally interpreted to the Ad-
" vantage of the State, unleſs ſometimes there happen'd to
" be Bribery, or Flattery in the Caſe; as when *Demoſthenes*
" complain'd that the *Pythia* ſpoke as *Philip* would have
" her. The moſt numerous, and of greateſt Repute were
" the Oracles of *Apollo*, who in Subordination to *Jupiter*,
" was appointed to preſide over, and inſpire all ſorts of Pro-
" phets and Diviners. And amongſt theſe, the *Delphian*
" challeng'd the firſt Place, not ſo much in reſpect of its Anti-
" quity, as its Perſpicuity and Certainty; inſomuch that the
" Anſwers of the *Tripos* came to be uſed proverbially for
" clear and infallible Truths. Here we muſt not omit the
" firſt *Pythia* or Prieſteſs of this famous Oracle in heroic
" Verſe. They found a ſecret Charm in Numbers, which made
" every thing look pompous and weighty. And hence it
" became the general Practice of Legiſlators, and Philoſo-
" phers, to deliver their Laws and Maxims in that Dreſs:
" And ſcarce any thing in thoſe Ages was writ of Excellence
" or Moment but in Verſe. This was the Dawn of Poetry,
" which ſoon grew into Repute; and ſo long as it ſerv'd to
" ſuch noble Purpoſes as Religion and Government, Poets
" were highly honour'd, and admitted into a Share of the
" Adminiſtration. But by that time it arriv'd to any Perfe-
" ction, they purſu'd more mean and ſervile Ends; and as
" they proſtituted their Muſe, and debaſed the Subject, they

" ſunk

" ſunk proportionably in their Eſteem and Dignity. As to " the Hiſtory of Oracles, we find them mention'd in the ve- " ry Infancy of *Greece*; and it is as uncertain when they " were finally extinct, as when they began. For they often " loſt their prophetick Faculty for ſome time, and recover'd " it again. I know 'tis a common Opinion, that they were " univerſally ſilenc'd upon our Saviour's Appearance in the " World: And if the Devil had been permitted for ſo ma- " ny Ages to delude Mankind, it might probably have been " ſo. But we are aſſur'd from Hiſtory, that ſeveral of them " continu'd till the Reign of *Julian* the Apoſtate, and were " conſulted by him: And therefore I look upon the whole " Buſineſs as of human Contrivance; an egregious Impoſture " founded upon Superſtition, and carry'd on by Policy and " Intereſt, till the brighter Oracles of the holy Scriptures " diſpell'd theſe Miſts of Error and Enthuſiaſm."

XXIV.

VERSE 285. Pelaſgic, Dodonæan Jove.] *Achilles* invokes *Jupiter* with theſe particular Appellations, and repreſents to him the Services perform'd by theſe Prieſts and Prophets, making theſe Honours paid in his own Country, his Claim for the Protection of the Deity. *Jupiter* was look'd upon as the firſt Cauſe of all Divination and Oracles, from whence he had the Appellation of πανομφαῖος, *Il.* 8. V. 250. The firſt Oracle of *Dodona* was founded by the *Pelaſgi*, the moſt ancient of all the Inhabitants of *Greece*, which is confirm'd by this Verſe of *Heſiod*, preſerv'd by the Scholiaſt on *Sophocles Trachin.*

Δωδώνην, φηγόν τε Πελασγῶν ἔδρανον ἦκεν.

The Oaks of this Place were ſaid to be endu'd with Voice, and prophetic Spirit; the Prieſts who gave Anſwers conceal-

ing

ing themſelves in theſe Trees; a Practice which the pious Frauds of ſucceeding Ages have render'd not improbable.

XXV.

VERSE 288. *Whoſe Groves the* Selli, *Race auſtere!* &c.] *Homer* ſeems to me to ſay clearly enough, that theſe Prieſts lay on the Ground and forbore the Bath, to honour by theſe Auſterities the God they ſerv'd; for he ſays, σοὶ νάισσι ἀνιπτόποδες· and this σοὶ can in my Opinion only ſignify *for you*, that is to ſay, *to pleaſe you*, and *for your Honour*. This Example is remarkable, but I do not think it ſingular; and the earlieſt Antiquity may furniſh us with the like of Pagans, who by an auſtere Life try'd to pleaſe their Gods. Nevertheleſs I am obliged to ſay, that *Strabo*, who ſpeaks very much at length of theſe *Selli* in his *7th* Book, has not taken this Auſterity of Life for an Effect of their Devotion, but for a Remain of the Groſſneſs of their Anceſtors; who being Barbarians, and ſtraying from Country to Country, had no Bed but the Earth, and never uſed a Bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the firſt *Pelaſgians* (who founded this Oracle) only Cuſtom and Uſe, might be continu'd by theſe Prieſts thro' Devotion. How many things do we at this Day ſee, which were in their Original only ancient Manner, and which are continu'd thro' Zeal and a Spirit of Religion? It is very probable that theſe Prieſts by this hard living had a mind to attract the Admiration and Confidence of a People who lov'd Luxury and Delicacy ſo much. I was willing to ſearch into Antiquity for the Original of theſe *Selli*, Prieſts of *Jupiter*, but found nothing ſo ancient as *Homer*: *Herodotus* writes in his ſecond Book, that the Oracle of *Dodona* was the ancienteſt in *Greece*, and that it was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an *Egyptian* Woman, who was the Prieſteſs of it, is contradicted by this

Paſſage of *Homer*, who ſhews, that in the time of the *Trojan* War this Temple was ſerv'd by Men call'd *Selli*, and not by Women. *Strabo* informs us of a curious ancient Tradition, importing, that this Temple was at firſt built in *Theſſaly*, that from thence it was carry'd into *Dodona*, that ſeveral Women who had plac'd their Devotion there follow'd it, and that in Proceſs of Time the Prieſteſſes uſed to be choſen from among the Deſcendents of thoſe Women. To return to theſe *Selli*; *Sophocles*, who of all the *Greek* Poets is he who has moſt imitated *Homer*, ſpeaks in like manner of theſe Prieſts in one of his Plays, where *Hercules* ſays to his Son *Hillus*; "I will declare to thee a new Oracle, which "perfectly agrees with this ancient one; I my ſelf having "enter'd into the ſacred Wood inhabited by the auſtere *Selli*, "who lie on the Ground, writ this Anſwer of the Oak, "which is conſecrated to my Father *Jupiter*, and which ren-"ders his Oracles in all Languages." *Dacier*.

XXVI.

VERSE 288.] *Homer* in this Verſe uſes a word which I think ſingular and remarkable, ὑποφῆται. I cannot believe that it was put ſimply for προφῆται, but am perſuaded that this Term includes ſome particular Senſe, and ſhews ſome Cuſtom but little known, which I would willingly diſcover. In the Scholia of *Didymus* there is this Remark: "They call'd "thoſe who ſerv'd in the Temple, and who explain'd the Ora-"cles render'd by the Prieſts, *Hypothets*, or *Under-Prophets*." It is certain that there were in the Temples Servitors, or Subaltern Miniſters, who for the ſake of Gain, undertook to explain the Oracles which were obſcure. This Cuſtom ſeems very well eſtabliſh'd in the *Ion* of *Euripides*; where that young Child (after having ſaid that the Prieſteſs is ſeated on the Tripod, and renders the Oracles which *Apollo* dictates to her)

addreſſes himſelf to thoſe who ſerve in the Temple, and bids them go and waſh in the *Caſtalian* Fountain, to come again into the Temple and explain the Oracles to thoſe who ſhould demand the Explication of them. *Homer* therefore means to ſhew, that theſe *Selli* were, in the Temple of *Dodona*, thoſe Subaltern Miniſters that interpreted the Oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to agree with the preſent Paſſage: For, beſides that the Cuſtom was not eſtabliſh'd in *Homer*'s Time, and that there is no Footſtep of it founded in that early Age; theſe *Selli* (of whom *Homer* ſpeaks) are not here Miniſters ſubordinate to others, they are plainly the chief Prieſts. The Explication of this word therefore muſt be elſewhere ſought, and I ſhall offer my Conjecture, which I ground upon the very Nature of this Oracle of *Dodona*, which was very different from all the other Oracles: In all other Temples the Prieſts deliver'd the Oracle which they had receiv'd from their Gods, immediately: But in the Temple of *Dodona*, *Jupiter* did not utter his Oracles to his Prieſts, but to his *Selli*; he render'd them to the Oaks, and the wonderful Oaks render'd them to the Prieſts, who declared them to thoſe who conſulted them: So theſe Prieſts were not properly προφῆται, Prophets, ſince they did not receive thoſe Anſwers from the Mouth of their God immediately; but they were ὑποφῆται, Under-Prophets, becauſe they receiv'd them from the Mouth of the Oaks, if I may ſay ſo. The Oaks, properly ſpeaking, were the Prophets, the firſt Interpreters of *Jupiter*'s Oracles; and the *Selli* were ὑποφῆται, Under-Prophets, becauſe they pronounc'd what the Oaks had ſaid. Thus *Homer* in one ſingle word includes a very curious Piece of Antiquity. *Dacier.*

XXVII.

VERSE 306. *Great* Jove *agrees to half.*] *Virgil* has finely imitated this in his 11*th Æneid.*

Audiit, & voti Phœbus ſuccedere partem
Mente dedit; partem volucres diſperſit in auras:
Sterneret ut ſubitâ turbatam morte Camillam
Annuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta videret
Non dedit, inque notos vocem vertêre procellæ.

XXVIII.

VERSE 314. *As Waſps, provok'd,* &c.] One may obſerve, that tho' *Homer* ſometimes takes his Similitudes from the meaneſt and ſmalleſt things in Nature, yet he orders it ſo as by their Appearance to ſignalize and give Luſtre to his greateſt Heroes. Here he likens a Body of *Myrmidons* to a Neſt of Waſps, not on account of their Strength and Bravery, but of their Heart and Reſentment. *Virgil* has imitated theſe humble Compariſons, as when he compares the Builders of *Carthage* to Bees. *Homer* has carry'd it a little farther in another Place, where he compares the Soldiers to Flies, for their buſy Induſtry and Perſeverance about a dead Body; not diminiſhing his Heroes by the Size of theſe ſmall Animals, but raiſing his Compariſons from certain Properties inherent in them, which deſerve our Obſervation. *Euſtathius.*

This brings into my Mind a pretty rural Simile in *Spencer*, which is very much in the Simplicity of the old Father of Poetry.

As gentle Shepherd in ſweet Even-tide,
When ruddy Phœbus *'gins to welke in Weſt;*
High on a Hill, his Flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their haſty Supper beſt;
A Cloud of cumb'rous Gnats do him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infix their feeble Stings,
That from their Noyance he no whit can reſt,

But

But with his clowniſh Hand their tender Wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their Murmurings.

XXIX.

VERSE 354. *So when thick Clouds*, &c.] All the Commentators take this Compariſon in a Senſe different from that in which it is here tranſlated. They ſuppoſe *Jupiter* is here deſcribed cleaving the Air with a Flaſh of Lightning, and ſpreading a Gleam of Light over a high Mountain, which a black Cloud held bury'd in Darkneſs. The Application is made to *Patroclus* falling on the *Trojans*, and giving Reſpite to the *Greeks*, who were plung'd in Obſcurity. *Euſtathius* gives this Interpretation, but at the ſame time acknowledges it improper in this Compariſon to repreſent the Extinction of the Flames by the darting of Lightning. This Explanation is founded ſolely on the Expreſſion στεροπηγερέτα Ζεὺς, *fulgurator Jupiter*, which Epithet is often applied when no ſuch Action is ſuppoſed. The moſt obvious Signification of the Words in this Paſſage, gives a more natural and agreeable Image, and admits of a juſter Application. The Simile therefore ſeems to be of *Jupiter* diſperſing a black Cloud which had cover'd a high Mountain, whereby a beautiful Proſpect, which was before hid in Darkneſs, ſuddenly appears. This is applicable to the preſent State of the *Greeks*, after *Patroclus* had extinguiſh'd the Flames, which began to ſpread Clouds of Smoak over the Fleet. It is *Homer*'s Deſign in his Compariſons to apply them to the moſt obvious and ſenſible Image of the thing to be illuſtrated; which his Commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical Refinements; and thus injure the Poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, than by refuſing him what is really his own.

It is much the ſame Image with that of *Milton* in his ſecond Book, tho' apply'd in a very different way.

As when from Mountain tops the dusky Clouds
Aſcending, while the North Wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
Heav'ns chearful Face; the low'ring Element
Scowls o'er the darkned Landskip Snow or Show'r;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell ſweet
Extend his Evening Beam, the Fields revive,
The Birds their Notes renew, the bleating Herds
Atteſt their Joy, that Hill and Vally rings.

XXX.

VERSE 390. Amiſodarus, *who*, &c.] *Amiſodarus* was King of *Caria*; *Bellerophon* marry'd his Daughter. The Ancients gueſs'd from this Paſſage that the *Chimæra* was not a Fiction, ſince *Homer* marks the Time wherein ſhe liv'd, and the Prince with whom ſhe liv'd; they thought it was ſome Beaſt of that Prince's Herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of Miſchief, like the *Calydonian* Boar. *Euſtathius.*

XXXI.

VERSE 433. *Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd Allies.*] *Homer* repreſents *Hector*, as he retires, making a ſtand from time to time, to ſave his Troops: And he expreſſes it by this ſingle word ἀνέμιμνε; for ἀναμίμνειν does not only ſignify to *ſtay*, but likewiſe in retiring to ſtop from time to time; for this is the Power of the Prepoſition ἀνὰ, as in the word ἀναμάχεσθαι, which ſignifies to *fight by fits and ſtarts*; ἀναπαλαίειν, to *wreſtle ſeveral times*, and in many others. *Euſtathius.*

XXXII.

XXXII.

VERSE 459. *From Bank to Bank th' immortal Courſers flew*, &c.] *Homer* has made of *Hector*'s Horſes all that Poetry could make of common and mortal Horſes; they ſtand on the Bank of the Ditch foaming and neighing for Madneſs that they cannot leap it. But the immortal Horſes of *Achilles* find no Obſtacle; they leap the Ditch, and fly into the Plain. *Euſtathius.*

XXXIII.

VERSE 466. *As when in Autumn* Jove *his Fury pours——*
——When guilty Mortals,, &c.]
The Poet in this Image of an Inundation, takes occaſion to mention a Sentiment of great Piety, that ſuch Calamities were the Effects of divine Juſtice puniſhing the Sins of Mankind. This might probably refer to the Tradition of an univerſal Deluge, which was very common among the ancient heathen Writers; moſt of them aſcribing the Cauſe of this Deluge to the Wrath of Heaven provoked by the Wickedneſs of Men. *Diodorus Siculus, l.* 15. *c.* 5. ſpeaking of an Earthquake and Inundation, which deſtroyed a great part of *Greece* in the 101*ſt Olympiad*, has theſe Words. *There was a great Diſpute concerning the Cauſe of this Calamity: The Natural Philoſophers generally aſcribed ſuch Events to neceſſary Cauſes, not to any divine Hand: But they who had more devout Sentiments gave a more probable Account hereof; aſſerting, that it was the divine Vengeance alone that brought this Deſtruction upon Men who had offended the Gods with their Impiety.* And then proceeds to give an Account of thoſe Crimes which drew down this Puniſhment upon them.

This

This is one, among a thouſand Inſtances, of *Homer*'s indirect and oblique manner of introducing moral Sentences and Inſtructions. Theſe agreeably break in upon his Reader even in Deſcriptions and poetical Parts, where one naturally expects only Painting and Amuſement. We have Virtue put upon us by Surprize, and are pleas'd to find a thing where we ſhould never have look'd to meet with it. I muſt do a noble *Engliſh* Poet the juſtice to obſerve, that it is this particular Art that is the very diſtinguiſhing Excellence of *Cooper's-Hill*; throughout which, the Deſcriptions of Places, and Images rais'd by the Poet, are ſtill tending to ſome Hint, or leading into ſome Reflection, upon moral Life or political Inſtitution: Much in the ſame manner as the real Sight of ſuch Scenes and Proſpects is apt to give the Mind a compos'd Turn, and incline it to Thoughts and Contemplations that have a Relation to the Object.

XXXIV.

VERSE 480. *Between the Space where ſilver* Simois *flows,*
Where lay the Ships, and where the Rampires roſe.]

It looks at firſt Sight as if *Patroclus* was very punctual in obeying the Orders of *Achilles*, when he hinders the *Trojans* from aſcending to their Town, and holds an Engagement with 'em between the Ships, the River, and the Wall. But he ſeems afterwards from very haſte to have ſlipt his Commands, for his Orders were that he ſhould drive 'em from the Ships, and then preſently return; but he proceeds farther, and his Death is the Conſequence. *Euſtathius.*

XXXV.

XXXV.

VERSE 512. *When now* Sarpedon, &c.] The Poet preparing to recount the Death of *Sarpedon*, it will not be improper to give a Sketch of ſome Particulars which conſtitute a Character the moſt faultleſs and amiable in the whole Iliad. This Hero is by Birth ſuperior to all the Chiefs of either ſide, being the only Son of *Jupiter* engaged in this War. His Qualities are no way unworthy his Deſcent, ſince he every where appears equal in Valour, Prudence, and Eloquence, to the moſt admired Heroes: Nor are theſe Excellences blemiſh'd with any of thoſe Defects with which the moſt diſtinguiſhing Characters of the Poem are ſtain'd. So that the niceſt Criticks cannot find any thing to offend their Delicacy, but muſt be obliged to own the Manners of this Hero perfect. His Valour is neither raſh nor boiſterous; his Prudence neither timorous nor tricking; and his Eloquence neither talkative nor boaſting. He never reproaches the living, or inſults the dead: but appears uniform thro' his Conduct in the War, acted with the ſame generous Sentiments that engaged him in it, having no Intereſt in the Quarrel but to ſuccour his Allies in Diſtreſs. This noble Life is ended with a Death as glorious; for in his laſt Moments he has no other Concern, but for the Honour of his Friends, and the Event of the Day.

Homer juſtly repreſents ſuch a Character to be attended with univerſal Eſteem: As he was greatly honour'd when living, he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief Prop of *Troy*. The Poet by his Death, even before that of *Hector*, prepares us to expect the Deſtruction of that Town, when its two great Defenders are no more: and in order to make it the more ſignal and remarkable, it is the only Death in the Iliad attended with Prodigies: Even his Funeral is perform'd by divine Aſſiſtance, he being the only Hero whoſe Body is

carried back to be interr'd in his native Country, and honour'd with Monuments erected to his Fame. Theſe peculiar and diſtinguiſhing Honours ſeem appropriated by our Author to him alone, as the Reward of a Merit ſuperior to all his other leſs perfect Heroes.

XXXVI.

VERSE 522. *As when two Vulturs.*] *Homer* compares *Patroclus* and *Sarpedon* to two Vulturs, becauſe they appear'd to be of equal Strength and Abilities, when they had diſmounted from their Chariots. For this reaſon he has choſen to compare them to Birds of the ſame kind; as on another occaſion, to image the like Equality of Strength, he reſembles both *Hector* and *Patroclus* to Lions: But a little after this Place, diminiſhing the Force of *Sarpedon*, he compares him to a Bull, and *Patroclus* to a Lion. He has placed theſe Vulturs upon a high Rock, becauſe it is their Nature to perch there, rather than in the Boughs of Trees. Their crooked Talons make them unfit to walk on the Ground, they could not fight ſteadily in the Air, and therefore their fitteſt Place is the Rock. *Euſtathius.*

XXXVII.

VERSE 535. *Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from impending Fate.*] It appears by this Paſſage, that *Homer* was of Opinion, that the Power of God could over-rule Fate or Deſtiny. It has puzzled many to diſtinguiſh exactly the Notion of the Heathens as to this Point. Mr. *Dryden* contends that *Jupiter* was limited by the Deſtinies, or (to uſe his Expreſſion) was no better than Book-Keeper to them. He grounds it upon a Paſſage in the tenth Book of *Virgil*, where *Jupiter* mentions this Inſtance of *Sarpedon* as a Proof of his yielding to the Fates.

Fates. But both that and his Citation from *Ovid*, amounts to no more than that *Jupiter* gave way to Deſtiny, not that he could not prevent it; the contrary to which is plain from his Doubt and Deliberation in this Place. And indeed whatever may be inferr'd of other Poets, *Homer*'s Opinion at leaſt, as to the Diſpenſations of God to Man, has ever ſeem'd to me very clear, and diſtinctly agreeable to Truth. We ſhall find, if we examine his whole Works with an Eye to this Doctrine, that he aſſigns three Cauſes of all the Good and Evil that happens in this World, which he takes a particular Care to diſtinguiſh. Firſt the *Will of God*, ſuperior to all.

——Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βυλή. *Il.* 1.
——Θεὸς διὰ πάντα τελευτᾷ. *Il.* 19. V. 90.
Ζεὺς ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε δίδοι,——*&c.*

Secondly, *Deſtiny* or *Fate*, meaning the Laws and Order of Nature affecting the Conſtitutions of Men, and diſpoſing them to Good or Evil, Proſperity or Misfortune; which the ſupreme Being, if it be his Pleaſure, may over-rule (as he is inclin'd to do in this Place) but which he generally ſuffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own *Free-will*, which either by Prudence overcomes thoſe natural Influences and Paſſions, or by Folly ſuffers us to fall under them. *Odyſſ.* 1. V. 32.

Ὦ πόποι, οἷον δή νυ Θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀπιόωνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κάκ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῇσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.

Why charge Mankind on Heav'n their own Offence,
And call their Woes the Crime of Providence?
Blind! who themſelves their Miſeries create,
And periſh, by their Folly, not their Fate.

XXXVIII.

VERSE 551. *Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy Command,*
The breathleſs Body to his native Land.]
The Hiſtory or Fable received in *Homer*'s Time imported, that *Sarpedon* was interr'd in *Lycia*, but it ſaid nothing of his Death. This gave the Poet the Liberty of making him die at *Troy*, provided that after his Death he was carry'd into *Lycia*, to preſerve the Fable. The Expedient propos'd by *Juno* ſolves all; *Sarpedon* dies at *Troy*, and is interr'd at *Lycia*; and what renders this probable, is, that in thoſe Times, as at this Day, Princes and Perſons of Quality who dy'd in foreign Parts, were carry'd into their own Country to be laid in the Tombs of their Fathers. The Antiquity of this Cuſtom cannot be doubted, ſince it was practis'd in the Patriarch's Times: *Jacob* dying in *Egypt*, orders his Children to carry him into the Land of *Canaan*, where he deſir'd to be bury'd. *Gen.* 49. 29. *Dacier.*

XXXIX.

VERSE 560. *A Show'r of Blood.*] As to Showers of a bloody Colour, many both ancient and modern Naturaliſts agree in aſſerting the Reality of ſuch Appearances, tho' they account for 'em differently. You may ſee a very odd Solution of 'em in *Euſtathius*, Note 7 on the 11*th* Iliad. What ſeems the moſt probable, is that of *Fromondus* in his *Meteorology*, who obſerv'd, that a Shower of this kind, which gave great Cauſe of Wonder, was nothing but a Quantity of very ſmall red Inſects, beat down to the Earth by a heavy Shower, whereby the Ground was ſpotted in ſeveral Places, as with Drops of Blood.

XL.

VERSE 572. ——Achilles' *mortal Steed,*
The gen'rous Pedaſus——.]
For the other two Horſes of *Achilles*, *Xanthus* and *Balius*, were mortal, as we have already ſeen in this Book. 'Tis a merry Conceit of *Euſtathius*, that *Pedaſus* is only ſaid to be mortal, becauſe of the three Horſes he only was a Gelding. 'Tis pity poor *Pedaſus* had not a better Fate, to have recompenſed the Loſs of his Immortality.

XLI.

VERSE 605. Glaucus, *be bold*, &c.] This dying Speech of *Sarpedon* deſerves particular Notice, being made up of noble Sentiments, and fully anſwering the Character of this brave and generous Prince, which he preſerves in his laſt Moments. Being ſenſible of approaching Death, without any Tranſports of Rage, or Deſire of Revenge, he calls to his Friend to take care to preſerve his Body and Arms from becoming a Prey to the Enemy: And this he ſays without any regard to himſelf, but out of the moſt tender Concern for his Friend's Reputation, who muſt for ever become infamous if he fails in this Point of Honour and Duty. If we conceive this ſaid by the expiring Hero, his dying Looks fix'd on his wounded diſconſolate Friend, the Spear remaining in his Body, and the Victor ſtanding by in a kind of Extaſy ſurveying his Conqueſt; theſe Circumſtances will form a very moving Picture. *Patroclus* all this time, either out of Humanity or Surprize, omits to pull out the Spear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his Vitals, puts a Period to this gallant Life.

XLII.

XLII.

VERSE 637. —*pierc'd with Pain*
That thrils my Arm, and ſhoots thro' ev'ry Vein.]
There ſeems to be an Overſight in this Place. *Glaucus* in the twelfth Book had been wounded with an Arrow by *Teucer* at the Attack of the Wall; and here ſo long after, we find him ſtill on the Field, *in the ſharpeſt Anguiſh of his Wound, the Blood not being yet ſtanch'd*, &c. In the Speech that next follows to *Hector*, there is alſo ſomething liable to Cenſure, when he imputes to the Negligence of the *Trojans* the Death of *Sarpedon*, of which they knew nothing till that very Speech inform'd 'em. I beg leave to paſs over theſe things without expoſing or defending them, tho' ſuch as theſe may be ſufficient Grounds for a moſt inveterate War among the Criticks.

XLIII.

VERSE 696. *Great* Jove—*O'er the fierce Armies pours pernicious Night.*] *Homer* calls here by the Name of Night, the Whirlwinds of thick Duſt which riſe from beneath the Feet of the Combatants, and which hinders them from knowing one another. Thus Poetry knows how to convert the moſt natural things into Miracles; theſe two Armies are bury'd in Duſt round *Sarpedon*'s Body, 'tis *Jupiter* who pours upon them an obſcure Night, to make the Battel bloodier, and to honour the Funeral of his Son by a greater Number of Victims. *Euſtathius.*

XLIV.

XLIV.

VERSE 746. *And skill'd in Dancing.*] This Stroke of Raillery upon *Meriones* is founded on the Cuſtom of his Country. For the *Cretans* were peculiarly addicted to this Exerciſe, and in particular are ſaid to have invented the *Pyrrhic* Dance, which was perform'd in compleat Armour. See the forty ſixth Note on the thirteenth Book.

XLV.

VERSE 831. *Then Sleep and Death*, &c.] It is the Notion of *Euſtathius*, that by this Interment of *Sarpedon*, where *Sleep* and *Death* are concern'd, *Homer* ſeems to intimate, that there was nothing elſe but an empty Monument of that Hero in *Lycia*, for he delivers him not to any real or ſolid Perſons, but to certain unſubſtantial Phantoms to conduct his Body thither. He was forced (continues my Author) to make uſe of theſe Machines, ſince there were no other Deities he could with any likelihood employ about this Work; for the Ancients (as appears from *Euripides, Hippolyto)* had a Superſtition that all dead Bodies were offenſive to the Gods, they being of a Nature celeſtial and uncorruptible. But this laſt Remark is impertinent, ſince we ſee in this very Place *Apollo* is employ'd in adorning and embalming the Body of *Sarpedon*.

What I think better accounts for the Paſſage, is what *Philoſtratus in Heroicis* affirms, that this alludes to a Piece of Antiquity. "The *Lycians* ſhew'd the Body of *Sarpedon*, ſtrew'd "over with Aromatical Spices, in ſuch a graceful Compo- "ſure, that he ſeem'd to be only aſleep: And it was this "that gave Riſe to the Fiction of *Homer*, that his Rites "were perform'd by *Sleep* and *Death*."

But

But after all theſe refin'd Obſervations, it is probable the Poet intended only to repreſent the Death of this favourite Son of *Jupiter*, and one of his moſt amiable Characters, in a gentle and agreeable View, without any Circumſtances of Dread or Horror; intimating by this Fiction, that he was delivered out of all the Tumults and Miſeries of Life by two imaginary Deities, *Sleep* and *Death*, who alone can give Mankind Eaſe and Exemption from their Misfortunes.

XLVI.

VERSE 847. *Who firſt, brave Hero!* &c.] The Poet in a very moving and ſolemn way turns his Diſcourſe to *Patroclus*. He does not accoſt his Muſe, as it is uſual with him to do, but enquires of the Hero himſelf who was the firſt, and who the laſt, who fell by his Hand? This Addreſs diſtinguiſhes and ſignalizes *Patroclus*, (to whom *Homer* uſes it more frequently, than I remember on any other occaſion) as if he was ſome Genius or divine Being, and at the ſame time it is very pathetical and apt to move our Compaſſion. The ſame kind of Apoſtrophe is uſed by *Virgil* to *Camilla*.

Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum, aſpera virgo!
Dejicis? Aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis?

XLVII.

VERSE 904. *What skilful Divers*, &c.] The Original is literally thus. *'Tis pity he is not nearer the Sea, he would furniſh good Quantities of excellent Oiſters, and the Storms would not frighten him; ſee how he exerciſes and plunges from the Top of his Chariot into the Plain! Who would think that there were ſuch good Divers at* Troy? This ſeems to be a little too long; and if this Paſſage be

really *Homer*'s, I could almoſt ſwear that he intended to let us know, that a good Soldier may be an indifferent Jeſter. But I very much doubt whether this Paſſage be his: It is very likely theſe five laſt Verſes were added by ſome of the ancient Criticks, whoſe Caprices *Homer* has frequently undergone; or perhaps ſome of the Rhapſodiſts, who in reciting his Verſes, made Additions of their own to pleaſe their Auditors. And what perſuades me of its being ſo, is, that 'tis by no means probable that *Patroclus* who had lately blam'd *Meriones* for his little Raillery againſt *Æneas*, and told him; " that 'twas not by Raillery or Invective that they " were to repel the *Trojans*, but by Dint of Blows; that " Council requir'd Words, but War Deeds:" It is by no means probable, I ſay, that the ſame *Patroclus* ſhould forget that excellent Precept, and amuſe himſelf with Raillery, eſpecially in the Sight of *Hector*. I am therefore of Opinion that *Patroclus* ſaid no more than this Verſe, Ω πόποι, &c. *Good Gods! what an active* Trojan *it is, and how cleverly he dives*, and that the five following are Strangers, tho' very ancient. *Dacier*.

I muſt juſt take notice, that however mean or ill placed theſe Railleries may appear, there have not been wanting ſuch fond Lovers of *Homer* as have admir'd and imitated 'em. *Milton* himſelf is of this Number, as may be ſeen from thoſe very low Jeſts, which he has put into the Mouth of *Satan* and his Angels in the *6th* Book. What *Æneas* ſays to *Meriones* upon his Dancing is nothing ſo trivial as thoſe Lines, where after the Diſploſion of their Diabolical Enginry, Angel rowling on Archangel, they are thus derided.

——When we propounded Terms
Of Compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their Minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange Vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a Dance they ſeem'd

Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd Peace——&c.
——*Terms that amus'd 'em all,*
And ſtumbled many; who receives them right
Had need from Head to Foot well underſtand:
Not underſtood, this Gift they have beſides,
They ſhow us when our Foes walk not upright.

XLVIII.

VERSE 952. Apollo, *dreadful*, &c.] If *Homer* is reſolv'd to do any thing extraordinary, or arbitrary, which his Readers may not very well reliſh, he takes care however to prepare them by degrees for receiving ſuch Innovations. He had before given us a Sketch of this Trick of the Gods in the 13*th* Book, where *Neptune* ſerves *Alcathous* much in the ſame manner. *Apollo* here carries it a little farther; and both theſe are Specimens of what we are to expect from *Minerva* at the Death of *Hector* in *Il.* 22.

XLIX.

VERSE 1003. *Lie there*, Patroclus! &c.] There is much Spirit in this Sarcaſm of *Hector* upon *Patroclus:* Nor is *Achilles* exempt from the Severity of the Reflection, who (as he imagines) had perſuaded his deareſt Friend to attempt Exploits that were impracticable. He touches him alſo, for ſtaying at home in Security himſelf, and encouraging *Patroclus* to undertake this perillous Adventure, and to ſeek after Spoils which he was never like to enjoy. *Euſtathius.*

L.

VERSE 1027. ——*Hear my lateſt Breath,*
The Gods inſpire it.——]

It is an Opinion of great Antiquity, that when the Soul is on the point of being delivered from the Body, and makes a nearer Approach to the divine Nature, at ſuch a time its Views are ſtronger and clearer, and the Mind endow'd with a Spirit of true Prediction. So *Artemon* of *Miletum* ſays in his Book of Dreams, that when the Soul hath collected all its Powers from every Limb and Part of the Body, and is juſt ready to be ſevered from it, at that time it becomes Prophetical. *Socrates* alſo in his Defence to the *Athenians*, " I am " now arrived at the Verge of Life, wherein it is familiar " with People to foretell what will come to paſs." *Euſtathius.*

This Opinion ſeems alluded to in thoſe admirable Lines of *Waller*.

Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who ſtand upon the Threſhold of the new.

LI.

VERSE 955. *The Death of* Patroclus.] I ſometimes think I am in reſpect to *Homer* much like *Sancho Panca* with regard to *Don Quixote*. I believe upon the whole that no Mortal ever came near him for Wiſdom, Learning, and all good Qualities. But ſometimes there are certain Starts which I cannot tell what to make of, and am forced to own that my Maſter is a little out of the way, if not quite beſides himſelf. The preſent Paſſage of the Death of *Patroclus*, attended with ſo many odd Circumſtances to overthrow this

Hero (who might, for all I can ſee, as decently have fallen by the Force of *Hector)* are what I am at a loſs to excuſe, and muſt indeed (in my own Opinion) give them up to the Criticks. I really think almoſt all thoſe Parts which have been objected againſt with moſt Clamour and Fury, are honeſtly defenſible, and none of 'em (to confeſs my private Sentiment) ſeem to me to be Faults of any Conſideration, except this Conduct in the Death of *Patroclus*; the Length of *Neſtor*'s Diſcourſe in *Lib.* 11. the Speech of *Achilles*'s Horſe in the 19*th.* the Converſation of that Hero with *Æneas* in *Lib.* 20. the manner of *Hector*'s Flight round the Walls of *Troy*, and his Death, in *Lib.* 22. I hope, after ſo free a Confeſſion, no reaſonable Modern will think me touch'd with the Ὁμηρομανία of Madam *Dacier* and others. I am ſenſible of the Extremes which Mankind run into, in extolling and depreciating Authors: We are not more violent and unreaſonable in attacking thoſe who are not yet eſtabliſh'd into Fame, than in defending thoſe who are, even in every minute Trifle. Fame is a Debt, which when we have kept from People as long as we can, we pay with a prodigious Intereſt, which amounts to twice the Value of the Principal. Thus 'tis with ancient Works as with ancient Coins, they paſs for a vaſt deal more than they were worth at firſt; and the very Obſcurities and Deformities which Time has thrown upon them, are the ſacred Ruſt, which enhances their Value with all true Lovers of Antiquity.

But as I have own'd what ſeem my Author's Faults, and ſubſcrib'd to the Opinion of *Horace*, that *Homer* ſometimes nods; I think I ought to add that of *Longinus* as to ſuch Negligences. I can no way ſo well conclude the Notes to this Book as with the Tranſlation of it.

" It may not be improper to diſcuſs the Queſtion in ge-
" neral, which of the two is the more eſtimable, a faulty
" Sublime, or a faultleſs Mediocrity? And conſequent-
" ly,

" ly, if of two Works, one has the greater Number of
" Beauties, and the other attains directly to the Sublime,
" which of theſe ſhall in Equity carry the Prize? I am really
" perſuaded that the true Sublime is incapable of that Purity
" which we find in Compoſitions of a lower Strain, and in
" effect that too much Accuracy ſinks the Spirit of an Author;
" whereas the Caſe is generally the ſame with the Favourites of
" Nature, and thoſe of Fortune, who with the beſt Oeconomy
" cannot, in the great Abundance they are bleſt with, attend
" to the minuter Articles of their Expence. Writers of a
" cool Imagination are cautious in their Management, and
" venture nothing, merely to gain the Character of being
" correct; but the Sublime is bold and enterprizing, not-
" withſtanding that on every Advance the Danger encreaſeth.
" Here probably ſome will ſay that Men take a malicious Sa-
" tisfaction in expoſing the Blemiſhes of an Author; that his
" Errors are never forgot, while the moſt exquiſite Beauties
" leave but very imperfect Traces on the Memory. To ob-
" viate this Objection I will ſolemnly declare, that in my
" Criticiſms on *Homer* and other Authors, who are univer-
" ſally allow'd to be authentic Standards of the Sublime, tho'
" I have cenſur'd their Failings with as much Freedom as
" any one, yet I have not preſum'd to accuſe them of vo-
" luntary Faults, but have gently remark'd ſome little Defects
" and Negligences, which the Mind being intent on nobler
" Ideas did not condeſcend to regard. And on theſe Prin-
" ciples I will venture to lay it down for a Maxim, that the
" Sublime (purely on account of its Grandeur) is preferable
" to all other kinds of Style, however it may fall into ſome
" Inequalities. The Argonauticks of *Apollonius* are faultleſs
" in their kind; and *Theocritus* hath ſhewn the happieſt Vein
" imaginable for Paſtorals, excepting thoſe in which he has
" deviated from the Country: And yet if it were put to your
" Choice, would you have your Name deſcend to Poſterity
" with the Reputation of either of thoſe Poets, rather than

" with

" with that of *Homer?* Nothing can be more correct than
" the *Erigone* of *Eratoſthenes*; but is he therefore a greater
" Poet than *Archilochus*, in whoſe Compoſures Perſpicuity and
" Order are often wanting; the divine Fury of his Genius be-
" ing too impatient for Reſtraint, and ſuperior to Law?
" Again, do you prefer the Odes of *Bacchilides* to *Pindar*'s,
" or the Scenes of *Ion* of *Chios* to thoſe of *Sophocles?* Their
" Writings are allow'd to be correct, polite, and delicate;
" whereas, on the other Hand, *Pindar* and *Sophocles* ſome-
" times hurry on with the greateſt Impetuoſity, and like a
" devouring Flame ſeize and ſet on Fire whatever comes in
" their way; but on a ſudden the Conflagration is extin-
" guiſh'd, and they moſt miſerably flag when no body ex-
" pects it. Yet none have ſo little Diſcernment as not to pre-
" fer the ſingle *Oedipus* of *Sophocles* to all the Tragedies that
" *Ion* ever brought on the Stage.

" In our Deciſions therefore on the Characters of theſe
" great Men, who have illuſtrated what is uſeful and neceſ-
" ſary with all the Graces and Elevation of Style; we muſt
" impartially confeſs that, with all their Errors, they have
" more Perfections than the Nature of Man can almoſt be
" conceiv'd capable of attaining: For 'tis merely human to
" excell in other kinds of Writing, but the Sublime enno-
" bleth our Nature, and makes near Approaches to Di-
" vinity: He who commits no Faults, is barely read without
" Cenſure; but a Genius truly great excites Admiration. In
" ſhort, the Magnificence of a ſingle Period in one of theſe
" admirable Authors is ſufficient to attone for all their De-
" fects: Nay farther, if any one ſhould collect from *Homer*,
" *Demoſthenes*, *Plato*, and other celebrated Heroes of Anti-
" quity, the little Errors that have eſcap'd them; they would
" not bear the leaſt Proportion to the infinite Beauties to
" be met with in every Page of their Writings. 'Tis on
" this account that Envy, thro' ſo many Ages, hath never
" been able to wreſt from them the Prize of Eloquence.

" which

" which their Merits have ſo juſtly acquir'd: An Acquiſi-
" tion which they ſtill are, and will, in all Probability conti-
" nue poſſeſs'd of,

" *As long as Streams in ſilver Mazes rove,*
" *Or Spring with annual Green renews the Grove.*

Mr. FENTON.



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